



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF

BIBLICAL TRUTH,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

CONTENTS.

No. 110.	PAGE
NOT DEAD YET: A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE:—	
Chapter XIX. A Summer's Sunday	101
The God of the Universe is Jehovah.—III.	105
Our Ragged School.—An Illustration.—Mis-	
directed Liberality.—Despise not Little Things.—	
Anger.—The Sabbath.—A Perilous Position.—Prayer	110
Department for Young People:—The Young Philoso-	
pher.—No. 5. Honesty Rewarded.....	111
Biblical Expositions, in Reply to Correspondents	114
The Sufferings of a Mormon Family.—A True History	115
THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:—Chapter XIX. Life Vows.	
Chap. XX. "By their Fruits ye shall know them."	117
Literary Notices.....	119
Musical Notices	120

No. 111.	PAGE
NOT DEAD YET: A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE:—	
Chapter XX. What will be the End of It? Chapter	
XXI. Concerning Costume, and certain other Matters	121
The Bible Viewed in Connection with Astronomy	126
Readings for Spare Moments.—Beauty of the Scrip-	
tures.—Child's Prayer.—The Blessings of the Bible.—	
Side Winds	128
Memorials of Illustrious Men:—The Rev. Robert	
Walker	129
Notes from a Pastor's Diary: No. 4.—The Sick Chamber	131
Department for Young People:—Tiger and Tom	132
Biblical Expositions, in Reply to Correspondents.....	134
The Student's Column	136
The Dumb Lady and her Child	136
THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:—Chapter XX. (continued).	
Chapter XXI. "Excelsior"	137
The Progress of Truth	139

No. 112.	PAGE
NOT DEAD YET:—A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE:—	
Chapter XXII. Coats, Coat-Armour, and Liveries ..	141
San-Dial	143
The Bible Viewed in Connection with Astronomy.—	
Part II.	145
Memorials of Illustrious Men:—William Wilberforce ...	147
Loose Leaves of an Autumn Sermon	150
Department for Young People:—The Perils of Lion-	
Hunting.—A True Tale.—The Lost Purse	152
Readings for Spare Moments.—Liberality.—Quarries.—	
Sherlock.—The Christian Traveller.—A Father's	
Desire	155
Biblical Expositions, in Reply to Correspondents.....	156
The Student's Page:—Sermons in Miniature; or, Aids	
to Biblical Students.—Herod.—Eastern Customs.—	
Jewish Hours of Prayer	157
One in Christ	158
Literary Notices.....	158
Answers to Correspondents	160

No. 113.	PAGE
NOT DEAD YET:—A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE:—	
Chapter XXIII. The Grand Vizier of the "Clock	
House." Chapter XXIV. Ida Newbolt	161
Providence in History and Life	166
Memorials of Illustrious Men:—William Wilberforce	
(concluded)	169
Department for Young People:—The Rival Schools.	
Chapters I, II, and III.	172
Autumn Thoughts: An Ode	176
Biblical Expositions, in Reply to Correspondents.....	177
The Progress of the Truth	178
Readings for Spare Moments:—Faith.—As we Live, so	
we Die.—A Charge.—Little Things.—A Billion	180

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NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFERSON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SUMMER'S SUNDAY.

EDWARD SMITH tried in vain to work on the morning following the sale of his pictures to Mr. Harrison Newbolt.

He was equally unsuccessful in his efforts to be industrious on Thursday.

The excitement of good luck made him feverish; caused him to turn his eyes towards the windows of his studio when they should have been fixed on the canvas, designed for a grander and more ambitious picture than any of his previous works. The pigeons sunning themselves on the roof of the opposite range of buildings had a strange fascination over him; when they rose from the tiles for the diversion of flight he looked up and watched them circling and sailing about; and when the flutter and flapping of wings told him that they had returned from their brief aerial excursion, he looked up again, and counted them, just to satisfy himself that the full number had come back. The noise of a street cab rumbling through the court from the Holborn gateway to the door of Wood's Hotel gave him a nervous shock. When he heard the postman's rap at the door of the offices beneath his chambers, he started, and listened to the messenger's footsteps, wondering whether he would bring him a letter, and then marvelling how it was that the man went pattering down the stone staircase without paying him a visit. It was seldom that the postman honoured him with a double rap, and under ordinary circumstances he would have felt surprised had the envoy from St. Martin's-le-Grand climbed to the third floor on which he lived, and have deemed it in the regular order of things that the man should turn back at the second floor. But a young and unknown artist who has just made his first *coup* in the picture-market, doesn't live under ordinary circumstances. Edward's tranquil and laborious life had been stirred by a great event; and his nervous system was prepared for a succession of unusual occurrences. At least, he had good grounds for supposing that Mr. Harrison Newbolt would send him without delay the promised memorandum of their business arrangement—would send him also a few brief lines requesting him to sign the memorandum and return it. But no letter came. Edward couldn't make it out. He wondered if Mr. Newbolt had met with an accident. He suspected the Post-office of irregularity, and in moments of extreme restlessness was on the point of writing off to the Secretary's office, demanding inquiry and explanation.

Having wrought himself to this point of fever and semi-insanity, Edward wisely packed up his brushes, resolved that it was useless to try to work, and putting on his cap, went out for a walk, hoping that exercise in the open air and crowded streets might act as a sedative. But the change did him harm rather than good. Every one he met seemed to be the subject of some unusual

excitement. At one time he fancied that wayfarers utterly unknown to him stared into his face, and nudging one another, exclaimed, "Ha! that's the fellow who has sold his pictures." A few minutes later, the preposterous notion seized him that everybody was in luck's way, and either had made or was on the point of making a stupendous fortune out of nothing; and all done, too, in the twinkling of an eye. During this phase of his mental aberration, aged apple-women at street corners were, by touch of magic wand, converted into millionairesses, and cabmen lit their pipes with bank notes, or refused to take a fare at any rate under a guinea a mile. All creation was turned topsy-turvy. Every living man had gone clear mad, through sudden and overwhelming excess of prosperity.

The fame of his good fortune met him at every turn; its consequences at every step. He called in at the Newman Street Academy, and was flatly told by its worthy proprietor that he was no longer admissible to the studios in the character of a pupil.

"There's a time for all things," said hearty old John Buckmaster; "a time to learn, and a time to teach. I don't say, youngster, that your time for learning has gone by for ever, but my time for teaching you is at an end. When you want a word of counsel about a matter of art, whether it's a question of design or of treatment, why, come up of an evening, and we'll talk it out together. When you're inclined for an hour's chat about the old masters or the young pretenders, John Buckmaster will be inclined for an hour's chat, too, over a pipe and a glass; but he won't have you wasting your time in his pupils' room, when you ought to be working away at home. You've come up to me, my lad; you've gone beyond me; and I ought to take lessons of you, rather than you of me. So, be off with you; and if you must have a teacher, find a master who knows more than I do. I have struck your name off my list of lads; I expel you from my school as a reward for your industry and attainments."

"I shall almost be sorry that I have found a patron, if you mean what you say, sir," said Edward.

"Be sorry, then," was the reply; "for I mean what I say."

And John Buckmaster's countenance showed that he was really in earnest.

When Edward showed his face in the pupils' room, there was commotion at the tables; and when he opened his lips, a novel sort of deference was paid to his opinions. He had graduated, taken a high place in honours, was a man of mark; and the under-graduates of the college let him know it, by unspoken respect rather than by words. Of course, opinion was divided as to his deserts. Some of the lads were ready to think that his unexpected stride to professional standing was due solely to John Buckmaster's favouritism, and whispered, "That's what comes from toadying old Bucky." Among the students there were a few pipe-smoking, casino-haunting fellows, who cherished a theory that genius and a power of steady application were incompatible qualities, and even maintained that indolence and dissipation, broken by fitful outbursts of short-lived energy, were indicative of talent. There are always a few such silly young noodles amongst every numerous body of students. What old



university man, recalling undergraduate experiences, cannot remember how the dolts, loafers, and noisy ne'er-do-weels of "his time" saved their wounded vanity, after disaster at examinations, with recollections of shadowy rumours that this prime minister was plucked at his "little go," and that great poet was only a pass-man, and were never weary of telling how Gibbon did nothing at Oxford, and Milton came to grief at Cambridge? In the Newman Street school the wise boys of this sort consoled themselves for the success of one whom they envied by saying, "Hard work will do something for a man, no doubt, but it soon ceases to tell. Plodders can sweat and toil up to a certain point, but they soon find they can't get any further. Edward Smith, bless you, will never do anything really great; he's too much of a drudge. Doubtless he has some brains, but he is literally stupefying himself by sheer hard toil. He'll have worked himself out in three years." The leader of these sapient censors was Mike Gavan. The great majority of John Buckmaster's pupils were sincerely rejoiced at the bright termination of Edward's student career, and the shrowdest of them discerned its moral, and resolved to act upon it.

On leaving Newman Street, Edward went to the bank, where he kept a small account (of which account, by the way, a few words will have to be said hereafter), and paid in Mr. Harrison Newbolt's cheque; and as he turned away from the bank counter, he distinctly heard the clerk who had taken the draft whisper to a fellow-accountant, "I told you he sold his pictures; here's the money." Strange how the news had been spread abroad, and how it came round!

Half an hour after his visit to the bank, Edward was walking up the south side of the Strand, when he saw Mr. Sharp, the notorious puffing picture-dealer, on the opposite side of the way. Edward knew Mr. Sharp by sight and reputation, but had no personal acquaintance with him; had never been introduced to him; never exchanged six words with him. Greatly surprised, therefore, was he to see Mr. Sharp run across the thoroughfare, right under the nose of a fast-trotting cab-horse, and between two omnibuses that were racing against each other, and then behold him standing before him with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Smith," exclaimed Mr. Sharp, "I congratulate you. Let me shake hands with you. You're a rising man; and I should like to give you a call, and see if you haven't got something in my way. A sea-piece, a bit of country scenery, a domestic interior, a Moorish palace, a Greek temple by moonlight; anything would suit me. I have a large number of commissions from Lancashire."

"Thank you, Mr. Sharp," responded Edward, in his simplicity not at the moment detecting why he had so suddenly risen in the dealer's estimation; "but perhaps you haven't heard that I have sold this year's work. I have nothing to dispose of just now."

"Not heard!" was the answer. "Goodness gracious! I hear everything, and all the world is talking about you. Tremendous price for a beginner! Five hundred guineas at a sweep!"

"Not quite so much as that," rejoined Edward, with a smile.

"Not so much! I can assure you I had my infor-

mation on the first authority," returned the dealer, who knew exactly what sum had been paid by Mr. Newbolt, though it was his humour to exaggerate it. "Three hundred for the 'Grave-yard,' two hundred for the 'Young Lady!' But my informant, though he is a safe man, must be in error. Of course, you know about your own affairs better than I do."

"No doubt; and I don't mind telling you that I only got £100 for the two."

"Indeed! that all? My dear sir, I wish you had come to me. I could have done better for you. You young artists should rely on professional buyers, not on mere connoisseurs. I could have done better for you."

"Then you'd have done badly for yourself, sir," observed Edward, curtly, moving on as he said "Good day."

Whereupon Mr. Sharp sped onwards in the direction of the City, thinking to himself, "That young man understands business. A flat would have believed me, and thought I had really heard he'd been paid five hundred guineas. A noodle would have deemed me egregiously mistaken, and let me go away without correcting me. But he saw the game, and by telling the exact truth, meant to impress me with his truthfulness. If ever I do business with him, I'll be all open and above board, and not try 'gammon.' He's a knowing customer."

While Mr. Sharp was taking this shrewd and sagacious view of the young artist's character, "the knowing customer" himself was merely thinking, "How absurdly prices are always exaggerated! I am at a loss how to account for it. And one would have thought a dealer would be the last man to swallow such an astounding fabrication. Some fellows would have allowed him to remain in his error; and I don't know that it would have been positively wrong for me to have held my tongue; but it is always best to tell the truth."

Making which reflection, "the knowing customer" ascended the steps of the Academy, and ran to the Octagon Room, just to have a look at the pictures which were no longer his; and anything but pleased was he with their appearance. Three days before he had been in high good humour with them; but now it seemed to him that two more rapid, coarse, meaningless daubs had never been exposed to ridicule in a public exhibition. "What on earth could induce Mr. Buckmaster to praise them?" asked the artist. "I never in all my days saw two such miserable abominations. In drawing, colour, tone, they are absolutely detestable. Something has come over them." But the pictures were exactly what they had been on leaving Farnival's Inn. Nothing had happened to them, but "something had come over their painter."

In deep dejection, Edward returned to Trafalgar Square.

Wednesday and Thursday passed in such excitement and gusty changes of feeling.

On Friday, he went down to Putney with Rupert, and spent the day on the water.

On Saturday, he went again to Putney, but without his friend; and he was seething on the Thames for several hours, endeavouring to calm himself down, and recover his customary composure, by long-continued exercise.

Sunday also he spent pretty much by himself.

He and Rupert never saw much of each other on the day of rest. This fact should be borne in mind. The two young men spent their Sundays in very different fashions—Rupert making just no distinction between them and ordinary days; whilst Edward never touched pencil or brush on the sacred day, and was a regular attendant at Divine service, either in church or chapel. Rupert had a score of arguments whereby he could show that gentlemen of education might go to church or stay away from religious assemblies, according to their pleasure (so long as they lived in great towns, where they were not subject to observation; of course, if they resided in the country the case was altered, and it was incumbent on them to "put in an appearance at some place of worship," for the sake of the lower orders, to whom they were bound to set an example of decorum, and all that sort of thing); but Edward persevered in using the Lord's day as he had been taught to use it in his boyhood, reverently and devoutly—for two good reasons, about which he made no secret; the first of them being that he fully believed God had commanded him to keep it holy, and the second being that he found pure enjoyment in so keeping it. It is worthy of note that the same dissimilarity betwixt the two friends marked their religious life on other matters. Whilst Rupert had a hundred and fifty sophistries for every moral obligation, showing how it was observed under certain circumstances, and disregarded on particular occasions, Edward took the Ten Commandments literally, and obeyed them to the utmost of his power—jealously, anxiously, and at all times—not caring for any better, or higher, or more profound reason for his obedience than the reason concisely expressed in the words, "It is commanded." In this he was very child-like—doing what he was told, simply because *he had been told*; never looking for the why and the wherefore of sacred ordinances, or questioning the authority of the Divine injunctions. If Rupert had been asked, why people shouldn't steal or do murder? he would have explained at great length how the interests of society required people to abstain from pilfering and shedding blood; whereas on the same inquiry being put to Edward, he wouldn't have spoken or thought anything about the interests of society, but have said; "It is wrong, because it is forbidden," and have closed discussion by citing the exact words of two commandments. In short, Edward was a plain, simple, guileless fellow—preferring simple rules to subtle arguments; sadly deficient in some branches of human knowledge, but abounding in quiet faith and unobtrusive piety. But if he was child-like in his mode of accepting principles, he could be very courageous and manly in adhering to them.

Readers who are inclined to think that intimate friendship would be an impossibility between two men so widely different, must remember (what has been already hinted more than once) that Rupert studiously kept his companion in ignorance of the greater part of his life and character; that their close intercourse was just what Rupert himself had described it—"an intimate friendship of which the intimacy was all on one side." Having discovered the tenor of Edward's religious

opinions, and satisfied himself that his friend's principles were too deeply and firmly imbedded in his nature to admit of being successfully tampered with, Rupert had decided to leave them unassailed, and never to let fall any words that could shock them. Thus, through judicious silence and occasional hypocrisy, Rupert cautiously avoided collision with Edward on religious grounds. "Why should I worry and startle him," Rupert asked himself, "any more than the thousands of other simple, honest creatures upon whom I have tumbled or may tumble in my way through life? Because I am not a narrow-minded man, surely that's no reason why I shouldn't be merciful to my weaker brethren, and show consideration to the narrow-minded world in which, without having been consulted on the matter beforehand, I have been placed. There is no form of egotism more insufferably ungentleman-like, and in worse taste, than that which is everlastingly running a-tilt at honest folks' crotchets and prejudices. Fools ought to have their interests, in this odd jumble of a social system, respected by their intellectual superiors." So, placing Edward amongst "the fools," and himself amongst the "intellectual superiors" of "simple, honest creatures," Rupert, in the grandeur of his magnanimity, showed to his friend's weakness the same consideration which he was wont to observe to other foolish people; for, though he was a shallow sceptic and flippant scoffer (in congenial society), he was too gentleman-like, and a man of far too "good taste," to let the world at large know him as he really was. Possibly readers may roundly designate Mr. Rupert Smith a hypocrite; *he* was pleased to term himself a "man of the world."

So Edward, according to his wont, spent Sunday away from his familiar associate.

In the morning, he attended service in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.

After dining in the middle of the day, he read for an hour in a book—of which he knew more than any other.

Towards the latter part of the day, he walked out over Hampstead Heath to Hendon—then back again to the heath, where he bore to the left, and strolled over the meadows to Highgate, catching gladness from his own serene thoughts, and the beauty which surrounded him—from the warm sun, slowly dropping towards the west as it toned down with amber tint the greenness of the trees and pasture; from sweeping outlines of lawn and foliage; from quiet cattle grazing peacefully, as though they—brutes though they were—felt it especially a day of rest; from fresh, warm breezes, swaying branches and murmuring through leaves, musical with notes of birds; from silver prattle of children walking with their mothers; and from the clear ringing of church bells, inviting men to come and pray—bells that made him think of chimes which he had listened to in his boyhood, that was only so little removed from the present, and yet seemed to be so far away.

As he neared Highgate, the whole place—the hill, and the town at the foot of the hill—was alive with church bells; their ringing came from several points, and was echoed and re-echoed ere it floated out over the valley.

And as he climbed up the path which leads from the valley towards the middle of Highgate Hill Road, a

trifling incident occurred, which it may be as well to mention, as it exercised a fine, but still perceptible influence on his after career. Sometimes trifling incidents *do* affect the course of those who are actors in them, and pass on forgetful of them as soon as they have occurred.

At the highest point of the path just mentioned, Edward came upon two women, standing near the stile which is still the boundary between the foot-way and the most picturesque of all the many windings and lovely lanes of Highgate. The one was an old, wrinkled, decrepid woman—a tidy person, but about as ugly, awkward, stumpy an old crone as could have been found in Highgate seventeen years since. The other was a plain, uncouth, servant girl, possibly some twenty years of age. "An old woman with her grand-daughter," thought Edward; and he was right in his surmise. They were parleying: the old woman (leaning upon her stout stick) begging the girl to stay a few minutes longer with her; the granddaughter insisting that her time was up, and that she must hasten back to London. The girl's arguments prevailing, the aged dame yielded, saying, "Then, be off, it is late; but come and see your old grandmother again soon; and here, child, is something for you to buy cakes with." As she uttered these words, the speaker fumbled in her pocket, and brought out twopence, which she pressed into the young woman's hand, who readily accepted them, almost without a thank, as though the gift were a matter of course. It was a scene of humble life—a vulgar, commonplace incident; but there was a touch of poetry in it; and that touch of poetry struck home to Edward's heart. He wished that the poor woman had more to give, that she could have made the gift without being the poorer for it; he felt that the girl ought to have declined the present, since she in all probability was better provided with the comforts of life than the bestower, whose lot was evidently cast amongst the aged and very poor; at least, the young woman might have shown some faint sign of gratitude. Perhaps the darkness of the shady lane in the back-ground, and the warm light in the fore-ground, and the golden rays falling aslant across the two figures, contributed to the effect of the *tableau* on the artist's mind.

He was still gazing upon them, little thinking that his observation would be heeded; or, if heeded, would cause pain, when he was roused to a consciousness of his misbehaviour by the old woman exclaiming, angrily, as she suddenly caught his watchful eyes, "What are ye staring at? Canna an auld dame gie her lass a copper, but ye must fix y'r eyne upon her? But dootless ye think a weel-dressed mon may bear himself to puir bodies according to his will."

In an instant Edward had grasped the old woman by the hand, and said, hurriedly, "A thousand pardons! I was but wishing you had more to give. I was wrong; forgive me."

Ten moments of surprise in the grandame's wrinkled face; and then, looking down at the hand which Edward had hastily wrung and as hastily released, she saw a bright half-crown lying in the palm, put there by him who had so strongly responded to her sharp words.

"Ye bra' hinnie," exclaimed the old woman, with stirring emphasis in her deep North-country voice, and a blinking in her failing eye; "your money is siller; but the grip o' y'r hand is pure goud."

This was all the trifling incident; and the drama of two brief minutes acted out, Edward went on his way, soon to forget all about it.

He hastened towards the village, where the church-bells had already ceased to chime, and, in slower measure and deeper tones, were tolling the congregations in.

He entered a well-known church, and took part in the service.

The service over, he sauntered on in the ruddy-amber twilight to Muswell Hill, till he came to a wayside tavern, placed somewhat nearer to the top than the foot of the ascent, and facing an end of the lane that winds off towards Crouch End.

Loitering at the door of the tavern was a young man, apparently the ostler and odd man of the little inn, to whom, after scrutinising him for a moment, Edward said, "That's a fine grand house down the lane there."

"'Tis a big house, and an old 'un."

"Has it a name?"

"It's the Clock House—the Clock House, Muswell Hill. Every one knows it; there's a clock over the door."

"Perhaps you know who lives there?"

"P'raps I do," answered the young ostler, saucily; and then, changing his tone, he added, civilly, "Mr. Harrison Newbolt lives there."

"Ay, to be sure. I have heard of him. A rich man?"

"No mistake about that; and he lives as a rich man should—horses, dogs, servants—a plenty of 'em. Carriages, too."

The voice in which this disjointed sentence was uttered left no doubt that the speaker had a warm respect for the rich man who lived as a rich man should.

"There are ladies in the family?" asked Edward, continuing his inquiries more boldly, as the witness appeared more inclined to be communicative.

"Two on 'em," was the answer, "and lots of others who're married, and live away."

"I suppose the ladies ride on horseback?"

"The young lady does."

"Aye," said Edward, quickly; "on a black pony?"

"No; you're just out there," returned the lad, again growing saucy; "she don't ride a black pony."

"Umph! I'm mistaken, then; but I once saw a young lady ride through the gateway on a black pony, with a groom behind her."

"P'raps so," was the answer, jerked out with spasmodic energy; "p'raps you did see the young lady on a black pony. I didn't say you didn't; but the black is swopped away for a brown 'un. And aint the brown a stepper, that's all? aint she a stepper? I believe you."

Whereupon Edward turned upon his heel, and walked back to London, very slowly, under the white light of the rising moon.

"It's the same," he thought to himself; "I felt sure of it, when I lay awake last Tuesday night. How

strange that her father should have bought the picture; but I am sure there's no likeness in it that he could detect. I only took the first thought from her; and then I painted away—away from the original. I feel sure there's nothing that can be detected, nothing that can make her suspect my folly—and see the insult."

He put these thoughts in words, and very bitterly he accented the last part of the sentence.

From which ejaculation readers may infer that an influence, apart from sudden success, had helped to render Edward nervous during the four preceding days, and can form some conjecture as to the nature of the feelings which agitated him, as he walked slowly back to London, wondering what the next day would bring to him—dreading, rather than hoping, that it might bring him an invitation to the Clock House.

(To be continued.)

THE GOD OF THE UNIVERSE IS JEHOVAH.

PART III.

BUT there is also another view in which it becomes the sons of men to regard this Supreme Being. He fills all space, and He also fills all time; the past, the present, and the future are terms only applicable to finite beings; they are not the past, the present, and the future to Him. But these various periods constitute to the Supreme Power one eternal *now*; therefore it is said of the Creator of the universe—the Jehovah of Holy Writ—He inhabiteth eternity, his power is from everlasting to everlasting, and of his dominion there is no end.

When we reflect upon the attributes that must of necessity be inseparable from a Supreme Power, the universal presence of this mighty Being must overpower our limited faculties. Reason convinces us that He by whom the universe was called into existence, and by whom millions of ponderous orbs roll on in the infinity of space, must be omnipresent as well as omnipotent; that every point is to Him a centre without a circumference; that He is as incomprehensible in the extent of his works, as He is incomprehensible in reference to his presence.

No attribute of the Supreme is more inscrutable than his eternity: without beginning, without end, self-existent, everlasting. We cannot undertake to demonstrate the eternal being of God from his works, which are not eternal. They had a beginning, and may therefore have an end; but we are permitted to reason analogically; and while it is impossible to compass the idea of eternity, either past or future, we may at least expand our conceptions, by an examina-

tion of the mighty periods of time embraced within the range of the creation.

If the universe, by the number and splendour of its orbs, by their masses and magnitudes, by the stupendous scale on which it is built, by the simplicity of the laws by which it is governed, declares, in letters of living light, the being and attributes of the ever-living God, so do the periods of revolution worked out in the heavens demonstrate that with Him a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years.

We are told that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth;" but who shall measure by mortal years when that beginning was? We have evidence full and conclusive, in the rocky records of the earth itself, of the vast periods of time which have rolled away since the dawn of creation began. If we interrogate the heavens, the same response is made. If it be true, that in case at this very moment the entire universe of God were blotted from existence, all save the earth itself—that even now, with our present telescopic power, the last object would not fade from our view for millions of years—then, indeed, we are forced to admit that millions of years have elapsed since these remote objects were called into being, and their light darted on its infinite journey to the earth.

There is no escape from this conclusion. Let it not be thought that these teachings are in contradiction to the Word of God. From these two sources, then, the earth and the heavens, we deduce a pre-existence of the universe, only to be reckoned by millions of years. If now we examine more closely the periods assigned to the revolutions of the celestial orbs, we are amazed at the grandeur and sublimity displayed in the going on of this Divine machinery. Leaving the periods of the planets of our own system, we rise to an examination of the binary stars; and while some are performing their revolutions in periods of comparatively short duration, in others there is evidence that a single revolution of one body around another is not completed in less than a million of years! This is but the revolution of an object about another. In case we proceed upward to more complex systems, these mighty periods of time expand and swell, till finally it seems that eternity alone can furnish the requisite ages wherein a single revolution of the multiplied orbs of God's universe may be completely effected, and all return to the points from which they were projected, to commence anew their mighty cycle of never-ending motion. Thus does time almost swell into eternity; and if such be the object created, what must be the Creator?

We thus, from an examination of the organization of the universe of matter, demonstrate the unity of God, his almighty power, his infinite wisdom. He inhabiteth eternity, and

his presence filleth immensity. By his direct power the world was not only formed, but this same power is momentarily employed to sustain the vast superstructure, which has been reared in wisdom. Whence, then, we demand, did the writers of the Hebrew Scriptures derive their perfect ideas of the Creator of the universe? They never penetrated the arcana of Nature. They never pierced with optic tube the realms of space. They never tracked the swift planet, or the fiery comet. They knew nothing of the mighty laws of matter, the modes of God's wonderful display. They had learned nothing of the vastness of the universe from positive inspection; and yet in the most wonderful manner, and in language which no tongue can equal, have they portrayed the attributes of God. Can any one reflect on this vast subject without being driven to acknowledge that this wonderful knowledge was the direct revelation of God? This, then, is the only explanation which our feeble powers find it possible to present.

Nature not only declares with voices innumerable, deep as the pealing of ten thousand thunders, the being of a God; but in all the pillars of her empire, in all the magnificence of her architecture, in her architraves and archways, in her star-lit domes of superlative grandeur, in the resistless motions of her multitudinous worlds, in the interminable extent of her empire, she proclaims the attributes of her Almighty Creator, the Omnipotent God.

OUR RAGGED SCHOOL.*

In one part of London there existed, in the midst of some seemingly decent streets, a court, two or three alleys, and two or three streets of six-roomed houses. In this court, these streets and alleys, there lived a population of above 3,000 people. Few of the families squatting there possessed more than one room, and any one wanting to learn the art of vegetating in the smallest possible space of ground, would only have to spend a few days there to have got his lesson to perfection. None of the houses contained more than eight, and the great mass had only six rooms, and many of the worst principles of intercommunism prevailed there to a terrible extent. The clergyman of the parish, at the time of which I am writing, was a man of wonderful energy and enterprise. He saw a necessity, made up his mind to an effort, started a new work, and then, with "constitutional obstinacy," as he was wont to say, "stuck to it." He could not but see the evils that existed in this part of his over-large parish. He felt it a scandal that streets should exist down which no respectable person could pass with safety; that hordes of immortal souls should be left uncared for; and so he tried method after method to reach them. Scripture-readers, City missionaries, district visitors, were all found and all put to work; and to one of these district visitors a fact occurred which, I believe, our

facetious friend *Punch* has, or ought to have, worked into one of his pictures. The lady called at one of the eight-roomed and eight-familied houses, and rapped at the door, to inquire after a poor woman who lived in the underground apartments. Not knowing the ordained code of signals to use in the street, which would have enabled her so to work the knocker as to bring the person she wanted herself to the door, she gave an ordinary knock. This brought "the first-floor back," in the shape of a little girl, to the door.

"Does Widow Jones live here, my little girl?"

"Widow Jones! Mother, here's the tract-woman asking for the lady in the kitchen."

All efforts, however, were but of little avail while the streets swarmed with half-naked children, who went to no school, and submitted to no discipline. It is true that there were schools nigh at hand, but they were all too respectable; and if, perhaps, some of the parents ought to have sent their children to these schools, they certainly would not do so. What, then, could be done, but start a Ragged-school? An old carpenter's shop existed behind two houses in the court; it was unoccupied; it was seized upon. A man was found; one of the lay agents of the excellent Church Pastoral-Aid Society gave up his peculiar work to encounter this new labour, and the school was opened. The school was opened; but the children would not be caught! "Billy, Billy, Billy, come and be taught!" was echoed and re-echoed, but all in vain for a while, and it was only after desperate efforts that a few children were coaxed in. When once, however, the ice was broken, scholars began to flow in apace, and before many weeks the little shop was overcrowded. The new scholars were scholars indeed; they had everything to learn, and, above all else, they had to learn obedience. To sit still was to many of them a moral impossibility; to fight or fidget was, as it were, their normal occupation. Kindness and firmness were brought to bear upon this excitable horde, and their effects soon began to tell. Many of the pupils were professional thieves, and all of them had a power of abstracting which would have charmed a Highland freebooter.

"Where's Billy to-day, boys?"

"Oh, sir, he's in for a copper scuttle."

"Where's Tommy?"

"He's in for some lead guttering."

"In," of course, meant in gaol—a place with which many of them were very familiar. I remember giving one day a lesson on the Cities of Refuge; and, in questioning the boys, asked, "If the fugitive reached the city, in what state would he be?"

"All right, sir."

"But if he went out again?"

"He'd be nabbed."

The police at that time were wonderfully plagued by a little old woman, who committed innumerable petty depredations in our neighbourhood, and who, when chased, outran them all, and more than once popped over a succession of garden-walls, without paying any attention to female grace or delicacy. All efforts to catch this little woman, or to find out where she lived, were for a long time unsuccessful; but, at last, one day, she appeared at an evening lecture at the night-school, and took her seat amongst the grown-up people. She had not long been seated, however, before low murmurs began

* "Parson and People." Seeley and Co., 54, Fleet Street.

to spread amongst the boys in the back seats; and some of them, pointing to the old woman, whispered, "It's Jack Long! it's Jack Long!"

"It aint!"
"It is!"

The controversy waxed strong, and at last the master was forced to interfere, and to ask the cause of the disturbance. He was told their suspicions; and, walking up to the little old woman, he gazed steadily at her. It was Jack Long, who, emboldened by the way in which he had outwitted the police, was determined to try whether his old comrades would detect him or not; but, alas for him! their eyes were too sharp to be so easily imposed upon, and the story getting buzzed about, the police knew exactly where to wait when their old plague recommenced depredations.

The curious feature about many parents is this: they will chastise, often most intemperately, their own children, but they will not permit any one else to chastise them; and this peculiarity often evinced itself in the visits of what the head of one of our great public schools called "the schoolmaster's greatest scourge—viz., anxious and irritated mammas." These "anxious and irritated mammas" were, however, not at all accustomed to conceal their feelings, or even to keep them under decent control, and their wrath was often violent. I remember, on one occasion, the master had corrected a little boy for gross misconduct. The little boy had threatened "to tell mother." The threat was carried out; and when the school opened after dinner, a huge virago entered. Walking up to the master, she said—

"So you've whopped our Billy."

"Yes," replied the master; "he behaved very badly."

"Well," screamed the virago, "no one shall whop him but I; and I'll learn you how to do it!"

In an instant she attacked him, struck him violently in the chest—a serious matter to a very delicate man—and it was with difficulty that he escaped her. Of course it was necessary to interfere in such a case, and a summons soon brought her to her senses. She came and humbly asked pardon, and promised—a great condescension on her part—that "he might whop Billy to his heart's content, if only he wouldn't have her up before the beak;" and some kindness shown her shortly afterwards in her confinement, by the master, entirely broke her proud spirit, and made her a steady friend.

Talking of punishment, I must needs here intrude a story of a scene which occurred in quite another spot.

A dear and valued friend of my own, a dignitary of the Church, and a most accomplished and elegant scholar, thought it his duty to preach a sermon on the correction of children, and took as his text Prov. xiii. 24. He dwelt ably and eloquently on the necessity of chastisement for the young, and carefully pointed out on what occasions and under what limitations it ought to be administered. His congregation was attentive, and he thought to himself that he laid down every condition necessary to insure that chastisement, if needful, should be wisely and judiciously administered. Poor man! Two mornings afterwards, as he was walking in his garden, he spied a neighbour—a great, coarse, and most vulgar woman, one whom he always shrank from—look-

ing over the hedge. He drew back, and quietly turned into a side path; but escape was impossible. In a voice which could not but be heard, his neighbour screamed out, "Mr. Archdeacon! Mr. Archdeacon! I want to speak to you." The Archdeacon turned back, and drawing nigh to her, politely asked what she wished to say. "A lovely sermon that of yours on Sunday—a lovely sermon, sir. I hope we shall all profit by it. I've acted on it at once. Our Bill, sir, was a bad boy yesterday, so I took a stick and larruped him till I couldn't stand over him any longer." Need I say the poor sensitive preacher slunk away overpowered by such delicate flattery?

To return to our ragged-school. If the day-school was difficult to manage, the night-school was doubly so. Great rough lads and young men swarmed to it, because it was warm and well lighted; but in reality they came for a spree, and not to work. The master gathered around him a band of simple-hearted, earnest labourers like himself, but they often experienced the full difficulty of managing such a crew. One notorious boy was the ringleader in all the mischief, and at last he vowed he would put down the school altogether next school-night. Next school-night came, and with it a full muster of scholars, and Tom B— amongst them. Looks of intelligence passed from row to row, and the master soon saw that something was wrong.

The eldest class, and Tom with them, were set to write. Tom began to make a noise; the master walked up to him and bade him be quiet.

"I shan't for you," was the rude reply.

"Then I must turn you out of the school."

"You turn me out! I'd like to see you," said Tom; and rising up, he first gave a shrill whistle, and then drew from under his coat an old rusty sword, with which he made a vigorous lunge at the master. The whole first class rose also at the sound of the whistle, and out of every jacket was drawn a short club. Tom was immensely excited: "Come on, lads, we'll have no more—school here; we'll 'a done with this nonsense;" and thus saying, he strode towards the master, flourishing his sword.

The moment was a critical one—the teachers were all frightened, the boys were excited, and retreat was cut off. The weak, sickly, delicate master was on his trial; he met the difficulty. Drawing himself up, and folding his arms, he faced the enraged boy with a steady glance, bursting into a hearty laugh, and saying—

"Look at such a sprat as you! Why, Tom, do you think that I am afraid of you or your sword? Pooh! I don't care an atom for either of you!"

The lad was nonplussed; he hesitated, he stopped; the master's coolness baffled him.

One moment's hesitation was enough; the instant he stopped the master was upon him; one blow sent his sword spinning, another knocked him over. One of the teachers' walking-sticks was near; the conqueror seized it, and gave his victim a sound drubbing.

The revolt was quelled, Tom sneaked back to his place, the sword was impounded as a trophy, and one by one the clubs were collected in a triumphal heap.

To teach in such scenes is a complete gift. Some of those most successful with orderly children could never do it; while, on the other hand, I have

seen a mere lad sway at will a large class of men and lads double and treble his age. Firm kindness, a good temper, and a loving heart are all essential for this task; and, for my own part, I always prefer, for a thoroughly rough school, woun teachers. The pupils are used to blows and rough usage—it is the atmosphere they have always lived in, the dialect they best understand; but gentle firmness is a weapon they have never met with, and against which they have no guard. In one of my Sunday-schools I was obliged to keep a class of incorrigibles in a separate room by themselves. Man after man took this class, and failed; I dared not give it up, and dared scarcely keep it on. At last a lady took it; chaos was reduced, and after a short time her complaint was that the boys were being all restored to the regular school, and promoted there.

No man could have done what Miss Marsh has done amongst the navvies, or what Mrs. Wightman has done at Shrewsbury; I wish there were more Miss Marshes and Mrs. Wightmans amongst us. I for one could find them plenty of work.

If our ragged-school abounded in difficulties, it abounded also in encouragements; its fruits were manifest. In the course of about seven years nearly 1,500 children passed through it; and on one occasion no fewer than 112 boys and girls were found to have been rescued from the streets, fitted to gain an honest livelihood, and provided with good situations. I was preaching there one Sunday evening, when I saw amongst my hearers a sergeant of artillery, in full uniform, decorated with several medals, and with a good-conduct badge. After the service I went up to him, and asked him what had brought him there.

"I came, sir, to see the old place."

"What, do you know this school?"

"Yes, sir; I got all my learning here. It took me out of the street; and as I sail for China on Tuesday, I thought I must come back and have one more look at the old place and the old folk before I sailed." The superintendent told me that he had attended both morning and afternoon schools and the young men's Bible-class, and seemed altogether delighted with his visit.

We have spoken before of the rebellious ones; there was one lad whom we lost sight of for some years, not knowing in the least what had become of him. The excellent superintendent had given up the ragged-school, and was gone elsewhere. One day, however, he called on me, and in the course of conversation said—

"I have taken part in a night-school in my new neighbourhood, sir, and had a curious surprise a few weeks ago. Just after I had opened school, a young man entered. He was dressed in a respectable black coat and waistcoat, and had on a silver watch-chain and watch; in fact, his appearance was thoroughly respectable. Walking up to me, he said—

"Do you want any teachers, sir?"

"I turned towards him. The moment he saw my full face, he exclaimed—

"Why, Mr. Sinden, is it you, sir?"

"Yes," I said, "my name is Sinden; but do you know me?"

"Yes, sir—yes, full well; and you ought to know me? for I once plagued you rarely. Do you remember H—E—?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "and often wanted to know what had become of him."

"I'm him, sir."

"You!—impossible!"

"Yes, sir, I am. You wonder at my looks, sir, but I've changed masters; I served Satan hard, and he brought me down lower and lower; but, thank God, I now serve the Lord, and He is bringing me up; but I owe it to what I learnt at your school, sir."

The seed sown was found here after many days, and he became as great a comfort to his old master as an assistant as he had formerly been a plague as a scholar.

Two or three moral tales, the truth of which we may vouch for, may be pardoned here.

Some of our pupils required a marvellous deal of breaking in, but well repaid the trouble. To give an instance. On one occasion one of the teachers told a boy to sit down in his place.

"I shan't!" was the surly reply.

"You must."

"I shan't!"

"Then I must stand by you till you do." He stood for some little time, but seeing no symptoms of the lad yielding, called the superintendent, who said to the boy—

"Now, you must sit down in your place, or you cannot leave the school, if you stay here all night."

The lad continued obstinate, the master firm. At nine o'clock the school was dismissed, but the lad was not allowed to leave. Ten struck, eleven struck—the superintendent and lad were still in their respective situations. At a quarter-past eleven the fatigue on young muscles overcame the obstinacy of a young will, and the lad dropped into his seat. No sooner was he down, than with a face of becoming impudence, he said—

"You'll take me home now, sir, won't you, for my father and mother will be anxious about me?"

The operation once performed was thoroughly successful; he never gave the superintendent any more trouble.

Another tale about unexpected fruit may, perhaps, be given here. A poor lad, who was not very refractory, but uncommonly idle, was in the habit of coming to school. His very idleness made him a great trouble to his master and to his parents, and at last, more in the hope of doing the son good than from other objects, his father determined to accept an offer of work, and to remove to Tewkesbury. They had been gone from our neighbourhood a year and a half, when one day the superintendent was told that a lad was at the door, desirous of speaking with him. He went down stairs, and there saw a tall, ungainly, and most ragged boy awaiting him.

"You don't know me, sir?"

"What, George! is it you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come in, lad," said his kind friend, who took him down stairs, made him take a wash at the sink, and then gave him some tea, which was eagerly devoured by the famished lad. After tea, the following facts came out. The boy had gone to Tewkesbury with his father, but had there been treated with great sternness, had run away from home, after having broken open a cupboard and taken a sovereign which had been put aside for rent; had made his way to Bristol, hoping to get

a berth on board ship, but, having no character, could not get employment; his money had soon been spent, and he had then started to walk to London, in the hope that his old teacher would be able to reconcile him to his father. The teacher took him next morning to his dear old clergyman, who ordered him to provide for the lad for some days, and to write at once to the parents, who gladly consented to receive back their truant, and sent the money to pay the expenses of his journey home. Some time elapsed, and one day a most grateful letter arrived from the boy, stating that the kindnesses shown to him had opened his heart to feel the yet greater love of his Redeemer, and that he who had been once rescued from the pit was now endeavouring, as a Sunday-school teacher, to aid others also.

A clergyman's letter-box often boasts some documents of great curiosity, and I often wish that I had preserved many of the letters which I have received. I have been looking to-day in vain for one received lately from Australia from a girl who, by the agency of our Ragged-school Bible-class, was rescued from the streets and sent abroad; but the following *bona fide* letter has just reached me from the mother of two little scholars who were great pets of mine:—

London, April —.

REV. SIR, — I have moved to the forementioned place and got a great knocking about in consequence of this Alteration. My children are at school in a similar place to where they were in your time, that is a school of the Protestant Church. Revd. Sir I parted my friend and benefactor when you left . . . we all regret your leaving the place my little son pat is always talking of your Revd. he is complete now in all his limbs and his former defect done away with. I got a countryman of mine that effectually cured him he is the promising of A very good boy . . . Revd. Sir we are very thankful to the teacher Mr. — for his attention to the children pat have made a vast improvement under his care Rev. Sir if you have the kindness and humility of writing the Address is — your revd. will recollect the address.

N.B. The man who wrote this is a good scholar, an Irishman from my neighbourhood at home. Is worthy of a situation, and capable of fulfilling it. Would willingly embrace one. He is a Mallow man, and would be perfectly grateful and thankful for anything done, and would wish an interview with your Revd. I can recommend him to be honest and trustworthy.

Some people decry the spread of education, and think little of its influence; but every child ought to be taught to read and write, if only to keep up the high and holy feelings of family love when families are scattered abroad. I am persuaded that it is scarcely possible to calculate the real good which is done in the way in which the best of all ties are kept up amongst our people through the facilities afforded by the present system of education and of postage. Sometimes, of course, I have been shown letters strongly corroborative of this truth; and I am sure a poor friend of mine will pardon me for narrating the following occurrence:—She was a quaint, rough old woman, a thorough character, living in a wild spot; and one day, as I was walking near her house, I heard a great shout—"Parson, Parson!" I turned, and saw my friend waving her hand to me. On going up to her, she said, "Oh, Parson, coom in; I've had a letter this three days, and I canna read it, and nobody has a come who can read." Of course I offered to read it, and found it was from her

daughter, who had married a respectable small farmer, and lived some twenty miles off. The hand was a good bold one, and the orthography pretty good, and I easily read the following:—

DEAR MOTHER, — This cums hopping your well, as it leaves us well; thanks be to the Lord for it. And dear mother, thanks be to the Lord we are doing mighty well; the crops is very good, and the tatars stand. And thanks be to the Lord both the cows has good calves, and most of the sheep has double couples; and the sow has a mazing fine litter; and the hens and the ducks and the turkeys has done well. And now dear mother talking of other live stock I've got another babie and thanks be to the Lord he is doing markable well; it ud do your heart good to see him; bless him. And dear mother if you can come over to us harvest time I'd be very glad; if you wants half a sovereign just let me know—and now, dear mother, I am, with Tom, your affectionate daughter, JANE —.

Of course the coupling of the baby and the live stock was amusing enough, but all was good news to the mother, and the invitation and the offer of help cheered her heartily in her lone, widowed life. Even rough Sally could not help a tear; and I could not laugh at such a genuine though, perhaps, quaint letter.

While I am on this topic, I must, however, give one more tale about a letter. There was a very dear and rather old couple in the village, whom I often visited—William and Mary H. William had often told me about his marriage.

"I and our Mary had kept company a long time, but sunhows we ware na married. Joseph, the clerk, were often at us; he wanted his fees, and he said he'd put up our bands. One day I goes to church, and sure enough he had. So I calls on Mary as I went home, and says, 'Mary, I've been to church.'

"That's right, Bill."

"What think you I've heard?"

"I dunna know, Bill; sammut good."

"I've heard our bands asked."

"Have yer, Bill?"

"Yes. Did you put them up, lass?"

"No, Bill. Did you?"

"No, lass."

"Then it wur that old clerk."

"Do you means to forbid them, lass?"

"No, Bill. Do you?"

"No, lass; but next Sunday we'll go together and hear them asked."

"So we went—and Sunday next; and I'd just spoken to parson, and when they wur asked out, we just walked up to rails, and he married us there; and we went back, and he gave us all such a sarraunt on marriage! It did us all good; and we've been downright happy ever since."

Well, one day when I came home from visiting, my old landlady told me that some one had been down begging me to go up to old Will's house as soon as ever I could—he was in great trouble. I started off at once, and found him and his old woman both in tears. I asked what was the matter.

"Oh, sir, we've had such a letter from our Jack in Africa!"

Now, our Jack was a soldier, and had, by good conduct, risen to the rank of sergeant-major.

His letter was in a high-flown strain. He had been evidently reading Moore and other poets; and he had written when the news of the threatened Chartist riot on the famous 10th of April had just

reached the camp. I cannot remember all his letter, but this passage occurs to me:—

BELOVED PARENTS,—I have heard of the terrible dangers that threaten my native land. Perhaps ere now it has been devastated by lawless bands of unprincipled miscreants; perhaps ere now the humble cot in which I first drew nurture has been committed to the ruthless flames. Would I were with you, to protect my ancestral hearth! I cannot be with you; but, beloved parents, my soul hovers over you, as the fabled Hourii of the Moham-medan; and I do all I can, by wish and supplication, to cast an *egis* around you.

Of course I burst out laughing at this high-flown letter and their grief. They started at my laugh.

"What, sir, is all right? We thought summut terrible had surely happened; we never heard such words afore."

I assured them all was right, and translated the letter for them, to their amazing comfort; but I can assure you that letter was shown to every neighbour as "what our Jack could do," and doubly treasured because they could not comprehend it.

Readings for Spare Moments.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

DR. ADAM CLARKE was preaching to a large congregation in Ireland, and after dwelling in glowing terms upon the freeness of the Gospel, and telling them that the water of life could be had "without money and without price," at the conclusion of the sermon, a person announced that a collection would be made to support the Gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the preacher, who afterwards related the circumstance to the lady of the house where he was staying. "Very true, Doctor," replied the hostess; "the water of life is free, 'without money and without price,' but we must pay for pitchers to carry it in."

MIS DIRECTED LIBERALITY.

SHALL heathen men do more for the honour of their idols than the Christian does for the cause of the true God?

"I once visited the Rajah of Burdwan," says the Rev. J. J. Weibrecht, "and found him sitting in his treasury. Fifty bags of money, containing 1,000 rupees (£100) each, were placed before him. 'What,' said I, 'are you doing with all that money?' He replied, 'It is for my god.' 'How do you mean that?' I rejoined. 'One part is sent to Benares, where I have two fine temples on the river side, and many priests who pray for me; another part goes to Juggernaut, and a third to Gaya.' And thus one native is spending £5,000 annually from his income upon idle Brahmins."

DESPISE NOT LITTLE THINGS.

WHAT CAN A HALFPENNY DO?—A son of one of the chiefs of Burdwan was, through God's mercy, converted by the reading of a tract. He could not read, but he went to Rangoon to learn to read, a distance of 250 miles; there a missionary's wife taught him to read, and in a few days he could read the tract. He then took a basket full of tracts with him, and with much difficulty preached the Gospel at his own home, and was the means of converting hundreds to God. He was a man of influence; the people flocked to hear him; and in one year 1,500 natives were baptised in Arracan, as members of the Christian Church. And all this through one little tract! *That tract cost one halfpenny.*

ANGER.

ANGER unfits the mind for prayer; therefore, "let not the sun go down upon your wrath," for no angry man can pray aright. Jeremy Taylor beautifully illustrates this:—

"Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, directly contrary to that disposition which makes our prayers acceptable to God. Thus, the lark rising from his bed of grass, soars upward, singing as he rises, but the poor bird is beaten back by the sudden blast of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it can recover by the vibration of its wings, till the little creature is forced to sit down, and pant, and stay till the storm is over, and then it makes a more prosperous flight, and rises still and sings, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel."

THE SABBATH.

SABBATHS, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,
His progress mark, and keep his rest in view.
In life's bleak winter they are pleasant days,
Short foretastes of the long, long spring to come.
To every new-born soul each hallowed morn
Seems like the first, when everything was new.
Time seems an angel come afresh from heaven,
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

A TRAVELLER thus describes his journey across the Blue Mountains:—

"We had passed the spot called Solitary Creek by sunset, and darkness came on before we could reach the station beyond Mount Lambey, one of the highest peaks over which the road ascends. It became very dark, and as our horses descended, the driver could hardly see to guide them at a most dangerous turn of the road. Suddenly one of our wheels broke down, and in the dark we could not put it to rights. The driver went on to the station for torches and assistance, leaving me and my companion in charge of the horses. With difficulty the driver found his way to the station, and when he returned the torch revealed the fact that the broken wheel had saved our lives; for had the conveyance proceeded only a few yards more, horses and men must have perished, as we were on the brink of a frightful precipice." How often may our lives have been protected, when we ourselves have been unconscious of the danger; and the annoyances of life may have been, in reality, the highest benefits. A shower that vexed the traveller counteracted the designs of the assassin, and the broken carriage-wheel saved the travellers from destruction.

PRAYER

WHEN tossed on life's tempestuous sea,
Oh, who shall prove the sinner's friend!
Where shall the wanderer's refuge be,
Oh, whither shall his prayers ascend!
Father, to Thee! for Thou canst save;
Thy love shall shine a beacon ray,
Thy mercy shall illumine the grave,
Thy grace console in sorrow's day.

Oh, guide us, Father! God of love!
Guide us in sin's tempestuous night;
Darkness around, and storms above,
We look to Thee for help and light!
No'er didst Thou scorn the humble prayer
Breathed by repentance, on her knee;
Guide us, O Father, from despair,
And each our hearts to rest in Thee.

Department for Young People.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.—No. V.

"WHAT is rarified?" asked little Edward, not well comprehending what his father was saying.

"I am glad you asked me," said Mr. Russell, "for I forget sometimes that I am talking to a child; your questions, Edward, are often so beyond your years. Let me take the balloon as an example of the power of rarefied air. It seems like a thing of life, when filled with the hydrogen gas, which is far lighter than the atmospheric air; and you see it quiver and pant to have the string loosed, that it may soar to regions far above our heads, where the rarefied air is more in harmony with its weight, as filled with the light gas termed hydrogen; and the direction it takes is entirely owing to the fickle currents of thin ether, or air, in which it floats."

"Papa, will you explain," eagerly demanded Edward, "how the balloon comes down when it has once got so high, as I remember to have seen it last summer, when it looked like a mere speck in the sky?"

"That is easily explained," returned Mr. Russell. "The adventurous guide, after satisfying his curiosity, lets some of the light hydrogen escape, and this is the means of making the balloon rapidly descend. But, if it descends too quickly, he throws out sand, and thus balances himself. But these experiments are full of danger, and no advantage, until lately, seems to have been attained by so many having ascended, although many lives have been sacrificed."

"Well, now, papa, I have a question about this oxygen. Does it always continue in the air, or where does it go? in those parts where there is bad air?"

Edward looked very serious at this, for it was evident he thought he had now quite puzzled his father.

"Well, we will for the present postpone talking about evaporation. There have been various experiments to test atmospheric air," continued Mr. Russell, "and it has been proved in every instance that the proportions of oxygen and nitrogen never vary in the air, though brought from Chimborazo, or from the lowest valley. The hand of Omnipotence had mixed the proportions of oxygen, or vital air, and the nitrogen, which was to qualify its great vitality, rendering it what it now is, to man and beast, the greatest of blessings."

"But still, papa, in those low places you were mentioning, and in sick rooms, is not the oxygen less in those?" urged Edward.

"No, my child. For even in the pestilential marshes about Rome, the atmospheric air there has been examined, and however death may be in those marshes, it arises not from the absence of the vital oxygen, but from some other causes too subtle for detection by chemical analysis. And, indeed, the infectious atmosphere has been carefully subjected to the same analysis even in hospitals, where its ill odour was intolerable, and still there was no discernible difference in the relative proportions of oxygen and nitrogen."

The following morning, Mr. Russell was closely followed into his study by his little son—eager to

ask him a question, which the Psalms of the day had suggested.

The child's habits were so peculiarly indicative of his mind, that the father involuntarily paused, expecting some query, which the little fellow, without preface, commenced, by inquiring how such things as "fire, and hail, and snow, and vapours, and stormy wind, fulfilled God's word?"

"My son cannot fail to remember God's judgments on the impenitent," returned Mr. Russell, "by means of fire, in the case of the condemned cities; and afterwards, when 'the fire and hail ran along the ground,' in token of the marvellous power of Him whom Pharaoh and his host defied."

"Oh! it is that," thoughtfully observed Edward, "and Christ, too, rebuked the stormy winds! But, papa—the snow and the vapours, in what way are they made to fulfil God's word?" as though not perfectly satisfied.

"You know we have not yet finished our subject about the marvellous properties of the atmosphere," returned his affectionate parent; "when you will better understand how literally the snow and vapours fulfil the Lord's word. There is a passage where it is said, 'God giveth snow like wool.'"

"Ah! I was reading that yesterday to mamma," interrupted Edward, and, turning over his father's large Bible, he read from the 147th Psalm—"He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly. He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold? He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow."

"Yes; the Word of God furnishes the true key to all the phenomena we see around us," said Mr. Russell. "Bear this in mind, my child, that though God works by means which He appoints, as so many servants to fulfil his will, yet with Him rests the power which upholds all things 'by the breath of his mouth,' as the Psalmist beautifully expresses."

"That is in the 33rd Psalm, papa," returned Edward, pleased to show that his mamma's lessons were remembered.

"Well, read the whole passage," said his father. "You can never begin too early to store your mind well with the words of Scripture."

Edward read—"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made: and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses. Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him. For he spake, and it was done: he commanded, and it stood fast."

"And," pursued Mr. Russell, as Edward closed the book a little further on, "it is added, 'Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord!' a truth, my son, which gives assurance that whom the Lord directs, he only is in the safe path; whence we are told to seek God in all things, both when we lie down and when we rise up, setting the Lord, as David did, always before our eyes."

"But now suppose we consider the force of that passage which compares snow to wool. Why,

think you?" And busying himself with some papers, Mr. Russell gave his son time to think.

Edward at length acknowledged that "unless snow was compared to wool because it was a covering for the earth, as wool covered the sheep," he could see no other reason; and it was white, too; but only whiter than wool. Still it was evident that he was not satisfied, and he asked his papa if he would explain what was meant.

"You have come very near to the truth," said Mr. Russell, "in assuming snow to be compared to wool because it was a covering for the earth; for it really has the effect of preserving the vegetables and seeds from the frost, and the piercing blasts of winter." But for a reason he was sure his little son would never have guessed, so he would tell him. And continuing his discourse, his father explained the nature of heat, or caloric (as it was called), the way the air contained within it this principle of heat, and the absorbent quality of oxygen (the life-giving gas) for maintaining heat, whence it was at once the cause of combustion and life; that caloric was the name of that invisible stream that flows from every hotter substance throughout Nature, and which is the agent, producing in us the sensation of warmth, and which was derived from the principal source of all heat—namely, the sun—and without which invisible agent, producing on our nerves the sensation of warmth, this world would soon be a desert, for no human being, or any animal, could exist in it.

Next, Mr. Russell showed that all substances were either good or bad "conductors" of heat; and whence it was that snow, being a bad conductor of caloric, kept in (so to speak) the heat of the earth from being drawn off by the cold air, which would otherwise have continued to rest upon it, until by degrees it extracted whatever heat remained within it, which the previous summer's sun had imparted, and which the earth drew in rapidly, and reflected back again upon all things near its surface.

The young philosopher heard all this with the most obvious satisfaction.

His little hand, supported on his knee, rested his chin, as he gazed from his stool on that loved face, thus earnestly bent on his, to make his language intelligible: and a painter, had he looked in, must have been caught by the vivid realisation of youth and maturity, alike interested in the pursuit of truth!

"But then, what makes snow so warm, for it is full of cold air, I'm sure?" once more urged the little fellow, when, after a considerable pause, he saw his father lay aside a paper for which he had been seeking.

"The snow, which is laid out with so light a hand by Nature, holds, as you say, Edward, much air; but," continued Mr. Russell, "you forget what I have been telling you regarding the 'oxygen' that is in the air. What has become of all the caloric, I think you? The principle of heat is not smothered by winter's cold. On the contrary, the oxygen has the effect of raising combustion! Have you never observed how beautifully clear our fires burn in frost? This is all due to the rarity of the life-giving principle in the oxygen, that contains combustion, and accelerates the free passage of heat, causing it to burn more fiercely, even though all around be incrustated with ice.

"But there is another reason," continued Mr. Russell, "why the illustration of snow being compared to wool is so appropriate. The snow, in consequence of its exceeding lightness, holds within its interstices so great an abundance of atmospheric air, as to preserve warmth to the innumerable tribes of vegetables which it is intended by Almighty Wisdom snow should protect, just as wool and fur, from being of the nature of spongy substances, afford the warmest clothing, from the same cause; and because they retard the too rapid escape of heat from the bodies of persons who clothe themselves with wool and fur."

"Ah! now I see it all," exclaimed little Edward, clapping his hands.

"See what?" returned Mr. Russell, willing to draw out the ideas of the child.

"Why, that God has a purpose in everything, papa."

"Most true!" said, reverently, the earnest instructor. "But there is much more to be learned on this subject, Edward. As respects the formation of snow—the manner in which the air is supposed to hold water in a state of vapour, similar to the manner in which the sponge holds water—"

"And is that the way, papa, the air holds water?" interrupted the young philosopher. "Oh, do tell me, please;" and he rubbed his hands with delight, as, resuming his seat, Mr. Russell promised the continuation of his subject.

(To be continued.)

HONESTY REWARDED.

IN one of the back streets of Florence lived a poor man who gained his living by playing on a violin; he was always accompanied by a little boy, his only child; and the people of the neighbourhood often gave the little Luigi a breakfast or dinner if his father had not been able to obtain anything for him. But one day poor Montalt was taken ill; and then little Luigi, by his father's direction, took the violin, and went round to the different houses at which his father was in the habit of playing. When he came home he told his father how well he had got on, and how pleased the people were with his playing.

"Thank God for that," said the dying man, "for you will now be able to support yourself. Luigi, listen to what I say: I shall soon join your blessed mother in heaven; but before I go, promise me you will never be either a thief or a beggar. No, my boy, be honest, and God will help you; be honest as the daylight, and you never need fear any man."

Little Luigi gave the required promise; and a day or two afterwards his father died, and he was left a friendless orphan in the wide, wide world.

As soon as his father was buried, he locked up the little tenement they had lived in, and, taking his violin, the only thing he owned in the world, with many tears, he bade farewell to the only place he had ever known as his home, and took the key to the landlord.

"Father's dead," he said, when he saw the man, "and I shan't be able to pay the rent, so I've brought you the key."

"But where are you going to live, my boy?" said the man, as he took the key.

"Oh, in the street," answered Luigi, "if I can't anywhere else; but I dare say somebody will give

me a lodging now and then. All the neighbours are very kind to me."

"Well," said the landlord, "your father was an honest man: I'll say that of him; so I hope you'll be like him. There's a trifle to begin the world with;" and he gave the boy a few pence.

Luigi was glad of something to eat; for although the neighbours had offered him some dinner before he came out, he was too sad to feel hungry; but his long walk had given him an appetite, so that he was glad to enter the first shop he came to, and buy food. He then began to play his violin: and many people, attracted by his youth, and the mournful strain he was playing, gave him a trifle as they passed, so that at night he was able to pay for a lodging with one of the neighbours. The next day he went out again: and though he did not get quite so much as he did the day before, still he would not ask, but kept on playing, leaving it to the listeners to give him whatever they pleased, unasked. So day after day passed, and he grew to love his violin as though it had been a companion or dear friend; if he felt dull and lonely, the tones that he awoke from it accorded with his own feelings; or if he was gay and lively, his violin seemed to him to participate in his pleasure.

One day he had been playing in front of an hotel, and, feeling sleepy, he walked round to the back of the house, and laid himself down on a seat and went to sleep, and, consequently, heard nothing of the noise and bustle caused by the arrival of a French nobleman. As soon as he awoke he commenced playing on his violin. This attracted the duke's attention, and he walked to the window to see where the music came from. As soon as Luigi saw him, he stood up and continued playing. The duke was evidently much pleased, and desired the boy to come nearer.

"What do you play, my little fellow?" he said, kindly.

"Whatever comes into my head," replied Luigi.

"You have a knowledge of music, then. Who taught you?" asked the nobleman.

"No one," replied the boy. "I am fond of music, and my violin is my only companion."

"How old are you?" said the duke, still more interested.

"Nearly thirteen, I think my father told me, just before he died."

"It is a pity this child is not in Paris—he would make his fortune there," thought the duke, aloud.

"If I thought so, I would go," said the child, who had heard what he said.

"It is too far," replied the duke; and at the same moment supper was announced. He put his hand into his pocket, and, taking out a louis-d'or, threw it out of the window to the child, and passed on to the supper-room.

After the duke had gone, the young musician remained a minute quite bewildered. The words, "It is a pity this child is not in Paris, he would make his fortune there," rung in his ears—and awakened his ambition. "I should make my fortune there," said he, thoughtfully. "That surely means to play my violin, and be very happy." So saying, he stooped to pick up the money that had been thrown to him: it was a piece of gold; he took it up, but stood motionless with it in his hand. He could not conceive that it had been intended to give him so much money. "Surely," said he,

"the gentleman has made a mistake, and I ought not to take advantage of it;" and without further hesitation, he ran into the hotel; but when he got there, he knew not how to reach the presence of the nobleman; so he waited about for some time, until at length he saw one of his servants, and he asked him to let him speak to his master before he got into his carriage, which was now waiting at the door for him.

"A pretty fellow you are, certainly, to speak to my lord the duke," said the servant, making a motion as if he were about to give him a kick; but, seeing Luigi's distressed looks, a feeling of compassion and curiosity restrained him, and he asked what he wanted to see him for.

"I played the violin before him," said the boy, "and he took some money out of his pocket and threw it to me; but when I picked it up, I found it was a piece of gold."

"Well, where's the harm in that?" demanded the man.

"There is no harm in the piece of gold, sir," replied little Luigi; "but there would be harm if I were to keep it; and the reason I want to speak to your master is to return it to him."

"Since my lord gave you the louis-d'or, it was intended for you, and you had better keep it," said the man.

"But, sir," said the boy, "the duke must have given it in mistake. He would not have given so much as that for a little air on the violin."

"You are an Italian idiot!" said the man, turning his head, and walking off.

"Idiot!" repeated Luigi. "My father told me to be honest, and God would help me, and I should be happy; and I will be honest, in spite of what people may call me." And with this determination he pushed his way through the crowd, to the side of the carriage. It was quite dark now, but Luigi could see by the light of the torches that the duke had taken his seat, and everything was ready for his immediate departure; and without waiting for another moment's consideration, he jumped on the step. At the same instant the carriage moved on, carrying Luigi with it. He had left his violin in the hotel, and it was well he did so, for it was now as much as he could do to hold on by both his hands. To get down again was impossible, at the rate they were travelling at, and Luigi was obliged to content himself with the thought that they would have to stop for something before long, and then he could return the money, and walk back again to Florence. They travelled on for several hours, when Luigi was suddenly thrown from his seat by a violent jerk, and he lay on the ground for some moments, stunned by the fall.

"What is the matter? Are we overturned?" said the duke, opening the carriage window.

"No, my lord; only the axle-tree broken," replied the postilion. And one of the servants rode on, and speedily brought a blacksmith from the village to repair the damage. When this was nearly completed, Luigi, who had been waiting about, saw an opportunity of speaking to the duke. The duke saw him coming to the side of the carriage, but not recognising him, threw him a piece of money, at the same time calling to his attendants, "Send away that little beggar, and set off at once."

"Beggars!" cried Luigi. "Oh, no; I am not a beggar, and I will prove it to you." And he

picked up the money, and ran after the carriage which had just driven off. Whilst running after the carriage, day, which was now breaking, permitted him to see a large open basket fastened under the boot of the carriage; and as it was now ascending a steep hill, and consequently obliged to proceed very slowly, Luigi soon came up with it, and then he saw that a little dog was all the basket contained; he formed the resolution, therefore, of getting into it himself, for he could not speak to the duke now; and he thought a thief and a beggar he would not; he would travel on until the duke alighted, and then tell him of the mistake he had made. And so before the top of the hill was reached, Luigi was seated in the basket, with the dog in his arms, who, for a wonder, did not dislike his companionship. There was one thing Luigi bitterly regretted, and that was having left his violin behind him; he could not help shedding tears when he thought of it, for he very much feared it would be broken before he could reach Florence again. But by-and-by sleep made him forget his trouble, and when he awoke he found that the carriage had stopped. Putting his head out of the basket, he saw that the horses were taken out, and they were in an inn-yard. "Well, this time I am determined not to be frightened by this great lord and his servants," he said, jumping out of his hiding-place, and going towards the house. He inquired of a man he saw waiting about where he could find the duke.

"If you want to see his grace," said the man, "go straight forward into the parlour on the right."

In his great anxiety to make restitution, and return to Florence, Luigi, without thanking the man, hurried on; he tapped at the door, and was told to "Come in."

"I am Luigi Montalto," said the boy; "yesterday evening you made a mistake, and gave me this gold piece; and last night you took me for a beggar, and threw me this piece of silver."

"Yesterday evening!" repeated the astonished nobleman; "why, I was at Florence. I do not recollect anything about you."

"But I have not forgotten you," said Luigi. "How much did you intend to give me?"

"I cannot understand a single word you are saying," said the duke. "I do not even know who you are!"

"Do you not recollect, at the hotel yesterday evening, a little violin-player?"

"Oh! yes, I recollect now," said the duke.

"What do you want with me?"

"I do not want anything," said Luigi. "I only wish to return you the gold piece you gave me yesterday evening. I knew very well you had made a mistake, and that you did not intend to give me so much; and also the piece of silver you threw me last night, when you took me for a beggar. I play the violin to earn my bread honestly; I am no beggar!" and the boy drew himself up proudly.

"By my honour!" said the duke, "this is charming. Now, my dear honest little fellow, tell me how you followed me." And he took Luigi's hand, and drew him towards him, while he listened to the account he gave of the way in which he had reached Turin.

"Well," said the nobleman, when he had heard it, "will you go with me to Paris and learn music?"

We need scarcely say what Luigi's answer was. He went, and was placed with the best masters, under whose instruction he improved so much that he afterwards became professor of the Royal Academy of Music; and this high honour he owed entirely to God's blessing on his honesty and integrity. But for that honesty he might have lived and died a violin-player in the streets of Florence.

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. P.—"Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom."—Matt. xvi. 28.

The expression "taste of death" undoubtedly means to die. To what event, then, does this expression of our Lord, "the coming of the Son of man in his kingdom," apply? Various explanations have been given. Some have supposed that the Transfiguration is meant, which followed close upon this conversation. But it followed too close for this interpretation to have any probability, a distant event being clearly indicated. Calvin takes the coming of the kingdom to mean the manifestation of heavenly glory which Christ began to make at his resurrection, and which he afterwards made more fully by sending the Holy Spirit, and by the performance of miracles; and others, taking somewhat the same view, have supposed not only this, but that the firm establishment and organisation of the Christian Church is here promised, which some of his apostolic hearers lived to see accomplished. Perhaps the most satisfactory interpretation is to refer the prophecy to the destruction of Jerusalem, which is so often alluded to by our Lord as a type of his final coming. Compare Matt. xxiv., Mark xiii., Luke xvii., in support of this statement. Refer also to John xxi. 22, where our Lord rebukes Peter for his curiosity about St. John's future destiny, in the words, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" Of this allusion of our Lord to his coming various interpretations also have been given; but that which is adopted by the best commentators refers it also to the destruction of Jerusalem, which St. John alone, of all the apostles, lived to see. The rendering which would make it merely a hypothetical case, "What is it to thee even if I should will that he should remain on earth until my last final coming?" is scarcely a probable one; the question would be scarcely solemn enough for our Lord's mouth, and for the occasion—Christ's last days upon earth—upon which it was uttered. The two passages thus throw light the one upon the other. But there yet remains another interpretation of "the coming of the Son of man in his kingdom," which refers it to the actual final coming of our Lord at the last day, to judge both the quick and the dead.

X. Y. Z.—"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxii. 32. Was not Peter a converted character (in accordance with the general acceptance of the term) previous to this?

Yes; but the word has a general meaning, and signifies "to turn back, to change." The meaning, then, of the passage would be, "When thou art turned back, or

restored from the sin into which thou art about to fall through self-confidence, turn the bitter experience you will have gained of the weakness of human strength to a useful purpose for the guidance and edification of your fellow-Christians."

H. I. P.—Does Jer. xxxi. 19 prove that regeneration precedes faith?

Regeneration is the inbreathing of new life into the soul by the Spirit of God: faith is the action of the vital power thus imparted. To say that a man can believe before he has been spiritually quickened (Eph. ii. 1, 2), is analogous to the assertion that a dead man can talk and walk. The passage referred to describes the godly sorrow for sin which is felt by the true believer after he is turned back to God. It has been wisely said that "love makes true penitence." It is by opening the eye of the soul and revealing to it a pierced and dying Saviour, that the Holy Ghost subdues the heart and breaks it.

INQUIRER.—In the atonement, was it Deity that died, or Humanity?

It was in his human nature that Christ suffered. The person of the Redeemer consisted of the union of perfect Godhead with perfect manhood—that is, with a perfect human soul and human body. His death, then, like that of any other man, consisted in the separation of the human soul from the human body. The God-head could not die.

"And all the cattle of Egypt died."—Exod. ix. 6.

A correspondent professes to find a contradiction between this statement and that of verses 19 and 20, in which it is implied that the Egyptians were then in possession of cattle. The expression, "all the cattle," however, need surely not necessarily be forced into so literal a meaning as to imply that absolutely every individual beast was destroyed. It might very naturally be said of a great visitation like the plague of murrain, that all the cattle died when only a very large mortality was meant. Besides, we do not know the interval which elapsed between the plague of murrain and that of hail, so as to determine whether or no there was time for the Egyptians to replace their loss.

THE SUFFERINGS OF A MORMON FAMILY.

A TRUE HISTORY.

(Concluded.)

It must be remembered that St. Louis is under the government of the United States, so that the Mormons are kept in subjection. This accounts for the defections from them, which would not be possible in the Great Salt Lake City, where they rule supreme.

In that city—Zion, as it is called—they are building the great house for the Lord against his second coming, so that it shall not be with him then as it was at his first coming—that he had not where to lay his head. They have also an enormously large tabernacle, where the apostles and elders preach Mormonism.

It is a horrible system, and possibly there may be a political movement mixed up with it, for it is certain they seek an extension of territory. All the men are trained to the use of fire-arms, and always carry arms about them.

In Zion it is next to impossible to apostatise. They "put aside" all suspected persons. Every one is thus compelled to dissemble; but I believe, if the United States were to plant its standard upon the confines, and insure protection to all who wish to quit the city, thousands of both sexes would gladly and immediately avail themselves of this protection, and would escape.

I recollect when we were travelling in the cars, having to alight at a station, some of the Americans came amongst us; but the elders and apostles desired them to stand away, and exhorted us not to listen to them. But one young fellow would not be repelled; and I heard one of the elders say, "It would not have done for him to act so a little further up—I would have slung-shot him." I heard afterwards that to slung-shot is to tie a piece of lead in the corner of a handkerchief, and to strike the offender with it unawares on the back of his head, or temple, or any vulnerable part.

Soon after the meeting we left the Mormons. A room we had watched and waited for fell vacant, and we removed into it. But St. Louis is a very unpleasant place to live in—at least, for English people. Workmen, it is true, get good wages; but one is not better off, as a shilling there goes little further than a penny here. The climate is so hot that we have to buy ice with which to surround our victuals, and even then nothing will keep to the next meal, not even bread, it will get so covered with the dirt of the numerous flies. This makes sad waste.

While at St. Louis, we saw many who were returned from Iowa and the camping plains, and we met with some who had succeeded in escaping from Zion. It is surprising what demoniacal passions have been awakened in some men through what they have suffered. They are on the watch for revenge; some, perhaps, whose wives or whose daughters have been trepanned by the Mormon leaders.

On the other hand, the implicit obedience which Mormons will yield to their leaders is astonishing. They will start on a journey of thousands of miles at a minute's notice. Perhaps they are sent to England to preach; they will start at once, without making the least preparation, or carrying anything with them, or even taking leave of their wives. They go at once.

The Great Salt Lake City, or Zion, is the one home for the saints—the goal towards which they must all press. Over all other lands, they teach, the curses of God will prevail; so that when Mormonism has been preached in a city or kingdom, the saints are exhorted to "come out of her," and the preachers shake off the dust from their feet as a testimony against her. This causes the emigrations. There is a perpetual emigration fund established, to assist poor families, and to this fund every Mormon family contributes two shillings a week regularly—a large fund; but not an instance has yet been heard of where such assistance has been rendered.

I believe the Mormonites in England are now more numerous than ever. They will not credit even what I state of my own experiences—the delusion seems so strong. It is true some few have believed the ill report, and have thereby been preserved from a world of hardships and dangers.

I will just tell you what I had from the lips of a

fellow-sufferer. He came from Liverpool; his name was Trapley; he was a manufacturer by trade. He had done much for the Mormons in England; his house had ever been open for the accommodation of their preachers. He had a wife and nine children; the two eldest were girls. He sold all off, and left for this so-called Zion. He took some little machinery with him, intending to follow his trade in the Great Salt Lake City. When he reached Ioway city and the camping plains, he found his money was getting low. With a large family we may be sure his expenses had been heavy. Now, in crossing the 800 miles of the plains and rocky mountains, it is necessary either to have a wagon with oxen, or else to walk, and wheel over your luggage in a hand-barrow. Trapley found there were two months to wait in the plains before the party would start, so as to allow the grass to grow, to furnish food for the cattle on the journey. How to manage he scarcely knew. To live during the two months would, he feared, greatly reduce his now nearly exhausted finances. So he thought the best thing he could do was to buy a wagon-cover, with which he could form a kind of tent, under which his wife and nine children could get shelter and rest. He did so. As for himself, he found he was very often called out to mount guard, during the night, over the cattle and property, to watch against the depredations of the Indians. He could see he was called on unfairly—out of his turn—and he felt it to be unkind, as the leaders might have been sure that with a wife and nine children he must be pretty well engaged. However, he took it as good-humouredly as he could.

But he was soon put to another trial. One of the apostles came to him, and said, "Brother Trapley, a few saints have just arrived in a weakly condition, and the word of the Lord to you is that you give up your wagon-cover to them."

He felt it much.

"Can it be possible," said he, "that such is the word of the Lord to me, to give up my wagon-cover, which is all the shelter I have for my wife and nine children?"

"Yes," said the apostle; "that is the word of the Lord to you."

Well, he did not like it, but he gave it up. He knew he could not afford to buy another, and so they would have none on the journey.

At length the time came for them to start, and Trapley contrived to buy an old wagon, and two very indifferent oxen to draw it. They also got as much cheap food as they could—such as dry biscuits—for the journey.

After travelling some miles, they arrived at a river, but it was fordable. Trapley thought to carry his wife and family all over in the wagon. But the leaders delight in trying the zeal of their followers, so one of them came to Trapley, and said, "Brother Trapley, you must expect to have to contend with some little difficulties on your way to Zion; I hope you do. The word of the Lord, therefore, to you is, that you cause your family to alight, that they and you may ford the river, and the oxen and wagon can follow."

"Can it be?" said Trapley. "Why, my oxen will easily draw the lot clean through."

"But that must not be," said his superior.

He thought it best then to submit. But it grieved

him to the heart to see his wife and little children battling with the waters, when they might have passed over so comfortably in the wagon.

Perhaps he looked vexed, and so to punish him the apostle said, "Brother Trapley, the word of the Lord is, that you return and help over those other weak ones."

This they enforced seven times.

He had taken off his trousers, wearing only linen drawers. As they gave the order at once to go forward, they would not suffer him to wait even to put on his trousers, but made him go on as he was; and as they were then approaching a little village, he was exposed to ridicule.

But a worse thing was to happen to him. About half-way to Zion were some stores, in which were deposited goods waiting to be forwarded. As they drew near to these, the apostle came to him, and said, "Brother Trapley, the word of the Lord to you is, that you give up your wagon and oxen to the service of Brigham Young; he requires that certain stores be carried to Zion."

"And what am I and my family to do?"

"Well, you must wait another opportunity to follow. Perhaps in the spring such will occur."

"Do you really mean that such is the word of the Lord to me?" said Trapley.

"I do."

"Well, then, let me tell you which ever of you dare to touch my oxen, I'll put a bullet through his head!"

Trapley then shouldered his musket with a very determined air.

When they came to the next halting-place, the owner said to Trapley, "Something wrong amongst you, isn't there?"

"Not that I know of," replied Trapley.

"All that I judge by is," continued the man, "that two or three of your leaders were talking together, and they said, when they got a little further, they would quietly put somebody 'aside.'"

"I'm the very man, then," said Trapley.

He then recounted the circumstance of his refusal to give up the wagon.

"Give up anything or everything," said the man, "or go no further. If not, you are a dead man."

Well, they started onward. And before long the apostle came to the side of Trapley, and said—

"Brother Trapley, have you considered what I said? and have you repented your rashness?"

"I don't know," said Trapley; "but is it really the word of the Lord to me?"

"It is."

"Well, then, take the lot," said Trapley.

So his wife and children had to dismount, and they were left with only some baskets of biscuits in the plains, 400 miles from Ioway, with no alternative but to tramp back as best they could. But his two eldest girls went with the leaders. He never saw them more.

They suffered great hardships in returning. At one place, a little boy guided them to a spot where a number of Mormons had been deserted, dying of small-pox. Trapley thought it best to hasten on and inform the American authorities; but they refused to interfere, saying, "The Mormons must look after the Mormons."

This poor man is now in America, not having the

means to return to England; but, as may be supposed, no longer a Mormonite.

I will just mention the case of another poor man, who had escaped from Zion. He had been a leader—a great spokesman—amongst them. But when he became disgusted, and resolved to leave them, he could only do so by affecting yet greater zeal. So that on the very night of his flight, when his wife and children were in readiness, he stood in the tabernacle and preached Mormonism most vehemently; but at the dead of night he joined his family, who were waiting for him. They succeeded in their escape; but who can describe the hardships and sufferings experienced in a journey on foot of over 800 miles of the Rocky Mountains and the plains, with a very scanty supply of food.

By way of postscript, let me append that, soon after we went on board ship for the outward passage, the elders exhorted the passengers to abstain from tea and coffee, and other luxuries—which they would insure by casting their teapots overboard—and all that was saved would be sold at Boston for the benefit of those poor "saints" who might be found in the camping plains, waiting for help to get home to Zion.

There were above 800 passengers. The passage-money was £5 10s. 6d., including provisions. The elders cleared £1 profit upon each individual. And they gained a like profit out of the railway journey from Boston to Ioway city—all being done by contract; and as many of the passengers took their own provisions, they saved much in that way. Thus the leaders cleared £1,600, and the surplus provisions.

The chests of tea, &c., were sold at Boston professedly for the benefit of poor saints. One of the leaders took charge of the bag of gold; but it was said at Ioway city that it had been stolen on the way. So the poor saints were not benefited.

After a series of frightful hardships, these misguided people reached England, suffering in health, in mind, and in purse, the penalty for their sin and folly.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.
BY AUSTYN GRAHAM.
CHAPTER XIX.

LIFE VOWS.

FIVE years have gone by since the Redstone murder. The grass is long and green upon the graves of the old farmer and his murdered son, and the stones at their head begin to show the hand of Time in damp stains and scratches. The mouldering corpse within the prison walls has ceased to form a topic of interest to the culprit's fellow-townsmen; and there have been minor and more recent instances of a departure from morality to occupy the thoughts of the good people of Redstone since that fatal occurrence.

There was one, however, with whom it was ever present in all the horror of its first reality—from whose mind it could never pass as "a tale that is told"—whose whole life and conduct were ruled by a repeated reference to, and reflection upon that

dread calamity. This was the present owner of Redstone Farm, young Charles Sandford. Although barely two-and-twenty, threads of grey had stolen among his brown locks; and the lines of premature age had settled themselves upon his fair young face. He was preternaturally grave: a sober, practical, successful farmer, apparently intent on "doing his duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call him" without any ambition to shine in a higher sphere. That he had ambition, his friend, Herbert St. Aubyn, knew; but it was an ambition for honours not of this world—for "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

There are five public-houses the less in Redstone now; for the rector, and a sturdy band of working colleagues have spread their influence right and left, until the liquor traffic is greatly diminished. When Robert Pearson quitted the "Red Lion," and left with his wife and family for America, the rector bought the premises, and converted them into reading-rooms, tea-rooms, lecture-halls, and other simple attractions. Once a week he himself addressed the people there upon the great temperance movement, which it was his object to promote, and other gentlemen in the neighbourhood, whose views accorded with his own, lent their frequent aid, both oratorical and substantial.

The rector still leads a single life in the large parsonage; and no man guesses that for one woman's sake, and that one to whom he never spoke word of love, he yet remains a bachelor. He scarcely knows it himself, so engrossed is he in the welfare of those souls with whom he is charged; but if he had time to analyse his own heart, he would read thereon engraved the name of Evelyn Sharpe.

This brief dream-fancy of the young rector, which had been laid to rest, but not the rest of death, during these years, was suddenly revived, in all its intensity, by the following announcement, which caught his eye in the morning paper:—

On the 13th inst., suddenly, at his residence, Charlotte Street, — Square, Christopher Sharpe, Esq., late of Redstone, in the county of —, aged fifty-six.

Poor, poor Evelyn! Again plunged into sorrow, and this time of so heavy a description—for her father's faults were not such as she would be cognisant of. She had been the idol of her only parent's heart, and he had been taken from her. St. Aubyn could not recall with certainty that she had another near relative in the world. Was it strange that, at this time of her bitter bereavement, his tenderest pity, his deepest thoughts, should follow her? And strive as he would, and did, those sweet memories, that renewed interest, kindled the dormant passion into a flame which could not be quenched. "And why quench it?" he asked himself. "Have I no past for her to forgive? If she will take me with all my faults, I may at least pardon her the tenderness of heart which led her once to bestow it unworthily." It was easy to see whither Herbert St. Aubyn's steps were tending.

A month from that date in the obituary saw the Rector of Redstone in London, and a few hours after his arrival in that great city, just as the murky haze of an October twilight was being enlivened by the gas-lit lamps, he stood upon the doorsteps of a house in Charlotte Street, — Square. He was admitted readily, with one glance

* In our former article the city Ioway was incorrectly printed Jarvey.

at his clerical attire and gentlemanly bearing, by a maid in a mourning dress, wearing black ribbons in her cap. As the door shut, the flame from a lamp suspended in the hall fell upon his face; the woman uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Mary!" responded the rector, in mutual recognition. "I ought to have known you."

"Lor bless you, sir! 'tis so long—what? five—six years come next what-is-it? but I'm right glad to see you again; and 'tis well you're looking; you've grown quite stout. Walk up stairs, sir."

Then, lowering her voice, she paused, to turn back and whisper, as he followed her up the stairs—

"When you used to come and see my young miss last, she was in a sad way. She's been pretty bonny since, until this shock. Poor master! he went off quite sudden—'twas the heart, the doctor said—and now you'll find her but low, I fear."

"Perhaps I shall be intruding?" hesitated the rector.

"Not you, sir; she's said to me, since master died, 'Mary, I do wish I could see Mr. Snorbin again; no one ever talked to me like he did, and I think he could comfort me now.'"

With a very throbbing heart, Mr. St. Aubyn stood in that twilight room, and dimly saw a figure, in deep crape mourning, reclining in an arm-chair. The fire-light flickered over a lovely sleeping face, and the handkerchief moistened with tears accounted for the exhaustion which rendered it so deep that Mary's gentle announcement of his name never awoke the slumberer. Mary, with the usual acumen of her class, closed the door instantly upon the visitor, and left him to what appeared the embarrassing task of making his own presence known.

Instead of doing so, he quietly sat down opposite to Evelyn, and watched her beautiful sleeping face, without any desire to disturb the sweet tableau; but in less than five minutes she started, gave a stifled sob, and opened her eyes. In an instant both her hands were clasped in his—he had started forward to her side—and then there was much to be said and heard by both.

We have stated that Herbert St. Aubyn had never shown himself to Evelyn in the light of a lover, but she had sorely missed his tender, brotherly regard; and if she had not suffered her heart to become his, it was because it had just received so severe a shock, and, in her humiliation, she felt the young clergyman immeasurably above her. But St. Aubyn had reached that critical epoch, when every man doubts his own ability to obtain the woman he loves, simply because he *does* love well and truly. He had just made up his mind not to betray his feelings, that day, at any rate, when Evelyn said, quite spontaneously, as he rose to depart—

"Must you go? Have you other claims? I cannot offer you the hospitality of my roof now"—she coloured—"but will you dine with me? I am very lonely."

Was it likely he would require pressing? or was it possible he could leave her with those words, "I am very lonely," ringing in his ears, and not speak that which he had travelled all those miles to say?

And was he rejected?

His very first question, after some minutes of most momentous stillness, proclaimed a right recently obtained.

"Evelyn, pardon me; but did you love that—that miserable youth, Roger Sandford?"

She trembled and clung closer to him.

"No, Herbert; I feel now that I did not; but I will tell you all you have to forgive."

With her head on his breast, she poured forth the whole story of her early folly—for only such it now appeared—and of the fearful scene to which her father had subjected her in order to destroy her misplaced fancy. Mr. St. Aubyn felt some inward disgust at the lawyer's share in the young man's disgrace and subsequent murder; but respect for Evelyn, and gratitude for the issue to which it had now led, restrained his expression of it.

"I observed you drank nothing but water with your dinner, Evelyn."

"No," she answered; "the sight of wine has made me shudder ever since that night. And you, Herbert, you took none."

Then he told her his history, and that of his friend, Hugh Mortimer, and together they registered their solemn vows that neither they nor theirs should ever touch any but the pure element provided by his Maker for man's use.

CHAPTER XX.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

It was a lovely autumn evening. The red and purple rays of sunset were just beginning to tint the horizon, and to the rather excessive heat of the day had succeeded a cool, refreshing breeze. A lady, very young and very pretty, with an infant on her lap, sat at the bow window of Redstone Parsonage, where she could command a view of the road. She had the delicate look of one but just recovered from recent illness, and, indeed, the infant who lay across her knee was scarcely five weeks old. Notwithstanding the heat, an elegant light shawl was cast over her graceful shoulders.

She continued to gaze into the street, and presently a flush rose to her cheeks, additional light danced in her eyes, and she held the tiny baby up to the window, as a gentleman entered at the garden gate. He saw her, and waved his hand gaily. Another minute, and he was in the room holding mother and child together in his arms. Yet it had been no long absence—a few days' separation at the most—but it was the first year of their married life, and Herbert and Evelyn St. Aubyn claimed no exemption from the feelings of other young wedded hearts.

"My dearest, I am so glad to have you down stairs again. It has been such a dreary month without you. Are you sure you feel quite strong, Evelyn?" said the husband, tenderly.

"Almost, Herbert dear," answered the wife; "but you've hardly looked at baby. Is she not a beauty?" And the flannel shawl was turned down to exhibit the human doll. The rector gazed at it with quizzical tenderness.

"I've no doubt it will be, some day, if it's like its mother," and he laughed; "but at present it has no distinctive traits whatever."

"Nonsense, Herbert! how can you say so? Why, nurse declares she is the very image of you; and I am sure she is."

"Mothers and nurses have most creative brains, my love, where infant humanity is concerned. Can you hasten tea a little, for I promised Sand-

ford I would preside at the farm this evening: it is their harvest supper, and I should like to take tea with you first."

"Then you are going out again, Herbert? I shall not have you at home, and it is my first evening down stairs."

Tears of disappointment rose to her eyes.

"I am very sorry it happens so, love," answered the rector, gravely.

But Evelyn's better nature triumphed. Charles Sandford was a favourite of hers—baby's future godfather; so she shook off her momentary sadness, and answered, cheerfully—

"Herbert, you promised him, and Charles would be vexed if you did not go; besides, I did not marry you to make you neglect your other duties for me, but, if you need it, my dear noble husband, to strengthen you in their fulfilment."

She had gained a far greater ascendancy over him by the voluntary and unselfish abandonment of her own will, than if she had, like many heedless young wives, in the warmth of their newly-wedded love, kept him to her side, against his conscience.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

The Farmer's Calendar. By ARTHUR YOUNG. Describing the Business necessary to be performed on various kinds of Farms during every Month in the Year. Entirely Re-written to Present Date, by JOHN CHALMERS MORTON, Editor of "The Agricultural Gazette," "Cyclopædia of Agriculture," &c. Second Edition. Pp. 620. With numerous illustrations. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. New York: 66, Walker Street.

We believe that we are correct when we say that this work, in its original form, was the one to which His Majesty George the Third contributed under an assumed name. Since the days of the worthy farmer king, agriculture has experienced vast improvements, and farmers, at least a large portion of them, are a different class of men from their predecessors. Education is now regarded as an essential part of a farmer's capital; and books upon agricultural chemistry, also upon soils and seeds, drainage and manure, crops and improved machinery, are now to the agriculturist a part of his farming stock. Science is brought to the aid of Nature; and a tiller of the soil can now give a better reason for his agricultural operations than the mere statement that he is doing with his farm as his father and his grandfather did before him. Five-and-twenty years have passed since the last edition of this work, and during this quarter of a century agriculture has benefited by scientific research, by mechanical ingenuity, by extended resources, and by increased skill, vastly more than during any similar period in our history. Crops have been increased by the operation of new processes, and by the use of new instruments; by the employment of new manures, both of home and of foreign production; by the cultivation of new plants, and by the maintenance of a larger stock of improved animals. To these advantages may be added, also, a better knowledge of the quality of seed, and a greater amount of care in guarding against the use of adulterated seeds, which have too often diminished the fertility of the land, and deteriorated the soil. No wonder, therefore, as Mr. Morton justly observes, that in the attempt to describe the practice and the experience of the farmer of the present day, a new book must be written. To meet the wants of the day, a work has

been produced which unites the experience of the past with the wisdom of the "age that now is;" therefore, out of every hundred parts of Mr. Young's book, ninety-five have been re-written. As Arthur Young's literary works were translated into several of the languages of Europe, we can only hope that the scientific labours of John Chalmers Morton may be equally known and be found equally useful.

The Gospel History: a Compendium of Critical Investigations in support of the Historical Character of the Four Gospels. By Dr. I. H. A. EBRAED. Translated by JAMES MARTIN, B.A. Revised and Edited by ALEXANDER B. BRUCE CARDROSS. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE are glad to see so useful and learned a work issued in a condensed and more popular form. The title of the book explains the object of the writer. He endeavours to maintain the historical character of the gospels. The importance of having the historic character of our Bible maintained and proved is, beyond all question, of the utmost importance. In these days of speculative thought, persons are very apt to forget that the Christian religion is essentially a religion of fact, and that if the historic truth of the narratives of Holy Scripture can be impugned, the foundation of our faith is at once destroyed. The Apostle felt the force of this assertion when he stated the truth of our holy religion upon the veracity of one single fact: "If Christ be not risen, then is our religion vain." The historic is, doubtless, not the only, nor is it even the highest proof of the truth of Christianity; there is the internal proof in the soul of the converted man which tells him, with a power which he dares not question or doubt, that these things are true. But, however strong such a proof may be to the individual benefited, it loses all its power when we come into the region of criticism and controversy. To others the inward feelings of a particular man can afford no proof whatever, because we have no evidence of their existence except the statement of the individual. Hence arises the necessity of Biblical criticism. Objections are raised; they must be answered: doubts suggest themselves to intelligent minds; they must be resolved: critics fancy they have discovered mistakes or discrepancies; they must be critically refuted, and the truth maintained. With such objects in view, Dr. Ebraed wrote the work, the translation of which now lies before us. The work has been to some extent abridged, but the curtailment has been so well regulated that neither the style of argument nor the important matter have suffered in the process. The abridgement has been effected by the omission altogether of some less important topics, and not by a general condensation of the whole. Before proceeding to the historical criticism of the New Testament, the author alludes to the necessity of entering upon such an investigation "without bias." This so-called necessity is so very generally enforced at the present day, that we may with profit inquire what it means. For our own part, we cannot imagine the possibility of a man sitting down to criticise the foundations of religion "without bias." He must either believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, or he must not believe in such existence; he must either feel that he needs salvation, or that he does not need it. He must, therefore, either have a bias in favour of, or a strong prejudice against the truth of the history which he is about to criticise. But what the opponents of religion mean by setting about the inquiry "free from bias," we presume to be this: free from any inclination to believe in God. Yet, surely this *negative* religion is a far stronger bias than a positive belief would be. The positive belief will make us so thoroughly anxious

about our own state, that we shall endeavour to discover what is truth. The negative belief will induce us not to search for truth, but to try and disprove everything which is asserted to be such. It is necessary, then, for us, coming to the study of Scripture, to have a belief in the great principles of religion, and to mark accurately where the boundary exists which separates the purely historic portions from the religious and moral. These great principles are referred to in the earlier part of the work; and the writer then proceeds to lay down the plan which he intends to pursue in his critical study. He seems to us either to have himself misunderstood the true division of critical study, or, at all events, to have failed to make it quite clear to others. The two branches of critical study, he says, are "the criticism of the gospel writings, and the criticism of the gospel history." The former is occupied with the origin and authenticity of the four gospels; it is the task of the latter to inquire whether the events recorded in the gospels *can* have occurred, and really *did* occur." We cannot see the exact force of such a division. If the gospels be proved to be *authentic* records, it seems to be quite useless to inquire whether the events recorded in them *did* occur. We think this confusion has arisen from the use of both the words "origin and authenticity" in the former part of the division. We presume that their "origin" means their genuine authorship, and "authenticity" refers to the authentic nature of their contents. Having proved their authorship, and established the truth of their contents, is it necessary to go further, and inquire into the *possibility* of that which we have already proved to be true? The proper statement of the matter seems to us to be this: we must first inquire into the origin or authorship of the gospel, and having established that, we must then proceed to prove its authenticity. For example, we must first establish the fact that St. Matthew wrote a gospel; we must then proceed to prove that the text which we now have is that which he originally wrote. It might be quite true that St. Matthew did write a gospel, but it might be false at the same time to say that he wrote the gospel which bears his name. Such is the extensive and interesting field of study upon which Dr. Ebrard enters. It would be quite impossible for us to follow him through all the points of which he treats in this elaborate work; but it may not be uninteresting to allude very briefly to the question of chronological arrangement. As the events of New Testament history are not recorded in the same order of sequence by the various evangelists, it must necessarily follow that some of the gospels are not chronologically arranged. Now the determination of this point is of some importance to the student of Scripture, so that he may understand clearly the narrative which he reads. At first sight it generally strikes the casual reader that St. Luke's gospel is the most chronological narrative. This opinion is generally formed from the opening passage in that gospel, when Luke expresses his intention to set forth these things "in order." Osiander and the modern scholar Wieseler, relied upon this as a proof of St. Luke's chronological arrangement. In the first place, the word so translated does not necessarily imply anything concerning time; and the unchronological character of the gospel narrative itself is so palpable as to leave no doubt upon the subject. The word merely signifies "in a connected form." It so occurs in Acts iii. 24 and xxi. 1, in the latter of which the word "day" has to be introduced to give the idea of *time*. Leaving out of the question, then, this argument derived from the expression "in order," which we have shown to be without foundation, we find the arrangement of Luke differing in order from that in Matthew in places where the latter is evidently correct. We have only space to refer to

one such. In the account of the temptation, Luke inverts the last two temptations. That Matthew is the correct order is manifest not only from the nature of the case, but because he distinctly prefaces each temptation with a note of time. Ver. 1, "Then was Jesus," &c.; ver. 5, "Then the devil taketh him;" ver. 8, "Again the devil taketh him." This is but one instance out of many upon which we do not find that sufficient stress is generally laid. There is one thing, however, that inquirers after Biblical truth must ever bear in mind. Their success in the investigation of truth will be proportionate to their sincerity and anxiety to be really guided into all truth. "Whoever will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Thus knowledge of the truth is promised to those who are heartily willing to do that which our heavenly Father has commanded.

We have not at present space to go more largely into this most interesting subject of New Testament criticism; meanwhile we can heartily recommend this volume to all.

Reward Tickets for Schools. Lithographed and Printed with Coloured Inks. Published by Campbell and Tudhope, Glasgow.

THESE tickets are all that rich colours and good paper can make them, and they embrace a variety of important subjects, classed under the heads of "Words of Truth," "Glad Tidings," "Golden Words," "Short Texts," "The Promises," "Sacred Poetry," &c., and are well calculated to please and to instruct children.

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AN attractive volume both internally and externally.

Musical Notices.

Lord, remember David.—A faithful rendering for the pianoforte of Handel's well-known plaintive strain. It appropriately forms one of the "gems from the great masters."

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All the above are published by R. Cocks and Co., 6, New Burlington Street.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT WILL BE THE END OF IT?

A GOOD deal happened on that next day.

The first post brought Edward a letter and a copy of the *Autocrat*.

The former contained the expected memorandum of a sale of certain pictures, and a brief note, running thus:—

"Clock House, Muswell Hill,
Saturday Evening, June 13, 1846.

"Dear Sir,

"I shall be passing up Holborn some time before noon on Monday, and will give you a call, as I want to say a few words to you—in fact, to make a business proposal. So if you can conveniently keep at home during the forenoon, please do so. The memorandum I can put in my pocket, when you have signed it.

"Yours, &c.,

"JOHN HARRISON NEWBOLT.

"Edward Smith, Esq.,
Furnival's Inn."

The note was written in neat and singularly legible characters, but the signature was an exact reproduction of the inexplicable scrawl which had caused Edward so much perplexity at the bottom of the cheque.

"A business proposal," thought Edward; "he must be going to give me a commission."

The copy of the *Autocrat* was less gratifying than the contents of the envelope. Edward did not take the paper in; he seldom saw it; he knew no one who subscribed to it. He was, therefore, surprised at finding the copy in his letter-box; and presuming that it had been transmitted to him by some one who had an object in paying him the attention, he cut the leaves and examined the columns, seeking an explanation of the occurrence. "Perhaps," thought the young artist, "there is some mention of my pictures in the academy article." In which conjecture Edward was not at fault; for on skimming the artistic intelligence he came upon a brief, pungent criticism of the two works, which readers have already inspected in the Octagon Room. Very frank and clear was the writer as to the worth of the two pictures, troubled with no uncertainty as to what people should think of them. They were careless, sketchy, untruthful, coarse as a sign-board, feeble as infancy; the sentiment of No. 637 was utterly morbid; the one figure No. 640 was that of an affected, namby-pamby young woman, turning a pair of large vacant eyes down on a rose-bud, which was appropriately placed in the middle of a garden path; it was a just subject for wonder how the academicians had come to accept two such daubs; indeed, favouritism on the part of the judges could alone account for the good places assigned to the puerile productions; it was also a matter of interest, as tending to illustrate the general bad taste and artistic ignorance of the public, that both of the pieces of rubbish had been bought at a high price by a

wealthy connoisseur, who was a well-known patron of art. "Anyhow," observed the critic, bringing his judicious remarks to a conclusion with a stroke of spiteful jocosity, "Mr. Edward Smith has this consolation under his sense of failure—the sovereigns jingling in his pocket will assure him that the world has rich men, ready to throw away their money on such pictures as he has already painted, and will doubtless continue to paint."

Artists are proverbially callous to the arrows of criticism; they like to have their works mentioned in the paper, because it draws public attention to their achievements; but, of course, it is a matter of no interest to them whether the mention is complimentary or the reverse. On some grounds they prefer blame to praise, inasmuch as the blunders of hostile critics amuse them: anyhow, they would rather be attacked than not be noticed at all; for a criticism, whatever may be its temper, acts as an advertisement. This is well known to all who associate with painters and sculptors. But Edward was an exception in his class; he was very sensitive about remarks on his works, ingeniously desirous of commendation, and wincing under expressions of disapproval. On the present occasion he was sorely distressed by the contemptuous injustice of his unknown judge. He had never before been "regularly cut up" in a newspaper; and the sensations of a young man who, for the first time in his life, sees himself branded "fool" in clear, biting type, are not agreeable, however well he may hide his chagrin, and aver that it's no matter for serious thought. Some men, who are much before the world, grow case-hardened towards the peltings of an adverse press, and with unaffected good humour laugh at themselves as being amongst "the most abused of Englishmen;" but such men are few, and even the most callous and insolent of them can recall a time when they were less stoical under the fire of public censure. Poor Edward was deeply afflicted. The honest, simple fellow saw only the little truth which leavened the falsehoods of the criticism, and was blind to its redundant malevolence. Moreover, the final blow of his adversary cut him to the quick. "Mr. Newbolt will see it," he thought, "and learn that he has made a mistake. My chance for a commission from him is gone; and so it ought to be. What right have I to commissions? It will be a long time before I see the inside of the Clock House," which last thought forced an audible groan from the suffering lad.

For full two hours he sat in silence, thinking over the article, regarding it from every point of view, magnifying its little truth, and taking it to heart, making a certain brave resolution which in the course of the morning he put into words, and at the end of the two hours finding himself even more downcast than he had been at their commencement.

At the expiration of which time a comforter came to him, in the person of John Harrison Newbolt, M.P.

"What on earth are you looking so glum about, Mr. Smith?" were the giant's first words, after he had said "good morning" to the young artist, and shaken him warmly by the hand. "Your face and the morning don't agree."

Mr. Newbolt's face was in perfect keeping with the bright June day—joyous with sunlight and fresh breeze.

He was on his way from the City, where he had been dispatching important business, to Westminster, for the purpose of taking his place on a railway committee; but there was no sign of care or hard work-a-day thought in his strong, massive, eager countenance. On entering the artist's room he had cast aside his business troubles and "business look," determined on a few minutes of diversion.

"I have been reading something in a paper which doesn't please me," answered Edward, blushing deeply as he spoke courageously. "Just look at it, sir; it concerns you almost as much as myself; and you ought to see it."

"Indeed! what is it?" inquired the man of business, raising his big eye-brows, and shifting the whole scalp of his head with a quick, jerking contraction of the muscles—a movement, by the way, that was one of his most frequent, as well as most unpleasant tricks. It was a restless, irritating action, that caused people much annoyance till they had accustomed themselves to the sight of it.

Edward handed him the *Autocrat*.

Whereat, without reading the offensive paragraph, Mr. Harrison Newbolt broke out laughing, with the loudest, jolliest sort of laughter imaginable.

"You've seen it already, then?" asked Edward.

"Seen it? Of course I have! I read it on Saturday morning, just before I wrote to you."

A light shone in Edward's face, as he said, "It didn't occur to me that you might take in the paper."

"I don't take it in," was the answer. "It was sent to me by some one who thought I ought to know what the writer thinks of me—a connoisseur who can't distinguish between good pictures and bad ones!"

"And I don't take it in either," returned Edward. "It was sent to me through the post."

"Exactly. Where is the wrapper it came in?"

"Here," said Edward, picking up the torn wrapper from the floor, and handing it to his patron.

"To be sure; precisely so; as I expected," observed Mr. Newbolt, after glancing at the direction; "the same handwriting was on the wrapper sent to me."

"The papers must have been bought at some shop."

"Most likely," rejoined Mr. Newbolt, drily.

"Perhaps they were sent by the same person."

"Perhaps they were. Your suspicion is mine, Mr. Smith. The same thought passed through my mind," observed Mr. Newbolt, yet more drily.

"Who can it have been?"

"Some person who thought it his duty to let us know that we were two fools: a bad artist and a dull connoisseur! A pretty pair we are, truly. Well, and so you don't like being out up? I must say it didn't ruffle my temper; but then I have been used to being written against as a humbug, knave, scoundrel, ass, for thirty years past; whereas you are green to the enjoyments of celebrity."

"Perhaps it was foolish of me to feel it so much."

"Young men of your age ought to be foolish, Mr. Smith. I wouldn't give a thrup for a man without a grey hair who isn't a bit of a fool some way or other! But why did it hurt you? Tell me."

"I didn't like to think you had bought trash."

"Then you believe the lying print?" was Mr. Newbolt's loud exclamation, followed by another roll of noisy laughter. "That's complimentary to me as well as to yourself. But go on; tell me about yourself. All your chagrin wasn't on my account!"

"By no means, Mr. Newbolt," returned Edward, raising a pair of bright eyes to his questioner. "It cut me; because, as far as I am concerned, it contains a good deal of truth. You have been good enough to buy them at your own munificent price, out of sympathy with a young aspirant; but the pictures are far from what they ought to be, and what I meant them to be!"

"On my word," exclaimed Mr. Newbolt, roundly, "you are a greater fool than I took you for! I shouldn't be surprised to hear that you have made up your mind to write to the editor, promising to do better for the future, and mildly opposing what you conceive to be the writer's few mistakes!"

"No," answered Edward, slowly, "I shan't do that. I have made up my mind how I mean to treat adverse criticism."

"Have you? and how do you mean to treat it?"

A pause; and then in a deeper voice, which showed how thoroughly he was in earnest, and how completely he meant what he said, Edward gave utterance to the resolution which he had formed just a minute before his visitor rapped at his door—

"I don't mean to talk it down, but to work it down!" were his deliberately and firmly spoken words. "I don't mean to write it down, but to paint it down!"

"Upon my word," responded Mr. Newbolt, bringing an open hand down with a bang on Edward's shoulder, as he slightly altered an opinion of his young friend's character, spoken a minute before; "you're even a greater trump than I thought you, boy! I love you!"

"Sir," answered Edward, with graceful simplicity, as he grasped the hand which, after dealing him the clap on the shoulder, thrust itself out before him, "you're very good to me. Your kindness will make a child of me!"

A pause; during which Edward turned quickly away from his patron, and hastily struck his coat sleeve across his eyes.

"Come," said the giant, changing his tone to one of calmness, and assuming a grave look, "I want to speak to you about a matter of business. I want you to teach drawing, painting, and all that sort of thing, to a young friend of mine. Say twice a week, I shall want you up at Muswell Hill. My young friend lives up there; so do I. Will you come into the plan?"

"Really, Mr. Newbolt," answered Edward, greatly astonished at the proposal, "I don't know what to say. It's so sudden a proposition. I don't know what to think, still less what to say. You must give me a little time to make up my mind."

"Of course, I'll make it worth your while to do so," replied the patron, coldly, for a moment, thinking that considerations as to payment were amongst the features of the proposal which his young friend would like to have time to think about.

"Bless me! I was not thinking about that," was the hasty response. "How could you think it, sir? Of course, my wish is to do your bidding."

"What were you thinking of, then?"

"Why, just this, sir. I have never tried to teach any one my art, and I don't think I could teach."

"Tut! man. You can draw and paint; and whatever a man can do, he can teach others to do."

"Not always."

"Pooh!" responded the giant, hotly and dogmatically; "I tell you a man always can!"

Edward thought otherwise, and pleaded, "Indeed, sir, I mistrust my ability. Let me ask Mr. Buckmaster to advise me."

"Fudge! Do you intend to be dry-nursed by old John Buckmaster all through life?" inquired Mr. Newbolt, with increasing irritation, and a slight air of contempt.

"I wish," replied Edward, gravely, "that Mr. Buckmaster's age would let me hope that I might always have the benefit of his advice."

John Harrison Newbolt was rebuked, and not ill pleased with the rebuke.

"Of course, of course, Mr. Buckmaster is a good man, and deserves all respect," he said, quickly. "Talk it over with him then, and let me know your determination—on—on—when can you let me know your decision? Let me see; will you come to Muswell Hill next Thursday, at six o'clock? Dine with me; look at my pictures; and let me have your answer."

Edward accepted the invitation.

"Very good; now I'll be off."

"How old is the gentleman I am to teach?" inquired Edward, as his visitor turned to leave.

"Oh, age is no matter. My friend is young, younger than you are."

"Does he know anything of art?"

"A little; but very little. You'll have to begin almost at the beginning."

"He has had masters, then, before me?"

"Several; but I don't think any one of them knew his business."

"Exactly; like me, they could paint or use the pencil, but couldn't teach."

"I'm afraid," laughed Mr. Newbolt, "you have a will of your own. How you cling to a notion, when it has once crept into your head!"

"No, no, sir, I am not obstinate. I merely mean to be honest, and not undertake work which I can't do well. Would you object to telling me the name of your friend, and who he is? Mr. Buckmaster will be sure to ask me; and any answer I might give him might affect his advice."

The patron smiled as he replied, "I do object. When you have given me 'Yes' or 'No,' I'll tell you more. In point of fact, I haven't my friend's permission to say more at present than I have already told you."

"Then I must be content; and after consulting Mr. Buckmaster, and turning the matter over in my mind, I'll give you a definite answer next Thursday."

"And, in the meantime, as our negotiation may come to nothing, you may as well keep a close tongue about it to your friends."

"Certainly, if you wish it. But I haven't many friends."

"So much the better for you. A boy of your age

doesn't know how to choose friends—how to reject evil and attach desirable associates. Live and work alone for a few years, till you've made a name for yourself; when you've done that, you'll have plenty of candidates for your friendship, and will see how to select the best. You don't mean to say, though, that you live quite alone. You know all of Buckmaster's students, of course."

"To speak to, and so on."

"Then haven't you a single chum? I never knew a young fellow who hadn't."

"Mr. Buckmaster has lately paid me a great deal of attention; and I have one very intimate friend, who isn't many years older than myself."

"Exactly; I thought so," said the giant, with another laugh; "and you're as thick as two thieves—spending each other's money, and fighting each other's battles. If I called him a scoundrel, you'd do your best to knock me down, ay?"

"No, I shouldn't," replied Edward, gaily; for he was greatly tickled with his visitor's loquacious inquisitiveness and dictatorial good humour. "I should only wish you more discernment."

"Good! You shall bring him some day to dine with me, and look at my pictures; and then I'll tell you what I think of him. But now I must be off; my groom is wondering what I am doing here so long. Ah, to be sure, the memorandum—signed quite as it should be; there, that will be safe in my pocket. Good-bye, till Thursday. Mind, six o'clock, sharp; nothing but a joint and pudding, and a bottle of wine. We shall be quite alone; not a soul with us, except the ladies. Come up half an hour before dinner, and look at my pictures; Ida and Flo will show them to you, and then we shall have something to talk about over our wine. But, remember, we're quite alone; no dress, ay."

"Oh, yes, of course, I know the address," replied Edward, putting a droll misconstruction on the last words of his patron, who bustled and snorted out of the room like a huge locomotive getting the steam up, and having mounted his horse, was in another half minute riding under the Holborn archway, with his groom at his heels.

"There goes a fine-hearted man!" Edward said aloud, as he looked down through an open window of his studio, and watched the departure of his new ally.

Then turning away from the window, when the horsemen had clattered out of the court, he sat down in his easy chair, thinking, "He has invited me to his house; the house where *she* lives! What will be the end of it? Strange. I did not seek him out: he has been brought to me. What will be the end of it?"

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCERNING COSTUME AND CERTAIN OTHER MATTERS.

MR. NEWBOLT'S call had so effectually driven from Edward's mind all thought about the *Autoerist*, that when Rupert Smith entered the Furnival's Inn studio half an hour after the great man's departure, and took up the paper as soon as he had shaken hands with his friend, the young artist smiled as he recalled his first annoyance on reading the critic's attack, and observed

how completely more engrossing as well as more pleasant subjects of interest had made him forgetful alike of his pain and its cause.

"Ay, look there, my boy. I have been pitched into," he said, cheerily, directing Rupert's attention to the passage, without blush, or tremor of hand, or any sign of agitation.

"Nonsense! let me see," replied Rupert, passing his eye over the lines. "Shall I read them out loud?"

"No occasion to do that. I know them by heart."

"Umph! and that's the wrapper in which the paper was enclosed?" inquired Rupert, taking up the paper cover which Mr. Newbolt had scrutinised shortly before. "The paragraph is malicious enough; but I would rather know who sent you the paper, than discover the malevolent noodle who penned the abuse. Is the handwriting unknown to you?"

"Quite."

"It isn't to me."

"Indeed!"

"Have you ever seen a line of Mike Gavan's flowing penmanship? I mean the talkative, noisy Irish boy, who has entered at Bucky's?"

"Never. I know just nothing of him; though he always persists in addressing me as if we were very close friends."

"I also know just nothing of him; but I have seen his handwriting (you know I'm curious about caligraphic styles), and unless my eye is greatly at fault, Mr. Mike Gavan directed that wrapper."

"Impossible! That noisy, prating little fellow surely does not presume to write art-criticisms."

"As far as presumption and self-confidence are concerned, he's well qualified to act as the *Autocrat's* chief arbiter on questions of taste. But I didn't insinuate that he wrote the article—I only charged him with having directed the wrapper."

"A copy was sent to Mr. Newbolt, as well as to me."

"Doubtless; and most likely by the same kind friend."

"Mr. Newbolt has seen that wrapper, and tells me the direction of his copy was in the same handwriting."

"Of course it was. But you can afford to laugh at such spite, since you are the winner on the entire transaction. I presume, from what you say, you've seen Mr. Newbolt since Saturday?"

Whereupon Edward told how Mr. Harrison Newbolt had that morning paid him a visit, and stayed with him for at least half an hour, talking in the most friendly manner, had covered the *Autocrat* with derision, had rallied him for taking the acrimonious attack so seriously to heart, and had closed his urbanities with inviting him to dine at the Clock House, Muswell Hill, on the following Thursday.

"My word!" exclaimed Rupert, playfully, at this announcement, "you're going a-head. Dining with members of Parliament! We shall soon have your name in the published lists of great personages present at fashionable entertainments. I know the man who does the 'movements in high life' for the *Morning Post*. Shall I get him to insert a paragraph about Mr. Newbolt's dinner-party, and so put you before the world triumphantly?"

"But there isn't to be a party. We are to be alone—myself, Mr. Newbolt, and the ladies."

"The ladies! ha! then there are ladies—Mrs. Newbolt, in overpowering velvet, and a long string of Miss Newbolts, attired with their usual graceful simplicity! Ned, you're in luck's way. Forget that you're 'only an artist'; stick up to the prettiest Miss Newbolt, make hot love to her when papa is out of the way and mamma isn't looking, glide into her unsophisticated bosom, win her affections—and then, when the mischief has been done, and the family doctor is sure she will die of consumption unless she is allowed to unite herself with the 'object of her choice,' close up to the governor, and stand out for heavy settlements. That's the game. We shall see you a rich householder in St. John's Wood before two years have passed, if you play boldly and cautiously."

"Fudge!" interjected Edward, laughing—but blushing more than he laughed.

"You must mind and go dressed, although there isn't a party. You must invest in a white cravat and new patent leathers, unless you are already well equipped with those distinctive adornments of English gentlemen and butlers—by candle-light."

"Do you think so?" asked Edward, seriously, and with a truly droll air of concern. "That never struck me. Of course, I have not got those sort of things."

"Of course you haven't," assented Rupert, laughing merrily; "and I dare say—you may as well confess the whole truth to me—you haven't such a thing as a dress-coat among your traps?"

"Indeed, I haven't."

"Nor silk vest, nor dress-shirt, nor any of the fittings of a young gentleman?"

"None of them."

"Poor fellow! untutored child of nature! I pity and admire you. Your condition is instructive—as showing how, in this artificial city, a man of education and pleasant exterior may contrive to enjoy life without yielding to the first requirements of civilisation."

"I never wore a dress-coat in all my life," said Edward, making a clean breast of it, and laying before his amused companion the exact extent of his wild and unreclaimed condition. "What occasion had I ever for one? In the island, my dear father never went into society of any sort, he had no friends but me and Lisette Renier—had no acquaintances but one or two old boatmen of St. Brelade's Bay. Poor dear father! what a lonely life he led for twenty long years! what atonement he paid for early indiscretion! and he was such a good, simple, unselfish, loving man! You've seen him, Rupert? Don't you remember how he received us in the little cottage, when we spent a week together in the island? You saw how he used to walk away, and sit, for hours together, on a granite ledge, smoking his pipe, and looking out on the wild, merry waves that divided him from England. Twenty years he lived on the island, never leaving it, except for trips to St. Malo, and a walking excursion through Brittany and Vendée during the autumn weeks of each; and throughout all those years, he had no friend but me and my old French nurse. The island was a gay place, with plenty of society for rich people; but we never entered it; and if

I went there now, I don't believe I should find a person to shake me by the hand, except two old boatmen—no eyes to blink me a welcome, but Lisette's."

At the close of this sentence, Edward's voice was broken with emotion.

"Yes, yes, dear boy—I know, I know," interrupted Rupert, with womanly tenderness and abiding flippancy. "But don't think about the dear old dad, or you'll grow mournful—and—then—I shall be sad too. Let's laugh while we can."

"I won't make you sad," responded Edward, with a smile. "Don't be afraid. I usually keep a good firm hold on myself; but the disgraceful state of my wardrobe brought up the old, cruel thoughts of the old time."

"Of course."

"But we'll have no more of them."

A minute's pause.

And then, with his habitual lightness, Rupert, reverting to Edward's want of a dress-coat, said, "But this question of dress is a grave matter, Ned. I must take you to my tailor, and get him to rig you out. We have almost three days before us, and in that time my *costumier* would make a scavenger look like a peer of the realm. True, I have a heavy stock of habiliments on hand, and should be happy to lend you anything (you are something stouter in build than I; still, you could wear my clothes, without making people laugh at misfits); but you oughtn't to be without the appropriate garb of your order—the coat-armour of gentility, in point of fact. Excuse the age and badness of the pun."

Edward had recovered his usual cheerfulness, as he answered, "All right; I put myself in your hands. You shall do with me whatever you think right; and I needn't say I have confidence in your judgment on such matters. But do you think there's really any need for me to go in full array? I shouldn't like to be over-dressed, and should feel very strange and awkward in a new costume."

"It's always better, Ned," observed Rupert, sententiously, "to be over-dressed than under-dressed. To be under-dressed is to insult your host; to be over-dressed is but to pay him a compliment. A morning coat at an evening party is an impertinence to every lady who has been good enough to set off her own beauty to the best advantage."

"But this isn't an evening party," pleaded Edward, who didn't at all relish the thought of making his *début* at the Clock House in a swallow-tail coat. "We are to be quite alone."

"That doesn't matter," persisted Rupert, authoritatively; "full fig is necessary, unless Mr. Newbolt expressly ordered you not to dress; or, at least, told you that you might do as you liked. If he didn't tell you not to bother yourself with an elaborate toilet, regulation togs must be had recourse to. Did he give you a hint about dress?"

"To be sure, he did," exclaimed Edward, a light suddenly bursting upon him. "His last words were, 'Remember, we're quite alone; no dress.'"

"Why on earth didn't you say so before?"

"For the simple reason that at the time I did not un-

derstand him. I thought that he was speaking of his address at Muswell Hill; but now it has dawned upon me—both what he said and what he meant. It struck me at the moment that it was strange he should ask me if I knew his address; for, of course, he didn't need me to tell him I had made lots of inquiries about him from Mr. Buckmaster. But I see it now. What an absurd mistake!"

Rupert agreed with him in this estimate of the mistake.

"Oh, Ned," the young worldling cried, "you're better than any comedy—more ridiculous than any farce! You'll kill me outright with laughter. But come, the state of affairs is so far changed that I no longer insist on full dress. It will now be my pleasant, but most important, duty to see that you go to Muswell Hill in an appropriate morning dress. Let me see—have you a hat?"

"Have I a hat? Of course I have."

"I never saw you sport it."

"I always wear it on Sundays."

"Let me have a look at it."

Whereupon Edward hastily retired to his bedroom, and in ten seconds returned with a blue band-box in his hands, and a countenance beaming with proud consciousness that at least in one particular he was not an utter savage.

In a trice the hat was taken from the blue band-box, and triumphantly exhibited.

It was a hat of an unquestionably *passée* fashion. The diameter of the top was at least one-third greater than the diameter of the head-band. The brim was ingeniously bent, so that its foremost point almost touched the wearer's eyebrows, whilst its hindmost point rested on the coat-collar. It was encircled by a silk band an inch and a half deep, which band was fastened in front by a most imposing buckle somewhat larger than a shilling.

"Where did you get that thing?" inquired Rupert, who, it may be observed, was quite familiar with "the thing," having frequently seen it on his friend's head.

"In the island, to be sure," answered Edward, heedless of the contemptuous emphasis laid by Rupert on the word "thing."

"How much did you give for it?"

"Twelve shillings—*British*. You understand?"

"Oh, yes; I understand."

"It was an expensive hat," continued Edward, confidently. "Twelve shillings, *British*, is a high price for a hat in the island; but it has stood me well. It looked rather the worse for wear a month since; but I had it done up for a shilling, and you see it's as good as new."

"My dear Ned," said Rupert, gravely, "it isn't a hat."

"It *isn't* a hat?"

"Certainly not. You're quite in error. It *isn't* a hat, though the force of habit is so strong that you think it one. It was just credible (I am scarcely justified in saying so much)—it is just credible that it *was* a hat when it first came into your possession, at a cost of twelve shillings (British!); but it *isn't* a hat any longer.

It is a thing of the past; the remains of what may have been a hat. Put it in its native band-box, my dear boy, and send it to the museum of the Antiquarian Society, where it will be rightly appreciated as an interesting relic of departed manners. Don't continue to regard it as a hat. Anyhow, don't wear it again. Why, no lady could see you in it without feeling a strong inclination to laugh at you."

"Is it really so old-fashioned?" asked Edward, reluctantly yielding his high esteem for the hat.

"Indeed, it is. You see, Ned, though you are an artist, you don't pay sufficient attention to modern costume. In five minutes you could turn me out on canvas an admirable cavalier's hat, all plumes, peak, and ribands, of the Caroline era; but you'd be sadly at fault if you attempted to paint Rotten Row on a fine summer's afternoon."

"I have no doubt you are right."

"Come, put yourself trustfully in my hands, and let us walk out—pay a visit to my tailor, and have a word with my hatter. You are entering on a new phase of your existence, and you must take the necessary precautions for ensuring success in it. If you are to make firm your footing in Mr. Newbolt's house, you must make a favourable impression on the ladies with whom you have to dine next Thursday. Well, then, it isn't worth while to have them smile at any slight defects in your costume, which may be removed by the judicious expenditure of a few sovereigns. So let's be off to the West-end. It's a beautiful day; and when we've done our shopping, we'll take a lazy walk through the Park, look at the great people, and sit for an hour in the sun on a bench in Kensington Gardens."

The proposal was of a friendly sort. Common sense urged that it should be accepted. The allusion to the advisability of making a favourable impression on the ladies of the Clock House was a weighty argument, having far more influence on Edward than his friend imagined.

So Edward, without further show of reluctance, yielded to good counsel, only stipulating that his guide to the usages of fashion should not attempt to make a fop of him.

"But how about my dress to-day? Shall I wear my hat?" asked the young artist.

"No, no," was the answer; "wear your cap as usual. I am not afraid to walk about the West-end with a man who looks like an art-student; but I'd die sooner than be seen in the Park arm-in-arm with the wearer of that preposterous chimney-pot."

(To be continued.)

THE BIBLE VIEWED IN CONNECTION WITH ASTRONOMY.

THE most wonderful volume in existence is, beyond a doubt, the Bible. It is wonderful for its high pretensions, for its almost incredible claims to Divine origin, for its exceeding antiquity. It is wonderful in its revelation of the being of God, and in its declarations concerning the attributes of his almighty Spirit. It is

wonderful for its revelation of the creation of the universe, the formation of man, his fall from innocence, and his restoration to happiness. It is wonderful for its daring chronology, its positive history, its prophetic declarations. It is wonderful on account of its sublime philosophy, its exquisite poetry, its magnificent figures, its overwhelming language of description. It is wonderful for the variety of its writers, diverse in their attainments, countries, languages, and education. It is wonderful for its boldness, in the use of illustrations, metaphors, figures, drawn from every department of human knowledge—from natural history, from meteorology, from optics, from astronomy. It is wonderful for the superior conceptions evinced by its writers of the grandeur and magnificence of the physical universe. It is wonderful as a Book which has been exposed to attack and destruction, at every point of time, by every discovery of man, by the revelations of geology, chronology, history, ancient remains disembowelled from the earth, by astronomy, by the discoveries of natural history, and, above all, by the non-fulfilment of its historical predictions. And it is most of all wonderful, that up to the present time, in the opinion of hundreds of thousands of the judicious, reflecting, and reasoning, among earth's inhabitants, during three thousand years since its first book was written, it has maintained its high authority, and has retained in all this vast lapse of time a powerful sway over the human mind.

On all these accounts (exclusive of its moral teachings, its grand primary object), no one will deny that it is a volume demanding the most attentive and patient investigation. It has not escaped overthrow for lack of enemies. It has been assailed at every point; its history, its theology, its chronology, its astronomy, its geology—all these in their turn have been attacked by the cultivators of science, and by the onward movement and development of each succeeding age. The philosophy of Greece has departed. The astronomy which lasted for three thousand years has perished in the grave. The gods of antiquity—Jupiter, Apollo, Neptune—have all been swept away by the onward progress of the human mind, if not by the superior power of the revelations of this wonderful volume. And yet the most venerable system of all remains; and to this system we are compelled, by reason, by sound sense, by pure philosophy, to turn and

inquire, how is this result produced? All else dies while the Bible survives. Even the nation from whence it sprang, the languages in which it was composed, the countries of its birth scarcely exist, except in its marvellous pages. If, indeed, it be the Word of the ever-living God, then, indeed, the mystery is revealed; but if this high claim cannot be maintained, he who disbelieves must frame a theory by which the present facts may be reasonably explained.

It must be borne in mind that the books of this volume were composed at periods of time widely separated: a lapse of nearly 2,000 years intervenes between the date of the compositions of Moses and the Revelation made to St. John the divine; and now nearly a like period has rolled away since the sacred canon was closed, and the book was sealed up for ever, nothing more to be added, and from its finished contents nothing whatever to be taken. It was closed amid the splendours of the Roman empire, when literature, and art, and philosophy, though living still, were but shadows of what they had been. It was fully finished while yet science was in its infancy; during the reign of error, and ignorance, and prejudice, and long before the truths of experimental philosophy, in any of its departments, had yet shed their light upon the world. During these eighteen hundred years of the Christian era, the human mind has not been idle. In history it has searched the buried ruins of past centuries, it has disinterred mighty cities, colossal columns, endless hieroglyphs. It has read on coins, on medals, on inscriptions of the rocks, in monumental piles, in sculptured enigmas, the history of the past. The fragments of the primitive writers of all nations have been collected, all have been searched to fling their light far back into the dark clouds which engloom the past. Chronology has brought to her aid the discoveries of modern science, and the celestial revolutions have been marshalled in her service. Geology has upheaved the crust of the solid earth; and, deep delving, she has dug up the remains of former generations. Plants and animals, insects and reptiles, the inhabitants of a primeval, pre-Adamite earth—in their classes, orders, genera, and species—have all been brought under the bright focus of scientific investigation. Above the earth, science has soared into the clouds of heaven; and from her lofty height she has revealed the facts and phenomena which crowd earth, ocean, and atmosphere. The lightning's blaze and the thunder's peal, the soft dew, the gentle zephyr, and the blasting tornado, have all been studied. Far beyond in the blue ether she has winged her flight. She has pierced the bright canopy of heaven, and opened up the amazing universe which towers on every hand, lost in the unfathomable depths of space. In

short, since the closing of the sacred canon, a new world has been revealed, and science on her uplifted throne, quadruple-crowned, sways a sceptre over a boundless empire, which then had no existence. If, then, this so-called sacred volume be a tissue of falsehood, if its philosophy be false, its theology false, its morals false, its account of the world false, its astronomy false, its history false, its productions false, its natural science false, its geology false, its chronology false, then indeed let such a Book beware; for science is marshalling its forces with strength irresistible, pouring in from the east, west, north, and south; ascending from heights hitherto deemed insurmountable, and rising from depths hitherto regarded as unfathomable; all, all conspiring the overthrow and final destruction of every system which is not founded on the solid rock of Truth itself.

But, it may be demanded, is the Bible open to attack? Does it pretend to teach any system of science? Yes, it pretends to teach theology, morals, and religion, directly and positively, while it refers indirectly to every branch of science, and in these occasional allusions, lays itself open to attack at a thousand points. It is again demanded, whether its writers did not studiously avoid any commitment, with reference to matters of pure science? In case this be true, then it is one of the most inexplicable of marvels, that each one of this multitude of writers, scattered along the shores of the descending currents of time for two thousand years, as his occasion required, boldly reached out his hand into the dark, and dragged to his use whatever of science his subject demanded, and yet with such wise caution, that the full blaze of truth and knowledge can never detect the ignorance of him who thus plunged at random into the gloom of scientific night. It may be asserted that positive statements have been avoided by the simplest of expedients—that there were none known to be made. But this is not the fact. Positive statements are made; and that, too, in the most unequivocal language. I need only cite the order of creation, the facts of history, the predictions of the future, the universal deluge; while to each of the other departments of knowledge there is constant reference.

The Bible, then, is open to attack—indeed, it is in no possible point guarded from attack. There is no shield but truth for its sacred character; there is no bulwark but truth to defend it from the assaults of its enemies; and if there be those who, after mature study of its pages, have reached the conclusion that this is the great Volume of God's truth, surely it is just that the grounds of their belief should be set forth, that others may read, reflect, and decide.

We look over our heads, and with devout reverence ask, Whence sprang this mighty universe of blazing suns? Whence these multitudinous worlds which circle round their central orbs, far flying through the deep of space, freighted with their numberless inhabitants? Were they brought into being by the fiat of Omnipotence? Did the command go forth, Let the universe be! and at the bidding of God, did sun and system, satellite and planet, and all the blazing host of heaven, and the mighty schemes which fill the deep profound, burst into sudden being, and flash their splendours throughout the startled empire of vacuity? Or is there a plan, wise, deep, and eternal, mighty as God, extensive as space, comprehensive as immensity, working backward through innumerable millions of ages, deep into primeval time; and working forward, through countless revolutions of heaven's host, to ages in the future to which no mortal power of thought can penetrate? Which is the more consistent with what we are able to learn of the workmanship of God in this goodly world which we inhabit? Are there here manifested any sudden bursts of being, or is all progressive? Whence came the forests which clothe the earth? Whence the monarch oak which rears heavenward its lightning-scarred form? Does it spring into being, as leaps the electric spark from the dark bosom of the cloud? We know its origin; and though generations roll away as this gigantic tree slowly rears its crest, we are well assured of its beginning, and can affirm positively of its gradual development.

This is the universal analogy of all that claim existence upon the earth. Indeed, we may go still farther, and affirm that the crust of the earth itself is but the record of successive revolutions, marking the great epochs in the past history of the world. So far, then, as we are able to trace the direct manifestations of God in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, He works by means, and according to a plan. If we ascend to the solar system, we shall perceive, even here, that it is built on a plan, and in accordance with certain great and governing laws. The same appears to be true of the various aggregations of stars, and of the mighty astral systems of space. This, however, is an examination made of the heavens under the conditions of maturity. It is like the exhibition of design in the structure of the full-grown oak, already alluded to. We cannot so surely trace the development of a system of worlds. We cannot so certainly behold them forming under our eye; although possibly this process may at this moment be advancing, according to the celebrated nebular hypothesis of Sir William Herschel.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Readings for Spare Moments.

BEAUTY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Scriptures are suited to every capacity; they are a ford where a lamb may wade, and an elephant may swim; and herein is the infinite wisdom of God seen in wreathing together plain truths with those that are obscure, that He might gain the more credit to his Word; by the one, instructing the ignorance of the weakest, and by the other, confounding the understanding of the wisest. This also adds a beauty and an ornament to the Scriptures. As the beauty of the earth is set off by a graceful variety of hills and valleys, so it is in the Scriptures. There are sublime truths that the most aspiring reason of men cannot overtop, and there are more plain and easy truths in which the weakest capacity may converse with delight and satisfaction. No man is offended with his garden for having a shady thicket in it; nor should we be offended with the Word of God, because among so many fair and open walks we here and there meet with a thicket that the eye of human reason cannot look through.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

HEAR this simple prayer I offer!

Help me to be good to-day;

May I call right thoughts about me,
While I drive the bad away.

When I feel the selfish wishes

Creeping in my little heart,

May I then, my Heavenly Father,

Think how kind and good Thou art!

That Thou ever givest to me

All the blessings that are mine;

All the birds, the trees, the flowers,

All the clouds and bright sunshine!

For all I have, oh, let me bless Thee!

For my own glad, happy heart;

For only when I'm good and loving,

Can I know how good Thou art!

THE BLESSINGS OF THE BIBLE.

WHAT an illustrious book is the Bible! It rises like a stream in the desert land—its source in the skies, and its fountain in the valleys of the earth. It has rolled on century after century, enriching every land with verdure and beauty, reflecting all the glowing sky above it. It shines into the casement of the widow's cottage, like the light of the morning sun, and makes the widow's heart sing with joy: it enables her orphan child to lift his eyes to the wide shore of the eternal sea, and to say, "Immensity is my home; eternity is my lifetime; the mighty God that builds the universe is my Father, my Portion, my Friend." It erects in man's conscience the rule of right and wrong. It is emphatically the standard of Christianity. Wherever that standard is unrolled, there freedom finds its noblest footing; and men are delivered from the bondage of Satan and rendered God's free men.

SIDE WINDS.

"I HAVE heard," says Dr. Owen, "that a full wind behind the ship drives her not so fast forward as a side wind, that seems almost as much against her as for her; and the reason is, that a full wind fills but some of her sails, which keeps it from the rest, but a side wind fills them all. Now, our affections are our sails. If the Lord give us a full wind, and continued gale of mercies, it would but fill some of our affections—joy, delight, and the like. But when He comes with a side wind—a dispensation that seems almost as much against us as for us—then He takes up all our affections; then we are carried faster to the haven where we would go."

Memorials of Illustrious Men.

THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

ROBERT WALKER was born in the village of Seathwaite, situate on the Lancashire side of the river Duddon, in the year 1709. His parents were respectable, but of a humble walk in life; he had no claim to high ancestral honours, but he was enrolled in the immortal peerage of the Book of Life. In his infancy and youth he was weak in frame and delicate in health, and as it was thought unlikely that he would be able to push his way by hard bodily work, he was given such education as the neighbourhood afforded, in order that he might gain his livelihood somehow by his acquirements. His father died when he was yet scarce seventeen years old, and as he was the youngest of twelve children, he was compelled to leave home, and seek a livelihood as a schoolmaster. The instruction he was called upon to impart was nothing more than reading, writing and arithmetic; and he devoted his leisure hours to gain a knowledge of the classics, in which he was assisted by a gentleman in the district. Whilst he was a schoolmaster he gained the respect of every one by his integrity, purity of life, and zeal in instruction. He was afterwards ordained a clergyman of the English Church, and after a few years appointed curate of Seathwaite—the value of which was five pounds a year. He might have had a more lucrative post; but he loved his native Seathwaite, and chose rather to minister there. He entered on this curacy in the year 1735 or 1736, and continued faithfully to discharge the duties of his pastorate there until “he fell asleep in Jesus,” in 1802, in the ninety-third year of his age, and the sixty-seventh of his continuous curacy.

He married a humble but virtuous woman, who had a little store of some forty pounds wherewith to begin housekeeping. And thus this hoping, God-fearing pair began the world together. What a lesson do they not read to craving worldliness and love of wealth! Hand-in-hand, two hearts linked together as one, with their eyes fixed ever upwards upon their great and good Father in heaven, they prepared to walk onward through the journey of life, with trust in God's mercy and their own honest exertions for a staff, and the Bible as their great chart to guide them in their path. The entire emoluments of his curacy gave him about twenty pounds a year—a sum insufficient for even the necessities of life for himself and his growing family. Yet the frequent offers of much richer benefices could never tempt the apostolic man to quit his much-loved curacy at Seathwaite. He acted as schoolmaster to the youth of the neighbourhood, rarely receiving pecuniary reward for his labours in instruction, as the people were, for the most part, very poor. Yet what they could they did. It was their highest pleasure to assist their good clergyman by presents of their farming produce. While he taught the children, which he did eight hours each day, he employed himself in spinning; and the clothes that he and his family wore were spun and mended by their own hands. He might be seen, sitting at the head of his long, square table, with a child upon his knee, eating his frugal breakfast, clad in a coarse, blue frock, with black horn buttons, a checked

shirt, coarse apron, and thick, wooden-soled shoes, shod with iron plates; the remainder of his family being employed around him in waiting on each other, and spinning or teasing wool. Every evening, the school work done, he would exchange the small for the larger spinning-wheel, and cheerfully work on at his laborious employment. His garden also he tilled with his own hand, and tended the few sheep or cows for which he had a right of pasturage on the mountains. His globe was so small as almost to raise a smile—less than one acre of ground; but he rented two or three acres in addition, and assiduously cultivated them himself. He was also ever ready to assist his neighbours in haymaking, or shearing their sheep, at which he was a skilful hand. Besides all this, he was the common arbitrator of all disputes, and was entrusted with the management of the public and private monetary and other affairs of the neighbourhood. This frequently kept him most part of the night at his desk. His wife went to bed at eight o'clock, when he would retire to a little room he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated this, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and the like. Here the once delicate youth would often sit through the piercing cold of a bleak winter night, without a fire, the earth without lying buried in a white shroud of snow, or glittering in the moonlight with chill, sparkling ice, and see the morning sun rise again upon the world. But there was one fire that ever glowed within him that no cold could chill—the warm fire of the love of God, lit from above, and warming his own soul and the souls of his much-loved flock. Every Sunday he entered the little church to pray and preach to that flock of the “unsearchable riches of Christ;” and the sacred seasons appointed by the Church were also duly observed by him. His church was always filled, for the people loved their pastor and their God; and if he remarked any of his people absent from Divine worship, he would speak to them, gently and lovingly, and remind them of their solemn duties. He had twelve children, and brought them up plainly and virtuously, though his income never exceeded twenty pounds.

The utmost frugality and temperance were observed in his household—oatmeal broth, with, perhaps, meat on Sundays, was the usual food. And when the good old man dined once at the house of a great person, he ate heartily of the first course brought in, and then rose to say his heartfelt grace; but observing another course to succeed, he begged pardon innocently, as he did not know, he said, that her ladyship dined twice in one day. When it was once rumoured that he might be removed from his dear Seathwaite, he not only wrote to oppose it, but walked in person over the mountains of Westmoreland to request that he might continue where he was. Nothing like luxury was known within his house. In the latter portion of his life, when tea was become general, he provided it for visitors, but neither himself nor his wife ever partook of it. His fuel was the peat dug from the mosses by his own hands, or those of his children; his candles were made of the pith of rushes, dipped in fat or greasy substances. White or tallow candles were reserved for Christmas festivities, if such they may be called. Once every month, during the proper season, he killed a sheep,

taken from their little flock; and towards the ending of each year, a cow was slaughtered to be salted for the winter, while its hide was tanned to provide them with shoes. The good man was indefatigable in visiting the sick, relieving the needy, and consoling the afflicted, making each one's woe his own, and pouring oil and wine into the wounded heart. His discourses from the pulpit were plain and excellent, and the attentive people hung upon the lips of one who so nobly carried out himself the great Christian truths he taught. Not content with precept, he taught them by bright example as well.

He loved nature, too, with all his heart. Did not God make it? He would wander on the mountains, and watch the glad beams of the morning sun as it rose to smile upon the earth; and his eyes would linger fondly on its departing glories as it hid itself beneath the western horizon. He studied the properties of flowers, plants, and fossils; and in the genial summer days would gather flies and insects, and, having brought them home, descant upon their wondrous nature to his children in the evening. He was affectionate to all, and his tender heart bled at the sight of woe and wretchedness; a placid dignity shone out in his countenance, and he was deeply and warmly respected by all, from the bishop, who placed him on his right hand, to the youngest village child in Seathwaite.

Sixty-seven years this noble-hearted child of God toiled and taught his flock in his mountain-home. His wife died some two years before him, also in her ninety-third year. And the aged pair now sleep calmly in the churchyard at Seathwaite, and the brook murmurs hard by their grave, as it courses on, singing, in its own wild way, their long, long lullaby. It is almost incredible to find that, at his decease, he left behind him £2,000, and a store of wool spun by his own hands. And yet, when deriving only seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, he refused to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity. Suspect thee, thou pure unselfish heart! cupidity is lodged in other breasts than thine. His simple table was ever open to the stranger, and on Sundays many of his flock regularly took their dinner at his house. His wife's death gave the old man, already more than ninety years of age, a severe shock: half of his being seemed to be rent asunder: his constitution gradually decayed, though his senses, with the exception of his sight, remained intact. Sometimes his voice would falter as he preached, as he thought of her that was no more.

The night before he died he went to bed about twelve o'clock. According to his custom, he went, leaning on the arm of his daughter, to look up to the heavens, and meditate a few minutes in the open air. "How clear the moon shines to-night!" he remarked. Yes, clear to thee, brave Jesus-loving soul! for he saw reflected in all Nature's works the brightness of their Maker's image. The old man sighed, and laid him down to rest; and he rested, and as he rested he fell quietly asleep, and slept the sleep of death. At six the next morning he was found a corpse. But his soul had waked in the unending day of immortality; waked, never to sleep again. For he was now with Jesus, whom he had so loved—with the blessed angels and saints that stand, white-robed, about

the throne of God, and had exchanged his mountain home, his simple table at Seathwaite, for the height of heaven, and the felicity of a blissful world.

He was, we have said, affectionately respected by all, and the name of Wonderful was given to him by those who survived him. On Sundays his people would stand, in their old-fashioned way, in two rows in Seathwaite churchyard, and their minister would walk between them to the little church, and be the first to enter. Many a kindly greeting passed between the simple folk and their beloved pastor, whom they had come—often from a great distance—to pray with, and to hear expound the Scriptures. His house has been said to have been a "nursery of virtue." Every one was clean, every one was industrious, and every one was happy. Temperance, strict sobriety, and placid quietness reigned throughout. No bitter words, no railings, no violence of passion might there show their distorted countenances. All, even the youngest child, were busy; and Walker himself sat among them working, and guiding their thoughts to useful and holy things. He had also made with his own hands a cradle; and often the cradle, the spinning-wheel, and the teaching of the children, occupied the good man's head and hands at the same time.

Let us contemplate awhile, in this age of feverish impatience to be great and rich in worldly goods, the picture presented to us by Robert Walker and his family. What holy purity, what noble self-denial, what admirable prudence, what generous hospitality, what fear of God, do we not see here displayed! Oh! surely this is the best, the holiest ambition—this is to be truly, really great. Economy without avarice, hospitality without extravagance, simple manners without rudeness, and learning without affectation, are some of the many characteristics of this happy family. We talk of not having time for this and for that; and many, it is to be feared, often imagine they have scarce time for their prayers. Consider Robert Walker. He found time to bring up a large family in "the fear and admonition of the Lord," to visit, comfort, and relieve his flock, to perform the public and private duties of a preacher of the Gospel, to earn his own livelihood and contribute to the wants of others, to cultivate his mind and inform the minds of his parishioners; to superintend his farm, his spinning-wheel, and his garden; to preach, to practise, and to pray. Would that there were amongst us many such as he! The harvest is plenteous: would there were many labourers like him to gather it into the garner of their Lord! Many, nay, most of us, may in some things take shame to ourselves from this humble life of usefulness, and learn many a lesson from his unpretending career. Our land of England has been rich in great and in good men; the names of her holy ones glitter like pearls in the long chain of her history, and the sweet odour of sacred memories sheds itself over the vales and mountains of Britain, and among them stands out that of the loving curate of Seathwaite—the Wonderful Walker. If we would make our country still nobler and better, if we would ourselves leave hal- lowed names to the children who shall come after us, let each of us, as much as in him lieth, show forth that faith which works by love, and benefits mankind.

NOTES FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD SPOONER, M.A., VICAR OF HESTON.*

No. 4.—THE SICK CHAMBER.

In one of my parishes I had often met and conversed with a small farmer, an inhabitant of the village, with whom, however, as he was no church-goer, and rather a thoughtless man, I had contracted no intimacy. One day when he met me, he told me that one of his sons, who had been away in business, was at home ill, and asked me to call. I did as requested, and on presenting myself at the house, was shown into the room where the young man lay on the sofa. One glance told me that the sufferer had tendencies to consumption—another, that those tendencies had been encouraged by dissipation. I sat down and talked to him. An opportunity soon presented itself in conversation, and I gently drew him on to the deepest and most serious topics. I spoke kindly, but firmly to him, pointing out strongly the errors of his past life, his deep need of repentance, and of seeking pardon in Christ Jesus. I then knelt down and prayed with him. When I rose from my knees, he bid me good-bye, but very coldly, and with an estranged eye. I saw he was moved, but only so as to be nettled and angry with me. In a short time I called again. His mother came to the door; she showed me in, and shortly returned, saying, "It's very odd, but I cannot find him; he was here only a few minutes ago." I took her apologies, and left. Again and again I called. Once or twice I found him at home, but generally he had disappeared in the same odd way. Knowing that his mother was a strong Dissenter, I inwardly laid his absence at her door; but, as she always entreated me to call again, I could not but feel angry with myself for my suspicions. I left home for awhile, and on my return found that the young man had suddenly recovered his health, and had gone back to his business, and for many months no tidings of him reached me.

After a time, however, his father again met me, and said, "James is come back, sir, worse than ever, and he is very anxious to see you, but won't let us send."

"Oh, I'll call at once."

I called, and was admitted. He was indeed worse than ever, fearfully altered, but still not confined to his room. This time he seemed anxious to hear me, though he still felt sure he should recover. I visited him again and again. He seemed always waiting for me, counting the days between my visits, while all the time his mind seemed changing, opening, and ripening in a wonderful way. At last, on one occasion when, after an absence of many days, I visited him, he met me with quite a reproachful look.

"What a stranger you are, sir! Why have you stayed so long away?"

"It is not long, James."

"Not long to you, sir, in health and busy; but very long to me, a poor invalid."

"Why, James, you seem to like me to come."

"Indeed, I do, sir; there is no one on earth I love as I love you."

"Was this always so, James?"

"No, sir; there was no one on earth that I hated as I hated you."

"Why, what harm had I done you?"

"You told me the truth, sir, and roused my conscience when I wanted it to sleep."

"Ah! but what used to become of you when I called? could your mother really not find you?"

"No, sir, she could not; for when I saw you coming up the street, I used to hide myself in that cupboard. It vexed her very much that she could not find me; but though I dared not tell her so, I was determined not to see you."

"Well, shall I leave you now?" I said, with a smile.

"No, sir, no. Promise me one thing—be with me when I die."

I promised that, if possible, I would, and then read and prayed with him.

Dear boy! he lingered for some weeks afterwards. I grew more and more attached to him, and he to me. In humble thankfulness I administered the holy communion to him, for I saw in him the most real penitence and faith, and I felt that his departure would be quite a loss to myself. At last, one Sunday morning, just as I had finished some weddings, a messenger came hastily to me to tell me he was dying. I hurried to his house, and found him much spent, but saw that his end was not yet. I remained with him as long as I could, but I had the whole duty to perform, and was forced to leave. After service I returned to him, and, as I had not another duty till evening, sat with him. He was very low and exhausted, but very calm. Once he called me to his side: "Read me that text, sir, you read me yesterday, about 'perfect in weakness—strength perfect in weakness.'"

I thought for a moment, and then turned to 2 Cor. xii. 9, and read it. "Ah! sir, there is all my hope: Christ's strength will be made perfect in my weakness. Take that text for next Sunday. They will bury me before then; and tell them all what a sinner I have been; tell them how I hated God's truth. Do not spare me; but tell them I died in peace, for God had given me repentance, and Christ's strength will be perfect in my weakness." I promised, and still sat by him. He was sinking fast. "Read that verse again," he whispered. I read it five or six times, and prayed with him.

It was evening: the bells were again dropping before service; I was forced to go. "Good-bye, James," I said.

"Oh, good-bye, sir. If we never meet here again, we shall meet above; but thank God I ever knew you."

I left him most reluctantly. After service I returned, but all was over; they had just laid him out. I saw the corpse; all was calm repose; he was gone to find Christ's strength perfected in his weakness. It was a hard though joyful task to read the burial service over him; and when, according to our custom in that place, a shower of laurel leaves fell upon his coffin from the mourners' hands as his body was committed to the dust, I could scarcely read on for emotion; and when, the next Sunday, I faithfully obeyed his last injunction, and preached to a crowded congregation on his favourite text, there was not a dry eye in the church as I told his dying message.

* "Parson and People." Seeley and Co., 54, Fleet Street.

It is impossible for any one who has never laboured amongst the sick and dying to know how deeply one becomes attached to persons in a long illness, and how much one misses them when they are gone; and yet, when we consider that in sickness the tinsel and outward trappings of human nature are stricken off, and the real man stands revealed, we can easily feel how those who have to do with this reality, if there be any truth and nobility in it, must become attached to their suffering friends. I have made, thank God, many deep friendships—friendships on which I can thoroughly rely, but the foundation of almost all of them has been laid in scenes of trouble and sorrow, in attempts to bind up the broken-hearted, and to comfort those that mourn; and in this sense I have found it far better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. It was in this manner that I really missed James very much. But his case recalls to me another of a very opposite kind, from which one could also learn encouragement in work.

There was once in one of my village schools a poor boy who seemed, as it were, nearly an idiot. To make him learn anything was an impossibility; if, as the result of a whole week's toil, he could repeat a collect or one verse of a hymn, I was amazed; and as to drilling any idea of figures into his head, that was utterly useless—two and two never would make four with him. Of course, this boy was put down amongst one's failures; and when he left school for work, it seemed as if one had quite done with him. It was not so, however; for he was most regular in his attendance at Sunday-school and church; and he often caught my eye as he sat in front of the gallery with a look of stolid immovability which almost fascinated me. On one very severe winter day, I found him at some work which required him to stand in the cold with wet feet for some hours. On the next Sunday I heard that he had been frost-bitten; and on going to his house, found the report true. One of his feet was affected, and was in a fearful condition. It was the old story—benumbed feet put incautiously too near the fire, and a bad sloughing sore established. After a week or two I got him to go to the hospital, and there he remained some months, and was at last discharged "*cured*," but minus a toe or two. All went on well for some time; but when the hot summer weather came, the poor boy was once again afflicted with a bad foot. The old sore broke out anew, and he became a pitiable object. The parish doctor attended him with the greatest skill and care; but all his efforts were in vain—the poor lad got delirious. Of course I had often visited him, and he had seemed delighted when I came; but still his mind was clouded, slow to receive, and unable to retain impressions. With his delirium, however, there came a wonderful change; not one evil word ever passed his lips, not one murmuring or angry expression; but as he lay in bed, he would repeat passage after passage of Scripture, hymn after hymn, collect after collect, till there seemed scarcely any limit to his mental stores. One day, as I knelt by his bedside, I used the first few petitions in the Litany; the delirious boy caught up the words, and, as I continued kneeling in mute astonishment, repeated nearly the whole of the Litany without a mistake; and his mother afterwards told me that he had done so several

times. He never seemed to recognise any of his friends, though he received all their attentions with a grateful smile; but he never failed to recognise me, and even knew my footsteps as I came upstairs. One Sunday afternoon, two neighbours came in to see him. They had been taking too much beer, and used some bad language in his room. The words seemed to sting the delirious boy, and in an agony he entreated them not to use them, and told them how wrong they were, frightening the men by his very earnestness. At last his end drew nigh; decided mortification set in, and I was sent for to see him. When I reached his room, I found that all delirium was gone; his mind was quite unclouded. Somewhat of the old hesitation had returned, but he lay there calm, cheerful, and happy. He seemed delighted to see me, cheered me by his words, and died with a song of praise upon his lips. There was no ecstasy, no excitement about his death; it was simply a childlike, peaceful falling asleep. I could well pray, "May my end be as peaceful!" I saw enough in this case to learn how easily legends might spring up to the hand of those who were inclined to manufacture them; but I saw, also, how truly the deepest spiritual life might be maturing beneath a crust of such heavy materiality in this body of our humiliation as could prevent any outward evident manifestation of the growth.

Department for Young People.

TIGER AND TOM.

It was a pleasant day in that particularly pleasant part of summer-time which the boys call "vacation," when Tiger and Tom walked slowly down the street together. You may think it strange that I mention Tiger first, but I assure you Tom would not have been in the least offended by the preference. Indeed, he would have assured you that Tiger was a most wonderful dog, and knew as much as any two boys—though this might be called rather extravagant.

Nearly a year ago, on Tom's birth-day, Tiger arrived as a present from Tom's uncle, and as he leaped with a dignified bound from the wagon in which he made his journey, Tom looked for a moment into his great wise eyes, and impulsively threw his arms around his shaggy neck. Tiger, on his part, was pleased with Tom's bright face, and most affectionately licked his smooth cheeks. So the league of friendship was complete from that hour.

Tom soon gave his school-fellows to understand that Tiger was a dog of superior talents, and told them that he meant to give him a liberal education. So when Tom studied his lessons, Tiger too was furnished with a book, and, sitting by Tom's side, he would pore over the pages with an air of great profundity, occasionally gravely turning a leaf with his paw. Then Tiger was taught to go to the post-office, and bring home the daily paper. He could also carry a basket to the baker's for crackers and cake, and putting his money on the counter with his mouth, he would wait patiently till the basket was filled, and then trot faithfully home. Added to all these graces of mind, Tiger had shown himself possessed of a large heart, for he had plunged into

the lake one raw spring morning, and saved a little child from drowning. So the next Saturday, Tom called a full meeting of his school-mates, and after numerous grand speeches to the effect that Tiger was a hero, as well as a "gentleman and a scholar," an enormous brass medal was fastened around his neck, and he was made to acknowledge the honour by standing on his hind legs and barking vociferously. Old Major White had offered Tom five guineas for Tiger, but Tom quickly informed him he "wouldn't take fifty."

But I am telling you too much about Tiger, and I must say a few words about his master, who is really the subject of my story. As I have already told you, Tom had a pleasant round face, and you might live with him a week, and think him one of the noblest, most generous boys you ever knew. But some day you would probably discover that he had a most violent temper. You would be frightened to see his face crimson with rage, as he stamped his feet, shook his little sister, spoke improperly to his mother, and, above all, sorely displeased his great Father in heaven.

To be sure, Tom's passion was soon over, and he was very repentant; but he did not remember to be watchful and struggle against this great enemy; and the next time he was attacked, he was easily overcome, and had many sorrowful hours in consequence. Now, I am going to tell you of one great trial on this account, which Tom never forgot to the end of his life. As I was saying a little while ago, Tiger and Tom were walking down the street together, when they met Dick Casey, a school-fellow of Tom's.

"Oh, Dick," cried Tom, "I'm going to father's stable a little while. Let's go up in the hay-loft and play."

Dick had just finished his mother's garden, and was all ready for a little amusement. So the two went up together, and enjoyed themselves mightily for a long time. But at last rose one of those trifling disputes in which little boys are apt to indulge. Pretty soon there were angry words, then (oh, how sorry I am to say it!) Tom's wicked passion got the mastery of him, and he beat little Dick severely; while Tiger, who must have been ashamed of his master, pulled hard at his coat, and whined piteously, but all in vain. At last Tom stopped from mere exhaustion.

"There now!" he cried; "which is right, you or I?"

"I am," sobbed Dick; "and you tell a fib."

Tom's face flushed crimson, and darting upon Dick, he gave him a sudden push. Alas! he was too near the open door. Dick screamed, threw up his arms, and in a moment was gone! Tom's heart stood still, and an icy chill crept over him from head to foot. At first he could not stir; then—he never knew how he got there, but he found himself standing beside his little friend. Some men were raising him carefully from the hard walk.

"Is he dead?" almost screamed Tom.

"No," replied one, "we hope not. How did he fall out?"

"He didn't fall out," groaned Tom, who never could be so mean as to tell a falsehood. "I pushed him out."

"You pushed him, you wicked boy!" cried a rough voice. "Do you know you ought to be sent to gaol, and if he dies, maybe you'll be hung?"

Tom grew as white as Dick, whom he had followed into the house, and he heard all that passed as if in a dream.

"Is he badly hurt?" cried some one.

"Only his hands," was the answer. "The rope saved him. He caught hold of the rope, and slipped down; but his hands are dreadfully torn—he has fainted from pain."

Just then Tom's father came in, and soon understood the case. The look he gave his unhappy son, so full of sorrow, not unmingled with pity, was too much for Tom, and he stole out, followed by the faithful Tiger. He wandered to the woods, and threw himself upon the ground. One hour ago he was a happy boy, and now what a terrible change! What had made the difference? Nothing but the indulgence of this wicked violent temper. His mother had often warned him of the fearful consequences. She had told him that little boys who would not learn to govern themselves, grew up to be very wicked men, and often became murderers in some moment of passion. And now Tom shuddered to think he was almost a murderer! Nothing but God's great mercy in putting that rope in Dick's way, had saved him from carrying the load of sorrow and guilt all the rest of his life. But poor Dick, he might die yet—how pale he looked—how strange! Tom fell upon his knees, and prayed God to spare Dick's life, and from that time forth, with God's help, he promised that he would strive to conquer this wicked passion.

Then, as he could no longer bear his terrible suspense, he started for Widow Casey's cottage. As he appeared at the humble door, Mrs. Casey angrily ordered him away, saying—"You have made a poor woman trouble enough for one day."

But Dick's feeble voice entreated—"Oh! mother, let him come in; I was just as bad as he."

Tom gave a cry of joy at hearing these welcome tones, and sprang hastily in. There sat poor Dick, with his hands bound up, looking very pale, but Tom thanked God that he was alive.

"I should like to know how I am to live now," sighed Mrs. Casey. "Who will weed the garden, and carry my vegetables to market? I am afraid we shall suffer for want of bread before the summer is over," and she put her apron on her eyes.

"Mrs. Casey," cried Tom, eagerly, "I will do everything that Dick did. I will carry the potatoes and beans to market, and will even drive Mr. Brown's cows to pasture."

Mrs. Casey shook her head incredulously; but Tom bravely kept his word. For the next few weeks Tom was at his post bright and early, and the garden was never kept in better order. And every morning Tiger and Tom stood faithfully in the market-place with their baskets, and never gave up, no matter how warm the day, till the last vegetable was sold, and the money placed faithfully in Mrs. Casey's hand.

Tom's father often passed through the market, and gave his little son an encouraging smile; but he did not offer to help him out of his difficulty; for he knew if Tom struggled on alone, it would be a lesson he would never forget. Already he was becoming so gentle and patient that every one noticed the change, and his mother rejoiced over the sweet fruits of his repentance and self-sacrifice.

After a few weeks the bandages were removed from Dick's hands, but they had been unskilfully

treated, and were drawn up in very strange shapes. Mrs. Casey could not conceal her grief. "He will never be the help he was before," she said to Tom. "He will never be like other boys; and he wrote such a fine hand; now he can no more make a letter than that little chicken in the garden."

"If he only had had a great city doctor," said a neighbour, "he might have been all right. Even now his fingers might be helped if you took him to London."

"Oh! I am too poor, too poor," said she, and Dick burst into tears.

Tom could not bear it, and again rushed into the woods to think what could be done, for he had already given them all his quarter's allowance. All at once a thought flashed into his head, and he started as if he had been shot. Then he cried in great distress—

"No, no; anything but that—I can't do that!"

Tiger gently licked his hands, and watched him with great concern. Now came a great struggle. Tom rocked backwards and forwards, and although he was a proud boy, he sobbed aloud. Tiger whined, licked his face, rushed off in dark corners, and barked savagely at some imaginary enemy, and then came back, and putting his paws on Tom's knees, wagged his tail in anxious sympathy. At last, Tom took his hands from his pale, tear-stained face, and, looking into the dog's great honest eyes, he cried, with a queer shake in his voice—

"Tiger, old fellow! dear old dog, could you ever forgive me if I sold you?"

Then came another burst of sorrow, and Tom rose hastily, as if afraid to trust himself, and almost ran out of the woods. Over the fields he raced, with Tiger close to his heels, nor rested a moment till he stood at Major White's door, nearly two miles away.

"Do you still want Tiger, sir?"

"Why, yes," said the old man in great surprise: "but do you want to sell him?"

"Yes, please," gasped Tom, not daring to look at his old companion. The exchange was quickly made, and the five guineas in Tom's hand. Tiger was beguiled into a barn, and the door hastily shut, and Tom was hurrying off, when he turned, and cried, in a choking voice—

"You will be kind to him, Major White, won't you? Don't whip him, I never did, and he's the best dog—"

"No, no, child," said Major White, kindly; "I'll treat him like a prince; and if ever you want to buy, him back, you shall have him."

Tom managed to falter, "Thank you," and almost flew out of hearing of Tiger's eager scratching on the barn door.

I am making my story too long, and can only tell you in a few words that Tom's sacrifice was accepted. A friend took little Dick to the city free of expense, and Tom's money paid for the necessary operation. The poor crooked fingers were very much improved, and were soon almost as good as ever. And the whole village loved Tom for his brave, self-sacrificing spirit, and the noble amendment he had made for his moment of passion.

A few days after Dick's return came Tom's birthday, but he did not feel in his usual spirits. In spite of his great delight in Dick's recovery, he had so mourned over the matter, and had taken Tiger's loss so much to heart, that he had grown quite pale

and thin. So, as he was permitted to spend the day as he pleased, he took his book and went to his favourite haunt in the woods.

"How different from my last birthday!" thought Tom. "Then Tiger had just come, and I was so happy, though I didn't like him half as well as I do now."

Tom sighed heavily; then added more cheerfully: "Well, I hope some things are better than they were last year. I hope I have begun to conquer myself, and with God's help I shall never give up trying while I live. Now if I could only earn money enough to buy back dear old Tiger—"

But while Tom was thinking, and gazing up into the blue sky through the delicate green leaves, he heard a hasty, familiar trot—there was a crashing among the bushes, and with a quick bark of joy, Tiger himself, the brave old dog, sprang into Tom's arms.

"Tiger, old fellow!" cried Tom, trying to look fierce, though he could scarcely keep down the tears, "how came you to run away, sir?"

Tiger responded by picking up a letter he had dropped in his first joy, and laying it in Tom's hand.

Tom opened it, and read, in Major White's trembling hand—

MY DEAR CHILD,—Tiger is pining, and I must give him change of air. I wish him to have a good master, and knowing that the best ones are those who have learned to govern themselves, I send him to you. Will you take care of him, and greatly oblige your old friend,
T. C. WHITE!

And then Tom read through a mist of tears—

P.S.—I know the whole story. Dear little friend, "be not weary in well doing."

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Is the Church of Rome the "catholic" Church? and was St. Peter the head of the apostles?

The word "catholic" means "universal;" and when applied to the Church denotes the united body of all particular churches. And since "the whole is greater than its parts," the "Roman Church" is no more than a "particular portion of the catholic," which portion has her chief seat at Rome.

The first church planted by the Apostles was at Jerusalem; that church, therefore, was the "mother of all churches."

The Gospel was probably first introduced into Rome by those "strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes" (Acts ii. 10), who were converted on the day of Pentecost. And it is most reasonable to conclude that St. Paul formed a church of the converts on his arrival at Rome, Acts xxviii.

The first bishops of this church occupied themselves with the conversion of the neighbouring boroughs and towns. A necessity was felt of having recourse to each other's counsel and advice, in cases of difficulty; and therefore the churches of the country were led to live in close union with the church of the metropolis. This natural union degenerated into a state of dependence. The bishops of the city of Rome

regarded as a matter of right the superiority shown to them by the churches of the neighbourhood. And from this beginning of usurpation proceeded the assumption of the arrogant style, "mistress of all churches;" and still, over the gate of the Basilica of S. John Lateran, at Rome, may be read the arrogant inscription, "Mother and Head of all the Churches in this City, and in the World."

The pretensions of the Church of Rome to be regarded as the seat of infallibility rest on no better foundation than the deference which she challenges as the "mother and mistress of all churches."

Infallibility is the consequence of inspiration; and as the Divine influence, in its extraordinary powers, vouchsafed to the apostles for their guidance and conduct, expired and determined with their persons, there can be no such thing as an infallible authority vested in any church, for the purpose of imposing a rule of faith, and then presuming that none can be saved who are not within the pale of her communion.

We never find Peter himself laying any claim to a supremacy. According to the practice of the times, he prefixes his name and distinguishing title to his Second Epistle—"A servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ." And when writing to the presbyters of the Church, he places himself in the same rank with them—"The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder," 1 Peter v. 1. And as Peter never assumed a supremacy, so neither did the other apostles ever confer it, or ever recognise it.

Upon one occasion the apostles "sent" Peter to Samaria (Acts viii. 14); and our Lord says, "He that is sent is not greater than he that sent him," John xiii. 16.

At a meeting of the apostles at Jerusalem, to consider the propriety of continuing the rite of circumcision, James summed up the evidence adduced, and gave the final decretory sentence—a duty which would have belonged to Peter, by right, had he been the acknowledged "chief of the apostles," Acts xv. 13—20.

But above all, so far was Paul from considering Peter as invested with authority to which he should submit, that he "withstood him to the face"—openly reproveth him—"because he was to be blamed," Gal. ii. 11—14.

There was a primacy of order amongst the apostles, as practised among equals, and as an arrangement without which no society of men can be managed or maintained. To this circumstance may be reasonably attributed the forwardness of Peter to speak on most occasions: he was the "mouth of the apostles" (as Chrysostom saith), constituted by them of free will as their "spokesman" in general. When a necessity arose for the expression of individual opinion, the disciples answered for themselves; as when our Lord said unto them, "One of you which eateth with me shall betray me," they replied to him, "one by one, Is it I?"—Mark xiv. 18, 19.

The power and authority conveyed by our Lord to his apostles was equally conferred upon them all.

As we have already said, St. Peter himself never advanced any pretensions to a supremacy; and the other apostles never regarded him in the character of their "chief."

It is in the face of these plain opposing facts that a pre-eminence has been invented and conferred on St. Peter by the Church of Rome.

T. P.—"He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—James v. 20. Will you kindly explain this?

We presume our correspondent's inquiry refers to the last clause of the verse. The "multitude of sins" are those of the converted sinner, which are hidden or blotted out by the blood of the atonement.

A. M. S. wishes to become a missionary, and applies to us for directions how to proceed. Had he given his address, we would have written to him privately; for although we have our misgivings as to his eligibility for the office, judging from his elementary style of composition, we would not discourage any pious and zealous man, but direct him on his way, to the best of our ability. To make an able missionary, there must be gifts as well as graces. It is not enough to know and love the Truth—there must be the ability to impart that knowledge acceptably to others. There must be the power of acquiring a difficult language, the capability of defending the truth against objectors, and a constitution that can endure hardships; to these qualifications also must be added a deadness to the world, a zeal for the glory of God, and love for the souls of men; a humble and prayerful frame of mind, a firm reliance on the promise of Divine support, and an earnest pleading for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that he may be enabled to teach effectually those among whom he is to labour. "A. M. S." must judge how far this portrait of a Christian missionary accords with his own gifts and graces, and with his own desires. If the answer, given as in the sight of God, is favourable, then let him apply by letter to the Secretary of that missionary association with which he desires to labour; for "A. M. S." does not state to what denomination he belongs. We think it would tend to promote his object if, before he applied to any of the London societies, he were to apply to some pastor in his own neighbourhood to assist him in obtaining a moderate amount of English education. If it be the desire of "A. M. S." to join some sphere of usefulness at home, the ability to learn an Oriental language is not needful; and in such work men of very small amount of human learning have sometimes been eminently useful.

R. J.—We think it very probable that you would be accepted by the Committee of the London City Mission. The members of that religious body are rendering a vast service to the cause of piety and of good morals; and that man is honoured who can win his meed of praise in a crusade against ignorance, vice, and ungodliness. Address a letter to the Secretary, and state all the particulars, and your letter will receive due consideration.

J. L.—The duty of a Christian is not only to avoid evil, but also to avoid the appearance of evil; not only to shun that which is evil, but to guard against that which may lead to evil. Persons may be both cheerful and social without resorting to the amusements to which you refer.

F. L.—We think the best mode of producing the effect you desire is by exhibiting to those around you the charms of a life adorned with Christian graces. The well-spent life of a godly person preaches louder than a thousand homilies.

W. O. R.—When Abram was born, his father, Terah, was seventy years of age.

The Student's Column.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—XXIV.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—Isa. i. 10.

HERE is the prophet counselling the tempted people of God, Isa. i. 4.

I. Under what circumstances of spiritual darkness does this counsel apply?

To times of

Spiritual desertion, Ps. lxxvii. 7—9.

Satan's temptations, Ps. cxliii. 3.

Personal affliction, Job xxx. 16—21; Isa. xxxviii. 10.

Zion's troubles, Isa. xlix. 14.

II. What is the counsel given to the believer?

To trust in the name of the Lord, Exod. xxxiv.

5, 6; Ps. ix. 10; Prov. xviii. 10.

To stay upon his God, Isa. xxvi. 3, 4.

Because

In spiritual desertion the Lord will not cast off, Isa. liv. 7, 8.

In Satan's temptations the Lord will conquer, Isa. lix. 19.

In personal affliction the Lord will support, Ps. lxi. 3, 4; 1 Cor. i. 3, 4.

In Zion's troubles the Lord is faithful, Isa. xlix. 15, 16.

In such a season,

Be diligent in searching out the cause, Job xv. 11.

Beware of grieving the Spirit by impatience, Ps. xxxi. 22; Jonah iv. 1.

Beware of injuring the cause of religion by the appearance of gloom or dejection, Ps. lxxix. 6, 7; Matt. vi. 16, 17.

But,

Let your frame be an humble submission under the chastisement of God, Lev. x. 3; xxvi. 41; Job i. 20; ii. 10; Ps. xxxix. 9; Lam. iii. 39.

And a patient expectation of the return of his mercy, Ps. xxvii. 13, 14; xlii. 7, 8; cxxx. 5, 6; Isa. viii. 17; Sam. iii. 26; Jonah ii. 4; 1 Pet. v. 6.

AN ORDER IN GOD'S DISPENSATIONS.

THERE is an order in God's dispensations which is eminently suggestive. First came the grand original revelation, the making known the great central Truth—one God, Eternal, Infinite, the Creator, mysterious, self-existing, unchangeable God, Father of all, King of all! Thus God was chiefly revealed to the patriarchs and under the law. Then, in the fulness of time, came the God-man Christ Jesus, second person in the God-head, the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person, in whom and by whom were unfolded, in all the riches of its grace and the boundlessness of its mercy, the glorious Gospel. In Him, the crucified Redeemer, is manifested the work of redemption. His atoning sacrifice, which reconciles man to God and cancels human guilt, is the grand centre of all human hopes for time and eternity. And then, when

his work on earth was finished, and he ascended on high, to carry on the work of intercession, there was revealed the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Ghost, not to remain for a time and then depart, but to abide with us for ever.

THE DUMB LADY AND HER CHILD.

IN that calm sleep, that sweet repose

An infant only can enjoy,

Who yet nor sin, nor sorrow knows,

Unconscious lay a cradled boy.

On tiptoe near the sleeping child,

His anxious mother softly crept;

First, bending o'er him, fondly smiled,

Then turned away her head and wept.

What deep emotions filled her breast,

'Twere vain,—'twere sacrilege to tell;

She loved the infant there at rest,

A mother only knows how well.

For her the look, the smile, the tear,

Supplied the office of the tongue;

His voice had never charmed her ear,

And she to him had never sung.

For, cast in Nature's finest mould,

And born in wealth's exalted state,

And, better far than rank or gold,

With mind intelligent and great;

From either eye affection beamed,

High intellect sat on her brow,

Yet like a cordless harp she seemed,

A silent lute, or stringless bow.

For He the noble mind who made,

And in that faultless image bound,

Strange mystery! the ear forbade

To vibrate to the touch of sound.

Those lips, on which enthroned sat

The soul of eloquence and song,

Seemed struggling to articulate,

Unaided by a powerless tongue.

She gave embodiment to thought

By nods, by sighs, by glance of eye;

And by some intuition caught,

Ere half enacted, the reply;

And much she read (the dumb to teach

Philanthropy the way had found),

Yet longed, by interchange of speech,

To know the harmony of sound.

No murmur harboured in her breast,

Yet oft she passed a pensive day;

Alternate rocked her boy to rest,

Or watched him at his childish play.

Then o'er her heaven-directed eye

A swelling tide of tears would flow;

And they who saw it asked not why,

Intrusive on her silent woe.

Some anxious thought possessed her soul,

The theme of inward, instant prayer

To Him who holds in kind control

Mankind and every human care.

At length—a day in sadness spent,

Oft had she sighed and much had wept,

As fondly o'er the crib she bent,

Where sound and long her baby slept.

She trembled—rose—a sudden thought!
Swift as the thought herself had flown;
Then, bending 'neath the weight, she brought
A rugged fragment from a stone:—
She rais'd it near the cradle head,
As though her sleeping babe to crush;
And they who saw her, filled with dread,
To seize the seeming maniac rush.

But ere she could arrested be,
She dashed it sharply to the ground,
And watched her boy to mark if he
Should be awakened by the sound.
He woke, with tokens of alarm;
And, starting from his broken rest,
Sought, stretching forth his little arm,
For shelter in his mother's breast.

Oh! at that sight, the tide of joy
Rose high within, for *this* her fear,
Lost, as he grew, her darling boy
Should *deaf and dumb*, like her, appear.
She clasped her hands, upraised her eyes,
Low on the knee devoutly bowed,
With tears of thankfulness and sighs,
The boy He gave, to God she vowed.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY AUSTYN GRAHAM.

CHAPTER XX—(continued).

THE rector found the party all assembled in the paddock at Redstone Farm when he arrived, and some other farmers and gentry of the neighbourhood were there, too—a few to sneer at the “teetotalers;” more to see “how the scheme worked,” and many, we hope, prepared to imitate and approve all they saw. The men and boys were in the full tide of games, hurdle-races, foot-ball, and other popular rustic amusements; the women, headed by stout, active Betsy, only a little greyer for bygone trouble, were carrying tea-kettles, loaves, and huge plates of cake and buns to and from the long tables covered with white cloths. There were none among all that merry party that looked as if they either needed or desired other fare than that they knew was preparing for them. There was abundance of cold meat for the men; indeed, Charles Sandford had been particularly careful to expend in extra quantity and quality of food, that which he might have been accused by mean natures of saving in beer and spirits. It was universally acknowledged that, with that solitary restriction, no farmer in all the neighbourhood prepared so munificent a banquet to crown the harvest labours.

Farmer Greaves was standing talking to Charles Sandford when the rector joined them.

“I’m telling this younger, sir, as he’s taken a sight o’ trouble to make his men sober; and I only hope they’ll pay him wi’ gratitude,” said the farmer, raising his hat, respectfully.

“And I’m telling Mr. Greaves, sir, that it was no trouble at all,” answered Sandford, laughing, “and that we’re all sober by nature until we’re warped in some way. Is it not so, sir?”

“Such is my opinion,” answered Mr. St. Aubyn; “and, after all, don’t you think a little trouble

worth while for so many human souls to obtain such a result as we see around us now?” and he waved his hand towards the healthy, happy countrymen, with their families, that surrounded them.

“Ay, sir, maybe you’re right,” said the farmer, dubiously; “’taint for me to say as you’re not; but you must remember you’re young and I’m old. Now, such things as temperance societies wern’t heard of in my day, and as to gettin’ a man to work without his beer, Lord, love yer! as well expect a ship to swim without water! How you gets over ’em now, I’m blest if I know. I should be at a loss how to begin wi’ mine, that’s certain sure; but I thought I’d just come down and see how it worked.”

“There goes Dan Pearson, sir,” said Charles, to Mr. St. Aubyn. “He’s my best man now, and just see how happy his poor wife looks. He tells me since you persuaded him to take the oath of temperance, he’s never cast so much as a lingering thought after the bottle. It’s as if it was out of his reach, he says, and he doesn’t covet it.”

“He’d a good will, and knew the nature of an oath. I felt he would respect it; what he lacked was moral courage. It was the best step he could take.”

“Now, sir, if you’d be so good as to bless the meal, they’re going to the tables.”

They all stood with heads bowed in reverence, while the rector, with solemnity, uttered a prayer to God to bless the food and those about to partake of it.

The men, with their families, then set to to enjoy the master’s feast with hearty appetites, unimpaired by that insatiable thirst which an unlimited supply of beer may be observed invariably to give. They were a happy, united set, too, all joined in one common cause; there was none of that jarring or bickering which often arises at large gatherings. And there were songs, too, with choruses, not the less hearty that they did not owe their fervour to false excitement.

There was one composed by the poet of that rustic crew for the special occasion, who, if not a Milton, was, at any rate, determined to be neither mute nor inglorious, to judge by his ambitious versification, the ardour with which he sang the stanzas of his own making, and the applause of his comrades that followed. It was evident, with all its faults, the rude laureate of Redstone had the cause at heart, for the chorus ran as follows:—

“Here’s to our maister good,
Whatever folk may think;
He knows as men can relish food,
Without strong ale to drink!”

The rector surveyed the scene with a kindly smile. It was a happy day to him; he loved his parishioners, especially the poorer portion; and the advancement of their moral and temporal condition, with his own domestic blessings, filled him with a religious joy and thankfulness. The shadows of evening began to fall, and the meal drew to a close. There was no late revelry now at Redstone Farm as in former time, and Mr. St. Aubyn contrasted it with the spectacle he had once witnessed there of a similar kind. He drew near to Charles, and said as much.

“Yes, sir, that is horrible to look back upon; and, please God, it shall never be again as long as

"I'm master here. Not that I'm casting blame on my father; he belonged to a past generation, and the right wasn't given to them as it is to us. And, after all, sir, if it hadn't been for your teaching, I might have e'en gone on in the same track."

"No, you would not, Sandford. The workman must have material to work on; but now I hope Redstone Farm will descend from father to son, each bearing the same end in view, the sobriety and welfare of their dependants."

Charles started.

"I shall never marry, sir. I told you——" he stopped.

"You once hinted at some such unnecessary penance for the sins of others; but I hoped you had seen the folly of it."

"Don't call it 'folly,' sir," said Charles, distressed. "I tell you drunkenness has been a confirmed vice in our family, intemperance even to the point of insanity; and if I had not bound myself to resist it, I should have fallen into the same hereditary sin. I know and feel it. My great-grandfather drank himself to death; my grandfather died in a mad-house, owing to a similar excess; my father esaped; he was a free liver, but not a drunkard. A vice often sleeps through one generation to break out with increased virulence in the next. Look at my brothers, sir; don't call it 'folly.' Would you have me entail so fearful a curse upon my children? I shall not marry."

"Bring them up as I mean to do mine: never let aught stronger than water pass their lips, on principle."

He shook his head.

"It's very well for you, sir; you have no hereditary taste to conquer; mine would find it out, and break their parents' hearts. I've taken a vow never to marry, and you know I can keep a vow, sir."

"If you have taken a vow, I should be the last to urge you to break it, Charles," answered the rector, solemnly; "but I am sorry."

Then he thought of his own dear wife at home, listening, waiting, watching for him.

"Mrs. St. Aubyn told me to be sure and say you must come and see your little god-daughter as soon as you can."

"Ay, that I will. Ah, sir, if you've a son, and have a mind to make him a farmer, I'd rather this old place and its belongings went to one o' your stock than any other; and so it shall, please God!" said Sandford, fervently.

The rector pressed his hand warmly as he left him.

On his homeward way Farmer Greaves trotted past on his dapple grey. "Eh, sir, but it 'ud be well for us all to take a leaf out o' your book, I'm thinkin'. It do work uncommon well that temperance movement, to be sure!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"EXCELSIOR."

WHERE the sign of the rampant "Red Lion" had hung, was now suspended a plain painted deal board with the insignia of the Redstone Temperance Society, two hands clasped, and their motto, "*Gradatim vincimus*" (we conquer by degrees). In the very room where the drunken brawl had taken place between Miles O'Connor and Daniel Pear-

son on the eventful night of Roger Sandford's murder, stood some of the principal townsmen of Redstone. There was Mr. Robinson, the draper, and Mr. Brown, the grocer, churchwardens, and men of influence; Mr. Jones, bookseller and postmaster; Mr. Smith, retired tailor; Mr. Curtis, the young lawyer; and our old friend, Mr. Bennett, the doctor; and all these had come to support the rector in the great work of whose efficacy he had convinced them one by one.

In the large room above, where, in the days of the old "Red Lion," the farmers had been wont to hold their rent-day dinner, were assembled a vast number of men, women, and young people from the working classes, all looking very bright and happy, as they sat on long wooden benches, beneath the cheerful gas lamps, chatting to one another, until, from the platform at the further end of the room, they should be addressed by one who had brought them out of darkness into light—the true light of unclouded reason. There, among them, sat Daniel Pearson, with his wife and eldest child—no more thriving family among the whole assemblage; and if he sometimes cast a thought back to the old days, and the brother now far away, it was with a thankfulness that they had each put out of their reach the deadly poison which had come, in subtle guise, to tempt them to their destruction.

On his way to the Lecture-hall, the rector overtook Charles Sandford, and the friends together entered the room in which the group of townfolk were assembled. After a few minutes' chat, as the hands of the timepiece on the mantel-shelf pointed to the hour of eight, they moved off to the larger apartment.

There was another quite unexpected addition to the rector's audience that night, one whose coming created much nodding and whispering among those assembled. It was no other than Farmer Greaves, whose own love of the bottle, and indifference as to whether his men were drunk or sober so long as he got plenty of work out of them, were pretty well known. He came in towards the close of the lecture, and flushed rather consciously, as his fellow-townsmen motioned him eagerly to move from the doorway, where he had stationed himself, to a place among them. There he sat and listened, with downcast eyes, thinking "How well the scheme worked after all," to the words, with which the lecturer concluded—

"I ask you each, individually, to examine into the true benefit of that society which we have here established; not merely to become members through a blind reliance on mine or any man's judgment. Continue to mark your own progress or decline since you vowed yourselves to the cause of temperance. If any one among you has found himself the poorer, less healthy, less active, less intelligent, less prosperous, either mentally or physically, since he substituted that natural God-given element of water for the former artificial stimulants of ale or spirits, I shall be surprised. Nor do I fear that any whom I see before me now, joined with me in the extension and promotion of the temperance movement throughout our town, will fail me or fall back that step already gained in their upward course. Yes, my dear parishioners and followers, it is but 'a step,' though I regard it as a very important one. We must go on—higher—higher—

even unto the highest! If we fall, we often receive injury, and rise with difficulty; and the greater the height, the greater the peril—we may not have strength to re-mount.

"Sobriety is the first step in the Christian's ladder. Sobriety of taste and habit necessitates sobriety of life; and sobriety of life comprises a far larger catalogue of virtues than the mere word seems to imply. It consists of those qualities which make a man a good and faithful husband; a kind and judicious father; an honest servant. The Prophet Isaiah has pronounced, through the inspiration of God, the doom of the drunkard to be inevitable. 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! . . . They regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. . . . Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink. . . . As the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust.' These are terrible judgments to slight, and I cannot think that any of us, whose eyes have been once opened, will close them again or cast back longings after the 'flesh-pots of Egypt.'

"If any need further strengthening in the hour of temptation, let him carry, engraven on his heart, this text: 'No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.'

"Our motto is '*Gradatim vincimus*,' we conquer by degrees. Let us not then be discouraged if our way be toilsome, our path thorny. The heaven that lies beyond will richly reward our self-denial, our hard striving here. Let us still go ever onward and upward—*Ecclesiast*! Unto the highest. Our work is but begun. 'Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

The rector's voice ceased. His audience dispersed to their respective homes to ponder over his words.

Shall you and I do the same, reader?

THE END.

The Progress of Truth.

THERE is such a thing as undue solitariness in religious matters. Much of English reserve and exclusiveness clings to English Christians. We are content, too often, to pursue our pilgrimage without human companionship, and, provided we ourselves appear to be making progress, we feel little concern as to the condition of others. As members of religious bodies, we are, no doubt, united together by certain formal bonds, and we enjoy some degree of fellowship in the ordinances of God's house; but as regards our every-day spiritual life—our thoughts and aims, our difficulties and sorrows, our various work for God—we are frequently strangers to each other. We forget to "consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works," and, consequently,

love becomes inactive and good works are few in number. If this be true of individual Christians, it applies with greater force to the case of members of different churches, who, though acknowledging "one Lord, one faith," do not always recognise the intimate relationship disclosed in the declaration, "All ye are brethren." There are, no doubt, associations, of which the Evangelical Alliance* is a prominent example, including persons of various denominations; but these societies, useful as they undoubtedly are, do not compensate for the lack of more ordinary every-day intercommunication. Within the last few years efforts have been made, unobtrusively, in some few localities to bring Christians together for mutual edification; and very pleasant and, it is hoped, profitable social gatherings have been the result. One of these meetings took place at the end of last month, at East Barnet, Middlesex, under the presidency of the Rev. C. Skrine, incumbent of Trent Church. The place of assembly was the village schoolroom, which was opened morning and evening during the three days of the conference, and proved too small to accommodate all the visitors. Some Christian residents kept "open house" on the occasion, and under their roofs other small meetings were held, for conversation, reading, and prayer. A considerable number of ministers of religion, and of other persons engaged in the work of the Gospel, were present. The leading subject for consideration was the second coming of the Lord, and the addresses were of a very practical character.

Efforts continue to be made by a few earnest men to meet the spiritual wants of the lowest classes in London. We hear of theatre services, of midnight meetings, of tea-parties, at which the guests are thieves or vagrants. Various means are employed, with varying success; but it is a fact of no small importance, that, in one way or another, the poorest of the poor and the vilest of the vile are being brought within the sound of the Gospel. The field of labour is a vast one, and honourable in proportion to its difficulties, but the labourers are few. We propose on another occasion to give some account of what they are doing, and our readers will then perceive how much remains to be done.

In the year 1837 two young men, natives of Abyssinia, named Gabru and Maricha Warke, were brought to Bombay by their father, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Wolff, and were placed in the family of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, to receive a Christian education. Their progress was in every respect of the most gratifying kind. They visited their native country in 1843, and returned to India in 1845. Again, in 1849, they left Bombay for Abyssinia, having resolved to devote themselves to the dissemination of Christian truth among their fellow-countrymen, and carrying with them a supply of the Scriptures in several languages. They were well received. The Scriptures were circulated, a school was founded for religious instruction, and the missionaries were able to make known the truths of the Gospel by personal conversation with many of their countrymen. In 1855 Mr. Gabru Warke again visited Bombay, and, while there, delivered a public address, giving an encouraging account of his work. It was hoped that other native evangelists would be raised up, and that Ethiopia would soon stretch out her hands unto God. Since the return of Mr. Gabru Warke to Abyssinia, Dr. Wilson has had little or no communication with the brothers. At first the disturbed state of the country seemed to account for this; but it now excites surprise that they never write. Their names have occasionally been mentioned in books of travel, and always with approval. The latest news of

* The annual conference of the Evangelical Alliance took place recently in Dublin. The proceedings were of an interesting character, but the particulars reached us too late for notice in these columns.

them is contained in a communication from Miss Gobat, the daughter of the Bishop of Jerusalem, who writes that the missionaries in Abyssinia have spoken of them as lights in a dark place, but that they do not now act as missionaries, and have no longer any school. These statements are somewhat difficult to reconcile, and we must wait for further information. The position of the young men is one which claims for them the prayers of Christians, and we hope that some means may be found of opening a direct communication with them.

GOOD news reaches us from Italy. In the midst of the thick darkness there are signs that the dawn is breaking. Throughout the Italian kingdom the Gospel may now be openly preached, and the Scriptures freely sold. Some of the evangelists preach in the open air, without difficulty or hindrance. A spirit of inquiry exhibits itself in many instances, together with an absence of prejudice which, having regard to the kind of influences hitherto brought to bear upon the people, is remarkable. Opposition there is, but it proceeds only from the Romish priests and their agents. A letter from the neighbourhood of Alessandria, published in the last circular of the Continental Society (Ireland), illustrates the character of the work:—

Some time ago, I was asked to go and preach at M—; we assembled first in one room, then to another, but never had space enough for all who came to hear the reading and exposition of the Word of God. The priest did not like my visits, and each time that they were renewed, I found that he had succeeded in creating annoyance in the families that had given us accommodation, and thus obliged us every time to change our place of meeting. At length he made it known to me, that, cost what it might, I should not return to M—. Finding it impossible after that to obtain the use of a room, I determined to preach in the open air; and having got permission from the proprietor of a wood, half-way between P— and M—, I gave notice that I should be there on the following Sunday at three o'clock. At the appointed time I arrived, accompanied by about thirty of my friends from P—, and at least fifty more were already assembled on the spot. I spoke to them for some time of our hope in Christ Jesus. Not the slightest unpleasantness occurred; and before we separated, I named the same hour for another meeting the following Sunday. On that day, the number of my hearers was more than trebled, and I had a delightful time with these dear people, discoursing on the glad tidings of salvation. The Sunday after, more than three hundred persons were present, for whom I read the last chapter of St. Mark, and spoke of the resurrection, and of our Lord's command to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. Whilst I dwelt upon the latter subject, a voice was heard in the crowd requesting leave to speak. Permission having been granted, a gentleman, whom I afterwards learned to have been a lawyer from Turin, sent by the priests to refute the Protestants, came forward, and taking for his text, Matt. xvi. 18, "Thou art Peter," &c., made a speech about holy Mother Church, the religion of our ancestors, Luther and Calvin, &c., his object being evidently to turn the people against me. I began my reply by saying that my opponent had put forward many erroneous opinions, of which I should soon be able to convince, if not him, at least my other hearers; but as I had not the honour of this gentleman's acquaintance, I should like to know upon what ground I was to argue with him, and therefore I requested him to tell me whether he were a Christian or not. He made no answer for some time; but on being pressed, he at length said he was a Roman Catholic. "Ah," said I, "you belong to that church which in former times, by means of the Inquisition, put men, women, and children to death, with cruel torments, by way of bringing glory to Him who said, 'Whosoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' You belong to that church which collects money in the name of St. Peter, for the purpose of paying brigands who kill our countrymen. Ah, sir, we do not want to have anything to do with brigands or with those who support them." The people, who had already more than once given signs of approbation, now began to clap their hands, and the lawyer coming up, apologised for having interrupted me, and took his departure along with

some other gentlemen. We then concluded our meeting with thanksgiving to God for his mercy towards us.

Shortly after these events, a pastor was sent by the Evangelisation Commission of the Vaudois Church to visit this district. The following is an extract from his report:—

"Having been requested to inspect the station at P—, I went thither on the 14th of this month. At ten o'clock, I held a service in the town, which was attended by about eighty persons, almost all men, who were crowded into a small room. They listened with the most profound attention, whilst I preached to them. Another meeting was to be held in the afternoon, near M—, on the banks of the Tanaro. When I left the inn to go thither, I found many people in the street, ready to accompany me; and as we went along, our number was rapidly increased by groups of persons, who were seated under the trees by the roadside, waiting to join us. Several were already assembled at the place of meeting—the number in all amounted to more than three hundred. After a prayer, I read the eighth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and spoke for about an hour on some of the verses. I was really surprised at the attention with which I was listened to; and when I asked them to join me in prayer for God's blessing on what they had heard, all rose up, and seemed to follow what I said with a seriousness that would have done credit to a congregation long under the teaching of the Gospel. In the evening, I had another meeting of one hundred and fifty persons at P—; not only the room, but also the passages leading to it, being quite filled. With that service ended one of the most delightful Sundays that I have ever passed since I began my ministerial career."

THE progress of religious liberty on the Continent affords opportunities for the spread of the Gospel, of which we are as yet slow to take advantage. The various societies at work in this field find their operations much restricted by lack of funds; and in one instance a useful society has been obliged, for some years past, to become absolutely penurious, in order to pay its way.

MATAMOROS and his companions have taken up their abode in France. A proposal had been mooted that they should go together to Algeria, there to found a Protestant colony; but the exiles themselves were not favourable to the project, and they accepted the invitation of some friends at Bordeaux, who offered to procure them a subsistence in that town. Leaving Gibraltar with little or no resources, receiving help from Christians on their way, these pensioners of Providence arrived at Bordeaux at the end of August, and soon afterwards all who were able to work obtained employment. Matamoros himself is now living at Bayonne with Pastor Nogaret. He still suffers severely from the effects of his recent imprisonment. The exiles hold weekly prayer-meetings at Bordeaux; and on one occasion Matamoros delivered an address, in which he told his story of persecution and suffering. But he spoke more of his joys than of his sorrows. It was, he said, the happiest, the most precious moment of his life, that in which he was permitted to confess the Lord before a public tribunal of his countrymen. After three years in prison, he was condemned with his companions to nine years at the galleys, and at this moment the offer was made to them of pardon, and immediate restoration to their families, provided they would recant. "With joy unspeakable" they accepted the galleys, rather than become apostates. But at this juncture the hand of God interposed. The European deputation arrived at Madrid, and the sentence was commuted to banishment. Matamoros regarded the fact that the Spanish Government proved unable to resist the moral pressure put upon it, as a sign of better times approaching. He expressed himself full of hope for his country, and entreated the prayers of Christians on her behalf. The tone of the address throughout was calm, simple, earnest, vigorous in its unswerving faith, warm with the love of an unworried and devoted heart. It was a remarkable testimony.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

COATS, COAT-ARMOUR, AND LIVERIES.

THERE is no need to accompany the friends on their shopping excursion. Of their transactions with tradesmen of Regent Street and Bond Street there is no occasion to say more than that their result was satisfactory alike to teacher and pupil. As Edward was wearing black in memory of his father, questions of colour and pattern did not trouble them. Ready though Rupert was to protract the pastime of "rigging his dear boy out," he could not expend very many minutes on the tailor, who was enjoined to send the plain suit home by Wednesday night; nor on the hatter, who replaced the discarded cap with one of the latest fashion, nor the shoemaker, who engaged to deliver at Furnival's Inn, within four-and-twenty hours, a pair of boots which Count d'Orsay had returned the day before, as they were just half a size too small for him about the heels. One thing alone was noticeable about the way in which the young men got through their business. When Rupert had made selections and given orders (of course Edward modestly assented to all arrangements), his friend was particular in requesting of each tradesman that a bill might be sent with the goods, which account the young artist promised to pay without delay.

Which anxiety to cancel pecuniary obligations seemed to surprise rather than please the dealers, whose opinion of their new customer certainly was not heightened by his intention to take less credit than they were willing to give. Mr. Graves, the tailor, ventured to hint that immediate payment was an unusual course in the west end of the town, and that (for the sake of his, Mr. Graves's, convenience and professional standing) it would be better to let the account stand for a few months—or years. Whereupon Rupert, with easy familiarity (like Count d'Orsay, Rupert was very affable and condescending to his tailors), observed, "For my sake, my dear Mr. Graves, put aside your delicate considerations, and notwithstanding your natural repugnance to cash transactions, take my friend's money when he offers it. He belongs to a peculiarly rigid school of political economists, and objects to the credit system on purely philosophic grounds. So, humour him, my dear sir." To this statement the tailor responded with a profusion of bows and smiles. Mr. Graves and Rupert knew each other well. Mr. Graves was well aware that the young barrister had no philosophic objections to the credit system; and Rupert had a pleasant consciousness that, if he was deep in the tradesman's books, and had no intention of getting out of them, he had, in the course of years, brought the obliging man many valuable customers.

Business done, Rupert and Ned went off to the park and Kensington Gardens, on their way attracting not a little attention from the well-dressed loiterers of Piccadilly and the fashionable idlers who, by turns, sauntered leisurely under the trees, which skirt the well-known

riding-ground for London equestrians, and, leaning against the rails, languidly criticised the dandies and belles of "the Row." Some of the decorous and sweet-scented throng, taking note of Rupert and his companion, wondered how such a stylish and faultlessly "got-up" man had courage to "show in public" with a young fellow whose rough black clothes and boy's cap were conclusive evidence that he wasn't a gentleman. And Rupert was neither insensible to the supercilious glances of these critics, nor slow to see the meaning of their smiles; but he was amused rather than hurt by their manifest surprise, for, as these pages have before observed, the young man was not a "mere coxcomb." He had enough moral courage to hold the opinion of the slaves to fashion at cheap rate, and enough self-confidence to follow his own humour in all things, undisturbed by that fear of ridicule which gave the law to more diffident natures. He was a dandy amongst the dandies, an exquisite, a splendid young buck; but he cherished a lively contempt for those whom he resembled and imitated.

In Kensington Gardens the friends took possession of an unoccupied bench in a retired nook, and when they were seated, it pleased Rupert to revert to the Muswell Hill invitation, and with much droll banter rally his friend on the subject of the forthcoming entertainment.

"How do you think you'll get on with the ladies, Ned? Unless I am mistaken, to amuse women with small talk isn't exactly in your line."

"So much out of my line, that I shan't try to amuse them."

"Quite right, Ned; stick to that. Don't try to amuse them; and you'll achieve to perfection what you have no wish to accomplish. The novelty of dining with a young man who doesn't try to be amusing will be the best amusement they have had for many a day. Still, you must make up your mind to feeling rather awkward at first."

"I know I shall be awkward," answered Edward, colouring; "for you see I have had no experience of ladies' society."

"No experience? Not quite so bad as that?"

Ned's simple answer was, "Honestly, I have never in all my life been introduced to a woman who could be called a lady—in the artificial, conventional sense of the word."

"How strange!"

"Why strange? In the island I never spoke to a lady; at school I never came in contact with a lady, for Mrs. Lemaitre (though she used to invite some of the boys to her parties) never deigned to pay me any attention; and you know as well as I do, a London art student, without family connections or special private introductions, has no means of making acquaintance with refined gentlewomen."

"Mrs. Lemaitre's invitations were confined to boys of good quality, eh? the sons of the island squires, and of ladies whom she wished to stand well with?"

"I suppose so. And No. 856 was not the son of a squire; he was only the son of an impoverished, unimproved occupant of a little cottage, about whom just nothing was known to the aboriginal islanders, except that he paid his debts, smoked his pipe, lived alone, kept

himself to himself, and bore the title of captain, given him by the boatmen of the bay in return for his presents of tobacco and spirits. Of course, No. 856 was nothing to Mrs. Lemaitre."

"What do you mean by No. 856?"

"That was my number at Elizabeth's College. Every boy had a number assigned him in the college books; and he was known by it."

"Ah! they numbered you like convicts on the hulks. But did the boys call each other by their numbers?"

"Quite as often as by their names. It was a matter of pride with every boy to know every other boy's number as well as his own. In the playground, the fellows used to call each other by their numbers. What a jangle of numbers there was at times!"

"My faith! there must have been. But you don't mean to say there were so many as 856 boys in the college at the same time."

"Dear me, no; not more than an eighth of that number. They either started or re-commenced the numbering when the new college was opened, and the old building of Queen Elizabeth's date was given up as a residence to the second master. I was 856th boy to be entered on the books of the new college. You understand?"

"Quite. Had you close friends in your schoolmates, Ned?"

"No. You see the prejudice against settlers on the islands was strong with the sons of the old long-fixed families, almost as strong amongst the boys as amongst their parents. So the fellows had a sort of contempt for No. 856 as an interloper. They did not like me; perhaps I didn't take the best means to make them like me, for I was a sulky, froward young cub. But there was one chap I was very fond of, and he had a sort of sneaking fondness for me, although I was an interloper and a settler. Jemmy Brehaut went to India on leaving Elizabeth's. I wonder how he is getting on. I'll bet he's a good soldier."

"Brehaut! what queer names those islanders have? How do you spell it?"

"B-r-e-h-a-u-t. Jemmy was a stunning little fellow. Jacques le Cocq, who was a prodigious bully, once thrashed him with a riding-whip for saying I was as much a gentleman as any boy in the college; and Jemmy never told me about the row. I only found it out afterwards."

"Then school-days were not your happiest days?"

"Indeed they weren't," sighed Edward, speaking slowly after the sigh. "The master didn't like me, and with better reason than the boys. Besides being an interloper, I was dull at my books; I used to work hard enough, but I was always in grief, and at the bottom of my class. There's no gainsaying that I'm not clever—I wish I was—like you, Rupert. But I can't get hold of books; except novels and some poetry, and a few odds and ends of modern history. I never cared much for reading anything but the Bible. Oh, the hours upon hours that I have spent in the lock-up at the top of the tower! I do honestly think that an entire year of my existence has been passed in solitary confinement; by short doses. Once on a time having nothing better to do, I cut my name in great, big letters on the door of

the right hand lock-up, thus:—'Edward Smith, a hater of tyranny!' Jemmy Brehaut was shut up in the same crib on the following day, and seeing my handy-work, he carved immediately beneath it, 'James Brehaut, who abominates despotism!' Poor, dear Jemmy, he put two m's in his 'abominates.' If ever we go to St. Peter Port together again, I'll take you up the old tower, and show you the two bold legends."

"Poor Ned!" broke in Rupert, with a mockery of pity. "Poor Ned, gazing through the bars of his dungeon-window. It's a subject for a poem."

"The windows weren't barred," replied Edward, in his matter-of-fact style. "The windows of the lock-up weren't barred. Each den had a narrow slip of a window, too narrow to need bars; moreover, if a boy could have squeezed himself through the window, he could only have escaped by flinging himself slap down from the top of the tower into the play-ground, and breaking every bone of his body; and however angry a locked-up school-boy may be, he doesn't apply himself to the work of self-murder."

"Ah! Ned; school-days are very often far from happy days."

"But you know," explained Edward, continuing his reminiscences, "I never let dear father suspect how unhappy I was. If I had told him how badly I got on at school, I shouldn't have had a single angry word from him. But I never told him how often I used to gaze through the lock-up windows, over the roofs of St. Peter Port, tumbled together on the hill-side, and over the sea, to where I could see the cliffs of Jersey in the distance; and how often I used to wish myself back at St. Brelade's Bay."

"Well," observed Rupert, recalling his friend to the topic from which they had wandered, "certainly your bringing up accounts for your ignorance of women."

"I don't think I am ignorant of them," returned Edward, with a quiet look of unaffected surprise. "All I plead guilty to is inexperience in the ways of pleasing them; or of ignorance how to do it, but only of want of practice."

"You're a confident fellow, upon my word. You understand women without having studied them; you know how to treat them, though you have never spoken to a lady in all your days: your theory is perfect, and all you want is a little practice to turn your faultless science into faultless art. Bravo, my chrysalis lady-killer!"

"I didn't say all that. What I mean is, though I feel that for a time I shall seem strange and clumsy to women, they don't seem strange or unknown to me. But I can't make you exactly understand what I feel."

"Indeed, you can."

"Although I have never yet spoken to a lady, I've read of ladies, and thought about them. An artist is a bit of a poet, though he mayn't be able to put his poetry in verse. Shakespeare and Walter Scott have taught me what the minds and natures of gentlewomen are; and pictures have given me insights into them. I like to glance at ladies as they drive past me in the streets, and then when the rumble of their carriages has died out, to go away, thinking about their gentleness, and

beauty, and goodness. Do you laugh, and think it impossible to learn anything of women that way?"

"I don't laugh, Ned," said Rupert, gravely and earnestly, "indeed I don't. I shouldn't be surprised at discovering that you know more about real gentlewomen—true, indubitable ladies—than I can teach you; although I dance with them at balls, and have stayed with them in country houses." And then, quickly assuming his most mirthful manner, he cried, "Ah, I see there's no reason to fear you won't make your way with the women; whether you will have equal success with the flunkies is another question. Don't you tremble at the thought of having to encounter the stern scrutiny of Mr. Newbolt's butler, the supercilious condescension of his footmen?"

"They won't trouble me," answered Edward, with corresponding merriment. "I have never, save on one occasion, exchanged words with a rich man's servants, and that one occasion inclines me to think they are not such terrible fellows to deal with. I dare say gorgeous lacqueys are not nearly so absurd and offensive as they are represented in *Punch*."

"Some are not—some are," rejoined Rupert, sententiously; and then he proceeded to pour upon his young friend, whose mind he was benevolently instructing in the ways of polite life, a flood of information and anecdote, which showed how attentively he had studied the British footman. "Those who are just what satirists describe them may be divided into two classes: Class 1. Tinselled menials, who can be conciliated with half-crowns, or other coins varying in value from half-a-crown to a sovereign inclusive. Class 2. Tinselled menials, who cannot be so conciliated. [Of butlers in plain clothes, forming a distinct species of the human race, we will say nothing at present, but glance at them towards the conclusion of our address, or on some future day.] The utterly indomitable beings of Class 2 are terrible creatures; beware of them; any attempts to impose on them by blandishments, or modify them by liberality, will be in vain; at a glance they know all about you—what company you keep; what your property and expectations are, how much you have lying at your bankers, whether you are likely to get on in the world, and they treat you accordingly; if you belong to a good set, they content themselves by chilling you by an assumption of frigid dignity; if your property and expectations are satisfactory, they regard you with apparent toleration, but deep-rooted and undying animosity; if your account at your bankers is shadowy, they seize the first opportunity to pour gravy over your best coat; should your prospects of social distinction be small, they never fail to let you know it. Avoid Class 2; never give them anything, and as far as possible persuade yourself and them that you are not cognisant of their existence. Lengthened experience will enable you to detect them by certain outward signs. They usually wear an excess of powder; and not unfrequently are notable for the freshness of their canary-coloured shorts. As a general rule you may look out for mischief, whenever you see a decidedly and obtrusively yellow livery. Gambooge adornments aggravate and bring into full action the British footman's most dangerous qualities; whereas sober-tinted liveries are found to mitigate his

original ferocity. Drab footmen will never give you much trouble; lacqueys in claret swallow-tails and dusky continuations may usually be approached without fear in cheerful weather; blue is an uncertain colour; dark blue is usually indicative of respectability, but sky-blue is a just ground for suspicion, and all medium tints must be watched with nervous apprehension. Violet fosters disdainful hostility to masters, as a body; whereas green is the parent of universal misanthropy. You should never enter a house where the men-servants are splendid with scarlet cloth, unless you have a brace of pistols in your breast-pocket."

"Do stop this rubbish!" exclaimed Edward. But the mirth of his eyes showed that he wished the rubbish to be continued.

"Of Class 1," continued Rupert, "I could give you many delightful anecdotes. They are invariably acquisitive, frequently inquisitive, and, under judicious treatment, will be loquacious about the foibles of their employers. Small coins, steadily administered, will rouse in them sentiments of transient interest; five-shilling pieces elevate them to sensations of gratitude; for half-a-guinea the most flocke of them will be devoted to your interests for at least forty-eight hours. To strangers, who are above them in social condition, they manifest reserve and hauteur, until pecuniary arrangements have quickened their better qualities; but to new acquaintances, of their own rank, they are invariably urbane, and not seldom animated with generous sympathies. One of these absurd but comparatively harmless creatures once upon a time rather put his foot in it with a friend of mine. My friend (a great artist) was bidden to the country residence of the Queen, in order that a certain eminent personage near her gracious Majesty's person might give him directions about a commission. Modest and unassuming, as our intellectual chieftains ever are, my friend made the transit from the railway station to the royal palace in a hired fly; and, though he had been invited to tarry in the august abode for three days and three nights, he was not attended by a body-servant. On alighting, he was shown to his appointed rooms; and as soon as he found himself alone in a pleasant sitting-room, he proceeded, without delay, to unpack a portmanteau, in which he had some choice works of art, ready for inspection by distinguished eyes. Thus was my friend busying himself when, through a door which he had not taken the precaution to close, there came into the room from an adjacent gallery no less important a person than the Prime Minister's stateliest menial. 'I say,' inquired this high official, addressing my friend as though my friend were my friend's servant (which, by the way, he was), and, with overflowing confidence in his fellow-man, commencing intercourse with a most delicate question, 'what sort of gov'n'r is yours?' 'A prime 'un,' answered my friend, deeming it best to give himself a good character. 'He is, is he?' urged the inquirer. 'No doubt about it,' responded my friend, who has a fine sense of the humorous; 'his pay is good, and his manners are better; he always lets me manage his accounts, and, for the most part, whatever he wants done he does himself.' 'That's a good sort; and he's strange to this place, isn't he?' was the next question. Responded my friend,

'He has never been here before.' 'Then hang me,' exclaimed the stately servitor, 'since he is such a good 'un, if I don't put you up to the ways of this house, and then you can give him the wink, and so both you and he will know how to make yourselves comfortable. I'm quite at home here.' It is needless to say my friend accepted the offer; but before his new acquaintance could make the promised revelations, and put him up to the ways of the house, Lady Tenterhook (the Mistress of the Robes) came along the gallery, and catching sight of my friend (who had often been her guest at Grumly Castle), exclaimed, with her usual cordiality, 'Ah! my dear Mr. —, how glad I am to see you here.' When the wretched servant saw his new acquaintance shaking hands with one of the loveliest and noblest ladies of the Court, he no longer seemed quite at home; and when the fair countess had sailed away down the gallery, after greeting her artist friend, the poor fellow had lost presence, nerve, and dignity. 'I hope, sir,' he said to my friend, in a very altered tone, 'you'll pardon my mistake, and not say anything about it. I meant no disrespect to anybody.' 'I'll keep your counsel on one condition,' responded my friend, with a smile. 'Name it, sir,' besought the man. 'I'll keep your counsel,' said my friend, 'if you continue to regard me as my own servant (which indeed I am), and put me up to the ways of the house.' But the superb gentleman's gentleman couldn't accept the terms; it would, he maintained, be impossible for him (under the changed aspect of affairs) to fulfil his part of the compact. Their mutual confidence was at an end—that confidence which in two short minutes had sprung into existence, reached maturity, and perished for ever. So effectually do class distinctions wall off man from his brother man."

"And your friend," said Edward, "had to find out the 'ways of the house' for himself."

"Just so; and upon the whole he found them pleasant ways—rather formal, but very kindly."

"And how about the inoffensive footmen, whose existence you admit?" suggested Edward, desirous to have a little more of Rupert's absurd rattle.

"It is getting late, Ned," was the answer; "so late, that it would be impossible for me to enumerate their merits on the present occasion. Some of them are men of high intellectual attainments, and good extraction. In Park Lane I could show you a sober and severe footman who graduated at Oxford with the honours of a first class, and still holds an All Souls' fellowship; bent on achieving perfection in the line of Christian humility, he has embraced his lowly position for the sake of mortifying and subduing earthly pride. Another, whom I could point out in Belgrave Square, is in reality a peer of the realm, with vast possessions; but he perseveres in holding his present inglorious position because he is of an indolent disposition, and prefers a condition of life which imposes upon him the smallest possible amount of hard work. A third, of a humbler degree, in Eaton Square, is a steady and discerning reader of all our best ephemeral literature; he told me lately that 'Dickens's works were amusing, but not true to life,' and he holds that *Punch's* inimitable portrait of 'Jeames' is not intended to ridicule the livery-wear-

ing tribe, but is in fact nothing but a pungent satire on their employers. But let us draw these remarks to a conclusion. On butlers and black-coated servitors I will discourse hereafter. For the present I end, sincerely hoping that Mr. Newbolt's retainers won't be hard upon you. What does your watch say about the time?"

"Past five o'clock—nearer six," replied Edward, looking at his watch.

"Bless me, what a fine old watch!" exclaimed Rupert, taking in hand Edward's gold hunting watch.

"It was my father's," observed Edward, nervously. "I had it cleaned last week, and mean to wear it. I dare say you never saw it before."

"Yes, I have. I remember seeing it before."

"Worn by my father?"

"No."

"By whom, then?—when?"

"I saw it in your hand the first evening we ever exchanged words—ever looked on each other."

"What, on that evening at Mr. Buckmaster's—more than three years since?"

"Exactly. You had it then; don't you remember?"

"To be sure, I do. My father had entrusted it to me, to get it repaired in London. What a strange memory you have for little things!"

"I have a strange memory for little things," assented Rupert, still examining the exterior of the watch.

"A good shield that," he continued, looking at a coat of arms engraved on the back. "The starlings on a field argent. Crest—a starling."

"Yes, I think of having them erased," replied Edward, colouring.

"What, aren't they your arms?"

"Pooh! Smiths have no arms," the young artist said quickly, blushing yet deeper.

"Don't tell the Smiths so," observed Rupert, carelessly, returning the watch, and not seeming to notice his friend's confusion. "But whether they are your arms or not, you ought to pay tax for them."

"Ought I? I don't bear them."

"Pardon me: in the eye of the law you do (I assume that the eye of the law catches sight of your watch), inasmuch as they decorate one of your chattels. If you buy an old chair in Wardour Street, adorned with arms to which you neither have right nor make claim, and put it in your chambers so that the tax-gatherer sees it, he can, and most likely will, come down on you for the sum annually due from those who bear arms."

"Nonsense!"

"It's no nonsense. The case has been contested, and decided as I tell you. Though I am only a butterfly barrister, I'm enough of a lawyer to know that. Now, I dare say the consequence of my telling you this will be that you'll pay the tax."

"Of course, I shall," said Edward, hotly; "I'll pay the Queen what I owe her, as well as every one else."

"What a droll boy you are, Ned!"

"Don't you pay your taxes?" asked Edward.

"When I am forced. The income-tax commissioners I put off by a very brief statement in writing, the last time they did me the honour to inquire about my means of subsistence. I took their paper and returned it to the local collector, after having written across it, 'I am

entirely dependent on my father, who allows me—nothing.' I don't think the income-tax commissioners will trouble me again for some time to come."

"Then, have you a father living?"

"How do you know I ever had a father? In the eye of the law, you know, there are men who are the sons of that arch rogue—nobody," was the singular reply.

"Pah! that's not a nice speech, Rupert," said Edward, bluntly.

"Right; it isn't; you're right, old boy," rejoined Rupert; and then he added, in a grave and almost sad voice, "No, Ned, I haven't a father living. Like you, I have lost my father."

Years afterwards, when strange vicissitudes had occurred in the fortunes of the two young men, when black crimes had been committed by one of them, and a course of noble self-sacrifice had been entered upon by the other, Edward remembered those words, and the tone in which they were uttered: "No, Ned, I haven't a father living. Like you, I have lost my father."

Rising from their bench in the quiet corner of Kensington Gardens, the young men walked back to the town, and took leave of each other in the Piccadilly Circus; Edward hastening to the "Duke's Head," Poland Street, for his usual inexpensive dinner, and Rupert sauntering down to the club quarter of St. James's parish, intending to dine alone at his club, and after a light meal and a bottle of cool Rhenish wine, to spend the evening in the Rhododendron card-room, where he was known as a perfect whist-player.

As the young man sat over his well-cooked fare, in the principal dining-room of the grand club-house, he thought to himself, "I have played those little trumps very well, and have learnt a few more particulars about him—particulars that may be useful some day. That noisy little fellow, Mike Gavan, is just the lad to talk and push himself into Ned's good graces—where I don't wish any one save myself to have permanent quarters. It was a clever trick that, fixing on Mr. Mike Gavan the sin of maliciously posting those two copies of the journal. The imitation of the Irish boy's handwriting is exact. Ned and he won't be thick friends. How surprised Ned would be at discovering that his dear friend Rupert not only posted the papers, but wrote the abusive article! Poor Ned! I wonder what will be the end of our strange intercourse! I have a strong presentiment that something remarkable will come of it. Heigho! he's a darling boy, so full of strength, whilst he believes himself a weakling; whereas his friend Rupert knows himself to be made up of weaknesses, moral and intellectual, though he sometimes succeeds in palming himself off on others as a man of no ordinary strength!"

How well did Rupert understand Edward's character! How thoroughly also he understood his own!

(To be continued.)

SUN-DIAL.

Nor without light from heaven the dial shows
The lapse of time, the speed with which it flows;
Not without light from heaven can mortals know
What man may be when time shall cease to flow.

THE BIBLE VIEWED IN CONNECTION WITH ASTRONOMY.

PART II.

It is well known to all that Sir William Herschel was the first who succeeded in the construction of powerful reflecting telescopes. He constructed one of these instruments of so enormous a magnitude, that had not its dimensions been even surpassed in our own day, it would seem almost incredible that such an instrument could have been upreared, and directed to the examination of the celestial sphere.

The diameter of its speculum was no less than four feet, while the ponderous iron tube was forty feet in length. With this gigantic instrument, possessing a power transcendently greater than that of human vision, concentrating, as it did, the light from the most remote objects on the pupil of its enormous eye, Sir William undertook a thorough review of the entire celestial region visible in the latitude in which he was residing. Objects of wonderful form and of most mysterious character not unfrequently presented themselves to his view, as they floated cloud-like across the field of his mighty telescope. They were not stars, they did not present the appearance of clusters of stars, they shone with a dim, mysterious light, without definite outline, shadowy in their character, and only rendered more enigmatical the more advantageous the circumstances under which they were viewed. These objects, of which he discovered many hundreds, nay, even thousands, he named nebulae, and these he subdivided and classified, according to their distinctive characteristics. Among these we find resolvable nebulae, those which are manifestly composed of stars, yet so distant that no optical power then in use could disentangle the rays which were mingled in their vast journey to the earth. Others were termed planetary nebulae, from their resemblance to a planetary disc. A very large class, in which no evidence of possible resolvability was found, were denominated amorphous nebulae. Among these last a great variety of objects existed: some were discovered so faint and delicate as scarcely to stain the deep blue of ether, and indeed were invisible to any but the most experienced eye, and even this eye must first have been subjected to powerful action of long continued and deep darkness, to develop its acutest sensibilities; others, again, were enormous in their magnitude, filling field after field

of the instrument with their shadowy forms, pierced here and there by enormous cavities, jet black, and lighted up in spots with concentrations of greater splendour.

Many were the speculations which passed through the mind of the great discoverer as to the true character of these anomalous objects. He was familiar with the forms and appearance of the clusters of stars. Hundreds of these objects, which had resisted the power of all preceding telescopes, proved to be stars, when examined by his own great instruments. In the outset he naturally adopted the hypothesis that all these hazy clouds of light, so profusely scattered through the regions of space, were nothing more than vast aggregations of stars, so deeply sunk in space as to defy the space-penetrating power of his largest-sighted telescopes. But a more extended examination finally led him to doubt, and at last a discovery broke in upon him, which drove him from this hypothesis, and led him to the formation of another, which is, perhaps, the boldest which human thought has ever conceived. The phenomenon which so riveted his gaze was the halo of this hazy, nebulous light, in whose centre shone a well-formed and perfect star! How could this phenomenon receive an explanation on his old hypothesis? In case the shadowing envelope of this central star was itself but the aggregation of millions of stars, how vastly superior in magnitude and brilliancy over all the others, must be that central orb which so far outshone the millions of millions by which it was surrounded! On the other hand, in case we attribute to the central body a magnitude conformable with that of the other stars of heaven of equal luminosity, how utterly insignificant must be those countless stars, whose combined light appeared but as a faint, luminous atmosphere around the central orb!

This object, then, combined with a multitude like it, sustained by the various other phenomena of nebulous bodies, finally induced Herschel to adopt the notion that matter manifested itself in the heavens in two distinct forms: first, as perfectly formed and solid stars, or suns and planets; second, in nebulous masses of chaotic and vaporous matter, enormous in extent, of exceeding tenuity, and in every way analogous to the trains of luminous particles which not unfrequently attend the more solid portions of the great comets which occasionally visit our system from the remoter regions of space.

As these vast masses of nebulous mist are known to concentrate and settle down upon the nucleus of the comet, it was not difficult to extend this idea to the possible condensation of the vaporous envelopes of the fixed stars upon these luminaries, and finally to rise to the thought that possibly this chaotic, nebulous, amorphous fire-mist might be the primordial condition of matter,

and that the nebulous stars were but specimens of imperfectly condensed matter. This bold thought appeared to be abundantly sustained by succeeding investigations. The most marvellous forms were revealed, such as double nebulae with condensing centres; double stars, with trains of interjacent nebulous matter, apparently under the positive, condensing power of each of the bright centres; nebulous masses, with partial condensation, about well-defined nuclei, having dark vacuities, through which shone the deep and distant heavens as through a window. Such, indeed, was the accumulation of evidence in favour of this astonishing theory, that Herschel at length promulgated his views to the world, and presented the evidences on which his opinions were based. He conceived that the all-prevalent power of universal gravitation was now actually exerting itself over these nebulous masses of matter, and that even now worlds were forming in the womb of space; while the myriads of bright orbs which fill the heavens had their origin in the same chaotic matter, wrought into form and beauty by the action of these same laws of universal gravitation impressed upon them by the hand of the Supreme. Here, then, was a cosmogony of the stellar heavens far different from anything previously propounded. It exhibited a mighty scheme of development. God's creative power had called matter into being. In its primitive, nebulous condition, it had filled the boundless expanse of space. The omnipotent Spirit had breathed upon this unfinished ocean, life had burst upon it, and the will of God, operative and manifested in the great law of gravitation, had commenced and carried forward, through the countless millions of ages of the past, the grand work of perpetual development.

The idea was at least sublime. There was nothing in it, as thus presented, to shock the feelings of the most devoted friend of the sacred volume. It was but another round of the ladder mounted by the human mind, in its effort to ascend through Nature to the throne of Nature's God. It was in accordance with all the developments of the workmanship of God's fingers on earth. All else was progressive development, from the tender flower to the sturdy oak, from the most delicate insect to the gigantic behemoth. Man, made in the image of God, received his strength, and power, and wisdom by slow degrees; and why should not the all-pervading principle extend itself even to the glorious orbs that God has fixed in the heavens, to manifest his glory, and to make known the unsearchable riches of his wisdom and his power?

Doubtless much remains yet to be done, and vast additions to our knowledge must be attained, before we can fully comprehend the mysteries of the starry world. But this much

must be allowed—that the higher we advance in science, and the deeper we penetrate the arcana of Nature, the more boldly we can affirm that the discoveries of astronomy and the revelations of that Book which claims for itself Divine authority, are not at variance. The Bible has nothing to fear from the discoveries of science. We who receive the Mosaic account of the Creation as words dictated by the everlasting God, may expect that God, in his own time, may, for the manifestation of his wisdom and power, permit the human mind to rise higher and higher in its researches in the universe, until, by his aid, man shall reach to the knowledge of the plan by which this world, and the countless host of heaven, were brought to occupy their appointed places in the infinity of space.

We must not enter more at large into the question at present, but we earnestly hope that the investigations of astronomical science may lead to wise deductions; for as we contemplate the stern laws that reign supreme over the starry universe, we discover that no deviation is permitted, no modification is tolerated. The will of the Creator is the one law of the universe. In the astronomical kingdom it is admitted that all is harmony; but all is harmony, because all is obedience. Therefore, reasoning by analogy, we are driven to this conclusion: could we unwisely persuade ourselves, or be by others persuaded, to regard the Scriptures as unworthy of credence, still we escape not from that which Scripture teacheth, for we point to the book of Creation, to the mighty volume that is written by the hand of God in the stars of heaven, and there, expressed in flashing letters of living light, we read this dread decree, for the guidance and the government of endless myriads of globes revolving in their destined orbits—

TO REBEL AGAINST THE CREATOR IS OF NECESSITY
TO PERISH.

Memorials of Illustrious Men.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

"No one who forms his opinions from the Word of God can doubt that, in proportion to a man's rank and fortune, the difficulty of his progress in the narrow road, and his ultimate admission into heaven, is augmented."

So wrote William Wilberforce, recording the experience of his life; and yet, unfavourable as the high places of this world may be for the growth of Christian graces, they have not withheld their sons from the service of God. He was himself one of the most illustrious examples of self-consecration, and showed how it is possible to make the best of both worlds, and to turn to admirable account the advantages bestowed by an elevated position and extraordinary natural gifts, rendering them subservient to the glory of God and the well-being of man.

Of the early days of this illustrious man, we

have some deeply interesting and instructive memorials. He was born at Hull, on the 24th of August, 1769, being the anniversary of that never-to-be-forgotten day of evil repute, the feast of St. Bartholomew. His father was a merchant in that town, descended from the ancient Yorkshire family of Wilberforce; his mother was the daughter of Thomas Bird, Esq., of Barton, in Oxfordshire. His constitution was so weak in infancy that, in after life, he expressed his gratitude that he was not born in less civilised times, when it would have been thought impossible to rear so delicate a child. It required, indeed, the utmost care to bring up the little being, diminutive in stature, ailing, and suffering much from weak eyes, an infirmity which afflicted him through life. But, notwithstanding these physical drawbacks, he was an active, spirited boy, of good abilities, and of a sweet and loving temper.

An unusual consideration for others was observable in his youngest childhood. "I shall never forget," says a frequent guest at his mother's, "how he would steal into my sick room, taking off his shoes, lest he should disturb me, and with an anxious face look through my curtains, to learn if I was better."

His education commenced at the age of seven years, when he was sent to the grammar-school of his native town, and even at that early period showed a remarkable talent for elocution. The senior master was Joseph Milner, and his brother Isaac, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, who acted as assistant usher, and was himself but a lad, used to relate that the little fellow was frequently placed upon a table, and made to read aloud as an example for the other boys.

Thus were two years spent, during which he went daily from his father's house to school, with his "satchel on his shoulder," occasionally paying a visit to his grandfather, a fine old man, who charmed the boy with tales of travel, and told how he had once been admitted to the intimacy of the Duke of Marlborough, then commanding the allied armies on the Continent, and was invited by that great general to witness, from a neighbouring eminence, the incidents of an approaching battle. He had been a merchant in the Baltic trade; and beside his patrimonial fortune, inherited a considerable landed property from his mother, and William was to be his heir.

On the death of his father, in 1768, the lad was transferred to the care of his uncle, William Wilberforce, who lived at Wimbledon, and placed him at a school near that town.

Here (he says) they taught writing, French, arithmetic, and Latin. With Greek we did not much meddle. It was frequented chiefly by the sons of merchants, and they taught, therefore, everything and nothing. Here I continued some time as a parour-boarder. I was sent at first amongst the lodgers, and I can remember even now the nauseous food with which we were supplied, and which I could not eat without sickness.

At this new home he remained two years, and obtained the character of a "fine, sharp lad," whose activity and spirit in boyish sports made up for some deficiency in strength. In the meantime his holidays were passed at his uncle's house, and there he was subjected to a new and powerful influence. His aunt, who was a pious woman, and greatly attached to Mr. Whitfield's ministry, kept up a friendly intercourse with the early Methodists,

and embraced the tenets which they taught. She took great delight in her little nephew, and soon began to feel tenderly interested in his welfare, and diligently instructed him in the truths of religion, imbuing his youthful mind with those principles which formed the life of her own soul.

Up to this time little or no pains had been taken to form his religious sentiments. His mother, though a woman of great and highly cultivated talents, was a stranger to the influence of spiritual religion, and knew not those blessed truths which could alone have enabled her to sow the seeds of piety in the heart of her child. The soul-stirring doctrines of the Gospel, inculcated by an affectionate relative, and now for the first time brought under the notice of the warm-hearted boy, soon touched his feelings, and he readily responded to the appeals of heavenly love, and drank in eagerly the lessons so full of attraction for the young and simple. "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "They that seek me early shall find me."

Under his uncle's roof he felt the happy influence of cheerful piety, and soon gave indications of becoming a youthful Timothy. He himself has recorded his deliberate judgment upon this early promise:—

Under these circumstances my mind was interested by religious subjects. How far these impressions were genuine, I can hardly determine; but, at least, I may venture to say, I was sincere. There are letters of mine, written at that period, still in existence, which accord much with my present sentiments.

Of these letters he says again:—

As I cannot doubt my having expressed the sentiments and feelings of my heart, I am sensibly impressed with a sense of the dreadful effects of the efforts afterwards used but too successfully to wean me from all religion, and to cherish the love of pleasure and the love of glory in the opening bud of youth.

He was not long permitted to remain under such tuition. The symptoms of his changing character, revealed in his letters to his mother, were perceived with feelings of surprise and alarm by his relations at Hull. It was immediately determined to remove him from Wimbledon; and his mother herself hastened to fetch him, fearful lest any delay should occur. He returned with her to Yorkshire, quitting his uncle's family with sentiments of poignant regret. He had found his way to the hearts of his kind relatives there, and had readily returned them the affection of a son. "I deeply felt the parting, for I loved them as parents," was his exclamation; "indeed, I was almost heart-broken at the separation." Writing after his return home to his uncle, he says: "I can never forget you as long as I live." His aunt openly expressed her regret that he should be thus removed from the opportunities of a religious life. "You should not fear," said his mother, tauntingly; "if it be a work of grace, you know it cannot fail." And what she thus said in ignorance and unbelief, she had, in after years, reason to acknowledge thankfully as a blessed truth. There can, indeed, be little doubt that the acquaintance with Holy Scripture and the habits of devotion which he then acquired, although for a long period they remained dormant, were produc-

tive of an abiding influence, destined at last to produce a golden harvest.

On looking back to this period of his life, when he had attained his thirty-eighth year, Mr. Wilberforce remarks:—

How eventful a history has mine been, and how visibly can I trace the hand of God, leading me by ways which I knew not! I think I have never before remarked that my mother's taking me from my uncle's, when about twelve or thirteen, and then completely a Methodist, has probably been the means of my being connected with political men, and becoming useful in life. If I had stayed with my uncle, I should probably have been a despised Methodist; yet, to come to what I am, through so many years of folly as those which elapsed between my last year at school and 1785, is wonderful. Oh, the depths of the counsels of God! What cause have I for gratitude and humiliation?

On his return to his mother's house, it became the object of his friends, by the seductions of gaiety and self-indulgence, to charm away that serious spirit which had taken possession of his youthful bosom. The habits of society in his native town assisted these designs.

Hull was then as gay a place as could be found out of London. The theatre, balls, great suppers, and card parties, were the delight of the principal families in the town. This mode of life was at first distressing to me (he says, in his memorandum); but, by degrees, I acquired a relish for it, and became as thoughtless as the rest. As grandson to one of the principal inhabitants, I was everywhere invited and caressed: my voice and my love of music made me still more acceptable. The religious impressions which I had gained at Wimbledon continued for a considerable time after my return to Hull, but my friends spared no pains to stifle them. I might almost say no pious parent ever laboured more to impress a beloved child with sentiments of piety than they did to give me a taste for the world and its diversions.

We learn from his biographers that the strength of principle which he opposed to these efforts was truly remarkable. When first taken to a play, it was almost by force.

At length, unhappily, the allurements of worldly pleasure and the seductions of flattery succeeded in drawing him away from all serious thought, and he became, to all appearance, as unthinking as the companions who gathered around him, charmed by his lively manners, rare musical talents, and ready wit. At home there was nothing but gaiety and amusements; at school, but little restraint or diligence. Already, however, he gave indications of an active and observing mind; he cultivated a taste for literature, excelled his companions in his compositions, "though he seldom began them till the eleventh hour;" and—which is very remarkable, when we consider what was to be his future career—he already evinced his abomination of the slave-trade. A surviving school-fellow related an incident which occurred when Wilberforce was not more than fourteen years of age.

He boarded in the master's house, where the boys were kept within bounds, whilst I lived in the village, and was free to go where I pleased. One day a letter was entrusted by him to my care, to be put into the post-office, addressed to the editor of the York paper, which he told me was in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh.

How instructive is this incident, showing, as it does, the first bias of his mind towards that great object which was to be the labour and the glory of his life. Is it not worthy of attention, as "indicative of the providential impulses by which we are led into particular lines of conduct?" to use an expression of his own in after life, when referring to

the interest subsequently excited in his mind on behalf of the West Indian slaves. The thoughts of boys, prompting them to generous actions, are to be cherished as the fair blossoms promising fruits hereafter, and which, if not blighted by neglect or seared by vice and selfishness, will yield their natural and happy results in after-time. Dear, young, loving hearts, who earnestly long to rectify evils and to plead the cause of the oppressed and the helpless, keep to your first warm impulses and ardent aspirations, and remember that, though at present you must "hide your time," the day is coming when it may be given you to accomplish that which is now the fond dream of your hope.

In the month of October, 1776, at the age of seventeen, William Wilberforce entered St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he was at once exposed to new and varied temptations. Left, by the death of his grandfather and uncle, the master of an independent fortune, under his mother's sole guardianship, he says—

I was introduced, on the very first night of my arrival, to as licentious a set of men as can well be conceived. They drank hard, and their conversation was even worse than their lives. I lived amongst them for some time, though I never relished their society. Often, indeed, I was horror-struck at their conduct; and after the first year, I shook off, in great measure, my connection with them.

During the last two years he spent at Cambridge, he was the centre of a higher and more congenial circle. His amiable, frank, and generous spirit rendered him a universal favourite; while his powers of entertainment made his company only too alluring. "It was a dangerous thing," one of his college intimates says, "to yield to his fascination, for his hours were so late that I was sure to be behindhand the next morning." At this time he associated much with the fellows of the college.

But those with whom I was intimate (he says) did not act towards me the part of Christians, nor even of honest men. Their object seemed to be to make and keep me idle. If ever I appeared to be studious, they would ask why in the world a man of my fortune should trouble himself with fagging! I was a good classic, and acquitted myself well in the college examinations; but mathematics, which my mind greatly needed, I almost entirely neglected, and was told that I was too clever to require them. Thus, while my companions were working hard, idle amusements consumed my time.

This life of dissipation at college was only exchanged in vacation for the customary gaieties of Hull, or for journeys in search of pleasure with his mother and sister. Well may we exclaim, It was surely of God's especial goodness that in such a course he was preserved from profligate excesses. For though, in after life, he felt that he "could not look back without unfeigned remorse" upon the habits thus formed by evil influence and unbounded license, yet he had rather to deplore neglected opportunities of moral and intellectual profit, than vicious practices or abandoned principles.

I certainly did not then think and act as I do now (he declared long afterwards), but I was so far from what the world calls licentious, that I was rather complimented on being better than young men in general.

It cost him many a diligent effort, in later years, to supply the omissions of his youth; and to the end of his life he ceased not to deplore a certain want of mental regularity, which he traced to the

neglect of early discipline; and he subsequently remonstrated with the tutor to whose charge he had been confided, on the guilt of suffering one, of whom he was in some sort the guardian, to inflict upon himself so irreparable an injury.

Before the time came when he was to quit Cambridge, Mr. Wilberforce determined to enter upon public life. From associating thus early with men of the world, and hearing their principles, calculations, and prospects, it was natural that the ideas of aggrandisement should sometimes present themselves to his mind. His ample fortune, and a taste for liberal pursuits, led him to decline business; and as a dissolution was shortly expected, he aspired to represent his native town in Parliament. He had scarcely completed his twenty-first year when an opportunity was presented, and, after a successful canvass, he was triumphantly returned by the electors of Hull. He immediately went to London, and entering at once into the first society, was elected a member of the most fashionable clubs, and became intimate with the leading wits and politicians of the day. He was thus thrown into a vortex which well nigh proved his ruin. Speaking of the fearful risks to which he was then exposed, he said—

When I went up to Cambridge, I was scarcely acquainted with a single person above the rank of a country gentleman; and even when I left the University, I was quite ignorant of general society; and now I was at once immersed in politics and fashion. . . . The very first time I was at Brooke's, scarcely knowing any one, I joined, from mere shyness, in play at the faro table, where George Selwyn kept bank.

It was this terrible vice—gambling—by which he was most nearly ensnared. A brief diary of this period records frequent losses at the faro table. It was the kindness of his heart, not the dictate of a higher principle, which wrought his cure. On a certain occasion he was induced to keep bank, and, to his surprise, rose the winner of £800. Much of this sum was lost by those who were only heirs to future fortunes, and could not therefore meet, without inconvenience, such a call. The pain he felt at witnessing their annoyance effectually cured him of a taste which appeared but too likely to become predominant.

This incident can hardly fail to remind us of a similar one in the history of Lord Nelson, related by himself. When he was seventeen years of age, he won £300 at a gaming-table; but he was so shocked on reflecting that, had he lost them, he should not have known how to pay them, that, from that time, he never played again.

When at Cambridge Wilberforce had formed a slight acquaintance with Mr. Pitt; they now met daily in society, and soon became intimate friends. The genius which the great statesman already displayed led to the prediction of his early rise. Writing to a friend, Wilberforce thus mentions him:—

Mr. William Pitt, second son of the late Lord Chatham, has distinguished himself; he comes out, as his father did, a ready-made orator, and I doubt not but that I shall one day see him the first man in the country.

Thus, in his earliest manhood, had the young philanthropist entered upon the dissipated scenes of fashionable life; and to those who looked but on the surface, he might have been regarded as a mere votary of pleasure, destined to become an accom-

plished man of the world. Yet, at this very time, he was not devoid of higher aspirations; and there was something nobler and better working within his breast, which prompted him to listen to the voice of wisdom and to the reproof of his seniors. Often, we are told, he would steal away from the merriment and light amusements of the gayer circle, to listen to the weighty words and chosen anecdotes in which the aged chancellor, Lord Camden, abounded. His regard was warmly returned by the veteran senator, who loved the cheerful earnestness with which the young man sought for knowledge, and heeded admonition.

It is impossible to reflect on his position at this time without surprise and gratitude that he was brought unharmed out of such various and tempting perils. With a large fortune and most acceptable manners, he had entered, just in the heyday of life, upon the flattering stage of worldly enjoyment and ambition. His ready wit, his sparkling conversation, and generous and kindly feelings, all secured him the hazardous applause with which society rewards its ornaments and victims; and while the seductions of frivolity and fashion thus laid for him their pitfalls, he was in still greater peril from the severer temptations of ambition. A most alluring prospect soon opened before him, possessed, as he was, of the best personal connections; and allied by the most intimate friendship with Mr. Pitt. His sons, while dwelling on this subject, state their conviction that "he would, no doubt, have been entangled in the toils of party, and have failed of those great triumphs he afterwards achieved, but for the entrance into his soul of higher principles."

A crisis was at hand. In November, 1783, Mr. Pitt became prime minister, and Mr. Wilberforce, being entirely in his confidence, exerted himself strenuously in support of the new administration. In a season of intense political excitement, during the spring of 1784, he took part in the discussion of affairs in a great county meeting at York. The weather was cold and stormy; the castle-yard was crowded, and men of powerful frames and giant strength could scarcely make themselves heard, when Mr. Wilberforce mounted the table to address the meeting. "It seemed," said an eye-witness, "as if his slight frame would be unable to make head against the violence of the weather." But such was the magic of his musical voice, and such the attraction of his manner, that he immediately arrested the attention of the throng, and continued speaking for more than an hour. The disadvantages of his first appearance were quite forgotten. "What seemed a mere shrimp grew and grew, until it became a whale; and it is impossible, though at the distance of so many years, to forget his speech, and the effect it produced."

When he had concluded, the acclamations of the freeholders burst forth: "We will have this man for our member," they cried; and they were as good as their word. Thus, before he had completed his twenty-fifth year, he had attained a station of the highest distinction, and a career of honourable ambition and power lay before him. But he was destined to follow a peculiar course, to reject the opportunities of personal aggrandisement which offered themselves, and to devote all his energies and sacrifice all his interests to the noble cause of religion and philanthropy. His own reflections are

touching and beautiful, given, as they are, at a time when he could review the past, and trace back all the way by which the Lord his God had led him:—

That gracious Providence which, all my life long, has directed my course with mercy and goodness, and which, in so many instances, known only to myself, has called forth my wonder and gratitude, was signally manifested in the first formation of my parliamentary connection with the county of York. Had the change in my religious principles taken place a year sooner, humanly speaking, I never could have become member for Yorkshire. The means I took and the exertions I made in pursuing that object were such as I could not have used after my religious change. . . . My being elected for that great county appears to me, upon the retrospect, to have been so utterly improbable, that I cannot but wonder—and, in truth, I ascribe it to a providential intimation—that the idea of my obtaining that high honour suggested itself to my imagination, and, in fact, fixed itself upon my mind.

Thus remarkably and unexpectedly, "by a way which he knew not," was he placed in a position of such influence as enabled him, when the time came for carrying out the great objects of his philanthropic mission, to obtain a glorious triumph, and effect the abolition of the slave trade.

(To be continued in our next.)

LOOSE LEAVES OF AN AUTUMN SERMON.

THERE is something worthy of respect in that Mahometan superstition which shrinks from defiling the smallest written scrap drifting in the kennel, lest it should thereby unwittingly desecrate the dread name of Allah. And this mood of tender conscience might not unprofitably be assumed by us, in relation to the fragments of the great manuscript which every gust at this season hurls in thick profusion about our paths. Not one of those tattered leaves but bears the great name traced in legible characters, as well as other matters that we may be the better for heeding.

It is Nature preaching her great autumn sermon, and scattering copies by the wayside to arrest us, heedful and heedless alike, to pause and ponder its purport. Our instinct is to hurry past, as at an unwelcome interruption to the current of existence, and rid ourselves, as quickly as possible, by plunging into the pleasures and business of life, of the chill shudder the spectacle sends through our frames. And if its teaching were wholly of the character apprehension is prone to ascribe to it, there might be a certain wisdom in obeying the dictates of instinct; for no lesson of warning that does not also comprise hope can be profitable. We may be excused for resolutely closing our eyes to the cloud that has no sunshine behind it; but it is the cloud with the silver lining whose shadow marks the pages we are here invited to trace.

They are the last leaves of a volume filled up and about to close, and their import is grave as it is the character of farewells to be. But though grave, not, therefore, necessarily sad; rather pregnant with the seed of hope, like the valedictions of a friend, in which the prophetic joy bells, *au revoir*, drown the knell, *adieu*. Let us invite the reader

to scan two or three of these earnest, loving pages in the spirit that characterises the friendly farewell.

Perhaps we need reminding of our obligations to the past agency of these mentors to ensure a proper appreciation of their new relation; to remember that the spring's freshness and the summer's sweetness were alike due to them; and that the healthful breeze would become the baleful blast, returning to our nostrils with deadly effect the poisonous stream they had emitted, had it not been purified by the labours of these silent workers under the hot summer sun. They have transmuted the poisonous carbon given out in excess by the animal system, into the vital oxygen, which it must have or die. To the atmosphere they have been both scavenger and purveyor; and now, their work done, the end of their creation served, they come to us, before merging their individuality in the elemental mass, charged with precious wisdom—the death-bed counsels of tried friends. It were surely ungracious and ungrateful to follow our first impulse, and turn a deaf ear to counsellors so accredited.

Why should the leaves fall? querulous discontent is prompted to demand at sight of the desolate woods. The answer may be read, if sought in a candid spirit, on these marred tablets. The juices drawn by the roots from the soil have been exposed by them on a broad surface, and through a thin membrane, to the free action of light and heat; influences essential to the transformation of the crude elements into meet food for the tree; and to the restoration of the equilibrium of gases in the atmosphere, disturbed by animal exhalation. But it is obvious that a process dependent on light and heat must be suspended or only languidly pursued through the seasons when these influences are feebly exerted. Hence the function of the leaves ends with the summer. The tree, like a hibernating animal, has in that period stored its system with food to sustain its winter torpor; and the office of its million digesters would be a sinecure for the ensuing six months. Now, sinecurism is an institution Nature nowhere recognises: the most imperative of task-mistresses, whilst the most considerate, no idle dependents encumber her state. But supposing she retained these superannuated servants for the grumbler's gratification, what then? There would be winter's storms to face—themselves no motiveless inflictions—out of which their delicate tissues could scarcely emerge unscathed. Rain, and hail, and the tearing winds, and the biting frost—hearty good friends under a rough exterior, but a trifle too rude to make such delicate acquaintance—must crush their frail beauties in their strong embrace, and leave them with but a ragged wardrobe. Renewal is essential precisely on the grounds on which the grumbler advocates permanency. The very evergreens themselves make a practical admission of the disadvan-

tages of their exceptional privilege. By the time their deciduous brethren set about re-clothing themselves in their new spring fashions, they have the grace to grow ashamed of their own tattered winter coats, and slip them off, though by such a stealthy process as ordinarily eludes observation.

The fall of the leaf, too, is essential to that variety which alone ensures permanency to pleasure of any kind. The thoughtless aspiration after an evergreen world is well met by an observation in one of Madame de Sévigné's charming letters to her daughter: "What you say of trees shedding their leaves is admirable; the persistence of those of Provence is melancholy and wearisome; it is better to re-green (*reverdier*) than to be always green." The loss of variety would be a heavy price to pay for no autumnal fall of the leaf. Without change of season, how long would Nature delight us? Nay, how quickly should we sicken of the monotony! The finest landscape would become wearisome under an unchanging foliage. What healthy mind would forfeit the tender budding spring—the glorious autumnal hues, for an unfading summer verdure? Even the winter's bareness reveals a grandeur in the old woods we had never discovered under an eternal garniture of leaves; as adversity, when it strips the human character of adventitious clothing, reveals traits that had else never come to light.

Conceding, then, the point that the leaves, having fulfilled their purpose, can be spared—in fact, had better go, as well for our pleasure as the plant's convenience—it is instructive to note the mode by which that object is effected. It is a difficult, not to say an unpleasant, operation to cast old friends adrift when they have served our ends. Nature deigns to give us a lesson in the art; her process is the gentlest, the most considerate that a mother desirous of relieving herself of superfluous children could devise. No violent severance, no sudden wrenching of ties leaving bleeding wounds—which, by the way, would be fatal to the tree, as certainly as it would be fatal to the animal, to have all its extremities lopped off and the wounds left unstanched; nothing of this, but quite an easy, painless (vegetably speaking) operation. Towards the close of summer, when the tree's appetite for food is getting sated, the supply of sap it sends up grows less and less, and the leaves themselves begin to feel the effects of niggardly housekeeping, and waste with a slow atrophy. By and by, the supply is cut short altogether at the base of the leaf stalk, and the fluid takes to hardening at that point. A separation of interests commences; the hold of the foot-stalk upon the bough is loosened; the leaf and the plant have no longer an identity of existence. Then comes the autumn blast, with no unkindly ministry, to set free the useless member to seek refuge once more in the bosom of mother earth.

Such, briefly, are the antecedents of that russet-

frooked company of preachers now abroad on their autumn mission, calling to us from the wayside, calling solemnly, earnestly, whether we will hear, or whether we will forbear. The multitude pay but little heed; their ears are dull. The poets, fine reflective spirits, with sensibilities alive to the low under-tones of Nature, have, in all their generations, been reverent attendants on the homilies of the leaves, and done their best to draw their prosaic brethren to the wayside to listen too. Time has been, perhaps, when such interpretation was less needed than now; when circumstances played the schoolmaster to man, and taught him lessons under the *régime* of the rod such as he easily evades now. The sermons preached by leaves in days

"When wild in the woods the noble savage ran,"

must have been somewhat of the sharpest, for the sting of winter's frost lodged in their moral. Covering under the half-stripped tree from the blast, the falling leaves were, indeed, "ministers" to "feelingly remind us what we are." But with sheltering roofs and firesides to take refuge by when they would press their truths too closely home, we are in danger of growing callous to the monition. The fine imagination of the poet is required to pierce a passage to our hearts.

And now, what is the text propounded by these myriad preachers wherever intelligence exists to profit by the lesson? What but the two great lessons needful for mortal men to ponder and understand—change and restoration? Change, the first bitter lesson humanity had to learn, and the one it is prone to forget; and restoration, of which our fallen nature daily confesses the need. These are natural truths, and Nature herself provides instruments for their propagation universal in their agency. By her they are furnished with such soft, persuasive arguments as an indulgent parent employs in impressing an unpalatable truth on a darling child. In no other shape, and by no other agency, is the inevitable doctrine of change brought before us in a way so calculated to remind us of our own mortality. As exemplified in them, the steps seem so comparatively short, and are so distinctly traceable between the temporary degradation which is matter of sight, and the glorious restoration which yet rests in the region of faith, as scarcely to leave an interval for the noisome ideas of decay and the grave to intervene. We scarcely lose sight of the changing elements in their transmutation from the dead leaf into the new bud. The winter death is more obviously a sleep, and the spring birth an awaking, than in the parallel processes of the animal economy. Thus they give us a lift upon the earth-planted, but heaven-scaling, ladder of belief; to whose topmost round our feeble feet find it such toilsome climbing, that all intermediate steps are welcome resting-places.

Change and restoration, bereavement and consolation, misgiving and assurance—whom feels within him the need of these sobering, sustaining truths, to preserve the even balance of the soul in life's daily walk—to him is the message of these autumn preachers. Let him go forth under the mellow October skies, and commune with them for himself; for the discourse has ever a smack of flatness at second-hand. Let him, if he may, seek them in those solemn old temples, the woods; and there they will whisper down to him from the boughs, or send up a crisp nestling voice from the ground; greet him as they flee before the breeze through the narrow lanes, or are whirled away on the bosom of the brook to an unknown border; but wherever he encounters them, in all situations, under all circumstances, they will be found charged with a message to him, if only his ears be not too deaf and his heart too dull to comprehend it—that man, though mortal, is destined for a future state of existence.

Department for Young People.

THE PERILS OF LION HUNTING.

A TRUE TALE.

"Now, uncle," said a bright-eyed young schoolboy to a worthy naval captain; "as you have been all round the world, and have seen everything, do pray tell me some of your adventures."

"I have been all round the world, young man, but I have not seen everything."

"Have you ever seen a wild lion? I mean one not shut up in a cage?"

"Yes, often; and what is still more, I have seen a man that was nearly eaten up by a lion."

"Oh, do tell me all about it!"

"Yes, if you are willing to listen, I am ready to give you all the particulars."

"Do, do!"

"I think I had better tell you the man's adventures just as they were repeated to me. When I heard them, I was very thankful that listening was all the share I had to do with the lion, for lions, let me tell you, when either hungry or angry, are not pleasant people to have anything to do with."

"Is the story true?"

"Indeed, it is; too true."

"I am all ears, uncle; please go on."

"When my ship was in the Mediterranean, we—that is my brother officers and myself—had opportunities of going on shore on the African coast. On one occasion we met a gentleman who had been travelling in the interior of the country, and had barely escaped with his life. He said that one night, shortly after pitching the tents, several lions made their appearance, and in the morning it was discovered that these visitors had taken their dinner for the next day with them, for one of them had carried away a very fine ox. We were not," said the gentleman, "pleased at this behaviour on the part of the lion, and we determined to get up a hunt, and search for the robber. We were soon in

eager pursuit of our visitors, and, guided by their footmarks in the sand, we reached the spot where they had made their meal, for a remnant of the poor ox remained uneaten. By following the footmarks for about half an hour, we came not only upon the fellow that we supposed had stolen the ox, but found four of his companions with him. That was something more than we wanted: to meet five lions will disturb most men's nerves. The animals were sheltered by a thicket; and as we were not willing to have our search end in nothing, we set fire to the reeds, taking care to place our men round the thicket in all directions, so as to command every outlet, and cut off the chance of their escape. For a long time the fire crackled and hissed, but the shaggy creatures within the bush did not regard it. At length the fire blazed up so fiercely, that it became too hot for us outside, and very soon too hot for the cattle-stealers within, and out they dashed, mad with rage and terror. One of them rushed close by the spot on which I stood. This lion, finding himself hotly pressed, and seeing no place for shelter, tacked about all in an instant, and then quickly retreated towards his former hiding-place. Before, however, he could reach it, I, thinking he was within shot, fired; but apparently with very little effect, for he seemed to care nothing for me or for my rifle. His old habitation was too warm for comfort, for he very soon reappeared, and managed this time to take refuge in a small patch of green reeds near at hand. Out of this new hiding-place we thought we should soon expel him, but our efforts were quite unsuccessful. Once, indeed, the huge monster showed himself for a minute or two in pursuit of a dog who had followed him into the reeds; but alas! my poor dog's bravery nearly cost him his life; for, unfortunately, he was so near the lion that, when we fired, he received the contents of one of our guns, and was so badly wounded that he could not escape from the thicket. I was determined, however, that my dog should not be devoured if I could by any means save him. With some trouble I persuaded my companions to range themselves within a short distance of the lion's new hiding-place, and having handed my rifle to one of the men, I darted into the thicket; when, spying my poor pet dog, I immediately caught him up in my arms, and the next moment I found myself and my burden in safety. So you see, my lad, what men will do when strongly excited. My friend was by no means constitutionally brave, as he told me frequently; yet, horrified at the prospect of losing his pet, and excited by the chase, he could rush into what every one must have thought certain death.

"Did not the possession of the dog bring the lion upon him?"

"No, it did not, fortunately for him. You will hear what happened:—When I had placed the dog in safety, we ranged ourselves in a circle within pistol-shot of the reeds, taking care to have a clear look-out all around. We then shouted loudly, and fired repeatedly into the thicket; but all in vain, the animal remained motionless. The fire which we had originally lighted was now quickly approaching the spot on which all our eyes were fixed, for we thought every moment something would happen to try our courage; when, to our great disappointment, the wind changed, and drove

the flames in another direction. We should now have been fairly baffled if the ingenuity of a native had not come to our aid. Collecting a quantity of dry reeds, with other inflammable materials, and setting fire to the bundle, he seized it at one end, and, darting into the thicket, hurled the whole blazing mass into the very centre of the lion's hiding-place. The effect was instantaneous. With a fearful roar, the lion dashed through the flames. I ought to mention that, when we were expecting a visit from this angry gentleman, we had agreed that those who had double-barrelled guns should, on the lion's appearance, fire only one barrel, reserving the other barrel in case he turned upon his assailants. But when the lion did appear, the sight of him, and the sound of his roar, so terrified some of our party that their guns were fired in every direction, with more probability of killing themselves than killing the lion.

"Surely the firing made him recoil?"

"Far from it; no sooner had we blazed away than the monster made straight for us."

"In this predicament," said I, "what did your companions do?"

"Do," he said; "took to their heels, every one of them."

"Not every one, surely?"

"No," said my friend, "not all, for I remained, and a pretty business I made of it. I'm a Scotchman from the Highlands, and it is not the habit with us men of the mountains to run from a foe: we generally run at him. A friend of mine also stood his ground; but the worthy man had never seen a lion in his wild state, and he was so terrified when the lion rushed towards him, that he could neither fire his gun nor make a run of it."

"What, not run for his life?"

"No; he stood like one entranced; he appeared as if he were screwed to the spot."

"What were you doing meanwhile?"

"I retreated a few steps backward, but I took uncommonly good care never to take my eyes off of the lion; and when the brute had approached within a few paces, he gave a growl, and prepared for the fatal spring. I had already fired, but, as a good Providence would have it, I had one barrel still charged, and seeing that my friend's moments were numbered if I did not aid him, I hesitated not a second, but, clapping the gun to my shoulder, I took a steady aim at the side of the lion's head, and it's not my custom to miss the mark; but unfortunately, just as I pulled the trigger, the animal made a slight movement, and the consequence was that, instead of knocking him on the head and disposing of him, I gave him a chance of disposing of me, for I only grazed the side of his head."

"Then I think the lion would remind you of a certain motto," I said.

"You mean 'No man shall meddle with me with impunity.' Indeed, you are right; and the lion seemed resolved to make me pay dearly for offending him, for, quick as thought, he left his intended victim, and turned, with a ferocious howl, upon me. To escape was impossible: all I could do was to ram the muzzle of my gun into the very jaws opened to devour me. Preserve us! What are lions' teeth made of? In one minute a strong, heavy gun was demolished. My fate now seemed inevitable—it appeared as if nothing but a miracle could save me—when, to my astonishment, my friend fired at

this critical moment, and the lion fell, and, taking advantage of this turn in my favour, I scampered off with all speed. But my assailant had not yet done with me. Crippled as he was by my friend's bullet, he soon overtook me. At that moment I was looking at him over my shoulder, and sidling away, when, unhappily, a creeper caught my foot, and I was thrown headlong to the ground, close to the very paws of the monster.

"Then I am astonished that you are talking to me at this moment."

"Yes, and so am I; for the moment I fell, the enraged animal seized my right foot, and made his fangs meet. As it happened that my left foot was disengaged, I gave the lion a tremendous kick on the head."

"Bravo! but how did that serve you?"

"It caused the brute for a few seconds to suspend his attack. He next seized my left leg; on which I repeated my assault, and gave him no slight blow on the other side of his head with my right foot. This was an operation which did not please the enemy; and from the manner in which he let go his hold, it is clear it astonished him. But his repentance for injuring me, if ever he did repent, was very short-lived, for he seized my right foot a second time. Shortly afterwards, he dropped the foot, and seized my right thigh, gradually working his way up to my hip, where he endeavoured to plant his claws. In this attempt he made sad havoc of my garments, and at the same time, grazing the skin of my body with every claw."

"What could you possibly do in that helpless state?"

"I knew that if he got a firm hold of me, it would cost me my life; I therefore seized him by his two ears, and with a desperate effort I managed to roll the brute over on his side, which gave a moment's respite. The lion next laid hold of my left hand, which he bit through and through, smashing the wrist, and tearing my right hand seriously. I was now totally helpless, and must inevitably have fallen a speedy victim to his fury, had not Providence sent me a deliverer at this critical moment. My friend, who had now recovered himself, advanced quickly towards me. The lion saw him as soon as I did, and with one of his paws on my wounded thigh, throwing his ears back, he crouched, ready to spring at his new foe. Now if my friend had fired while I was in that position, in all probability I should have been shot, instead of the lion. I roared out to him, therefore, to wait until I could veer my head a little. In time I succeeded, and the next instant I heard the click of a gun, but no report. Another moment, and a well-directed ball, taking effect on the lion's forehead, laid him a corpse alongside my own bruised and mutilated body. As quickly as I could, on account of my wounds, I hobbled towards my companions, whom I saw at no great distance. Once or twice I felt excessively faint, but still, by great exertion, I held on."

"What was done with you in your fearful state?"

"No sooner had my deliverer successfully disposed of the lion, than he mounted a horse which was near at hand, and rode with all speed to our camp. In the meantime I was lifted upon a tame ox, which was led by one of the men. About half-way to the camp we were met by some of the

servants, carrying a door. Exchanging the ox for the door, I was borne into camp."

"When the danger was over, what effect had all this excitement upon you, in your exhausted state?"

"During the whole conflict, and up to the time of arriving at the camp, I retained my perfect self-possession; but the moment my wounds were washed and dressed I swooned, and for three weeks I was subject to almost incessant fainting fits. I have now," said the narrator, "perfectly recovered my health, but I am totally crippled in my left arm, and bear about me, in various parts of my body, convincing proofs that no man can go hunting lions without great peril."

"Oh, uncle," exclaimed the boy, "did you ask him what became of his favourite dog?"

"Yes, I did, and I think he said the poor creature afterwards recovered."

"THE LOST PURSE."

ONE cold, stormy afternoon in October, a little ragged boy, named Willy Wilson, was sitting upon the door-step of an empty house in Castle Street, crouching together, to try and make his poor, thin, tattered clothes keep the wind out. He had been there for a great many hours, watching patiently for the chance of getting a penny to buy a little loaf of bread for his sick mother; but not one half-penny had Willy got—the day being too wet to tempt any one to move out of their warm sitting-rooms into the muddy streets—and poor Willy's tears began to trickle down his cheeks as he saw the clock hands in the church tower pointing to four. Just as he had made up his mind to go into another street, a short, fat old gentleman, carrying a large umbrella, came out of the square and walked quickly down the street; he was a pleasant, rosy-faced old gentleman, but frowned and shook his head when Willy, pulling off a torn cap, asked him for a penny. And Willy was still running behind, telling his sad story, when a fierce gust of wind caught the old gentleman's umbrella, and turned it inside out, blowing his hat half across the dirty street. Willy ran after the hat, and brought it back, wiping off the mud with his own poor cap.

"Thank you; I've no coppers," said the old gentleman, "but here's a sixpence;" and pulling a purse out of his coat pocket, he gave Willy a small piece of money, for which, clutching it in his half-numbed hand, Willy hardly took time to say "Thank you," such a hurry was he in to get away to the baker's for the loaf—the delight of having so much money as a whole sixpence making him forget his own hunger and cold, and run faster than he had ever run before. Suddenly he came bump up against something wet and slippery, and felt a great big hand grasp his collar, while a gruff voice asked him what he was running away from.

"The wet, sir," said Willy, wriggling about to get away. "I'm going to my mother."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the policeman. "What's this in your hand?"

"Only sixpence, sir, a kind gentleman has given me."

The policeman squeezed open Willy's hand, and showed, not a sixpence, but half-a-sovereign, which the old gentleman had given, and Willy had taken, without noticing.

"I thought so, you young rascal!" said the

policeman. "You've been picking somebody's pocket; so I'll just lock you up till we find out whose money this is."

Poor Willy, bursting out crying, told the man his story, begging him to keep all the money except only sixpence, and let him go to his mother. But the more anxious Willy was to get away, the more certain did the policeman become that Willy had stolen the money; so he dragged him away, and locked him up.

Meantime the old gentleman got home; and when he took off his coat, missed his purse. He had seen no one except Willy, and remembered in what a hurry the boy ran away after he got the sixpence; so he immediately made up his mind that Willy had robbed him, and sent off a description of the boy to the very police-station where Willy was sitting, half mad with fear and anxiety about his mother. You may fancy how delighted the policeman who had caught him was, and how proud he seemed when, next day, after being taken before a magistrate, Willy was sentenced to be sent to prison for six weeks, everybody thinking he had stolen and thrown away or hid the purse.

Willy's mother heard all the story from her neighbours, and tried all she could to get strong enough to go to the magistrate, to beg to be allowed to see Willy. Then she went to the old gentleman, and told him that Willy had never stolen, or told a lie in his life. But nothing could be done.

Willy was very unhappy among the wicked people he was shut up with; and if it had not been that he met an old-clothes-man, who had lived in the same lane with his mother, I do not know what he would have done; as it was, Willy and the old Jew became great friends, and the old man taught Willy to read, from the tracts distributed by good people among the prisoners; so when the Jew left the prison, Willy made him promise to go and see his mother, and comfort her as well as he could.

When the Jew got out of prison, he went straight to Willy's mother, and made her come and live in his house, to help him keep the shop, where he sold the old clothes he bought at different houses; going about early in the morning with a large, black bag on his back, and letting the people know what he wanted by crying "Old Clo," "Old Clo."

One day, as he was passing the very old gentleman's house whose purse had been the cause of Willy's punishment, the man-servant called him in, and showed him a large bundle of his master's old clothes. After a great deal of bargaining, the Jew bought them, and carried them home, giving them to Willy's mother to brush up and sponge, to sell again.

Well, she unfolded and looked at the things very carefully, laying aside some to repair, others to hang up in the window. At last, she came to a very old, thick great coat, too old to sell, but so large that she thought to herself, "It will just do to make Willy a suit of clothes when he comes home." Accordingly, after she had done her work, she began unripping the coat, to get it out and made for Willy.

Suddenly, she felt something hard in between the linings, near one of the pockets, and called out to the Jew to come, for she thought she had found a prize; then, together, they pulled out the lining,

and out fell a leather purse—the very purse Willy had been accused of stealing. You may be sure it was not long before they carried the purse to its owner.

The old gentleman was very glad—for he had often thought of poor Willy's cold, thin little face on the day he first saw him—and lost no time in going to the magistrate who had tried the case, and there, before the whole court, he told the story.

So Willy was taken out of prison; and a number of gentlemen gave him enough money to set up a little shop for his mother, while he himself went to be a servant in the magistrate's house. And he is now a porter in one of the police-courts.

So, you see, truth triumphed at last—as it always does, if you only have patience, and trust in God to put everything right at last.

Readings for Spare Moments.

LIBERALITY.

SQUANDER not the wealth which God
Hath entrusted to thy care;
Yet no niggard be, but give
To the needy one a share.
Ever from the line of right
Will thy feet be wandering,
If thou let'st a generous heart
Prompt to wasteful squandering.

CONVERSATION.

In thy discourse take heed what thou speakest, to whom thou speakest, how thou speakest, and when thou speakest. What thou speakest, speak truly; when thou speakest, speak wisely.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

THERE is not such a mighty difference as some may imagine between the poor and the rich. In pomp, show, and opinion there is a great deal, but little as to the pleasures and conveniences of life. They enjoy the same earth, and air, and heaven; hunger and thirst make the poor man's meat and drink as pleasant and relishing as all the varieties which cover a rich man's table; and the labour of a poor man is more healthful, and many times more pleasant, too, than the ease and softness of the rich.

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

A BLACK cloud makes a traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day, and a pleasant way, wastes his time, and steals away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy that now and then some clouds do interpose my sun, and many times some troubles do eclipse my comforts; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house, and my heritage.

The Christian who does travel for to know
Himself and God, he need no further go.

A FATHER'S DESIRE.

I HESITATE not to assert, as a Christian, that religion is the first rational object of education. Whatever may be the fate of my children in this transitory world, about which I hope I am as solicitous as I ought to be, I would, if possible, secure a happy meeting with them in a future and everlasting life. I can well enough bear their reproaches

for not enabling them to attain to worldly honours and distinctions; but to have been in any measure accessory, by my neglect, to their final perdition, would be the occasion of such reproach and blame as would be absolutely insupportable.

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. P.—*What is the meaning of the word "firmament" in Genesis i. 6—8?*

The word in the Septuagint is *ορεῖωμα*, in the Vulgate *firmamentum*, and in Luther's translation *die Feste*, and signifies a solid expanse, the original Hebrew word being derived from a verb meaning to beat out as metal. The conception with which the word is used is clearly that of a firm, solid barrier, separating the waters under the heaven from those above the heaven. And in accordance with this primitive idea, we read of "windows in heaven" in 2 Kings vii. 2, 19; in it the stars are represented as being set; it is this solid vault which is mentioned as being opened for the descent of angels, or for prophetic visions (compare Ezek. i. 1, Acts vii. 56). The idea is a primitive one, and suited to the simple conceptions of early times.

ALPHA.—*What are we to understand by free will?*

The doctrine of the exercise of man's will is one of the most mysterious in the whole range of theology. Every man must feel that he has a personal responsibility within himself as to his choice between good and evil, that it is distinctly his own fault, in most cases, if he chooses the evil and avoids the good. This is certain, both from the voice of conscience within a man's own heart, and also from the whole tenor of Scripture revelation, where we are assured, in various forms, that according to a man's works he shall be judged, and that we must ourselves "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." And yet it is equally certain from Scripture that we have within ourselves no power to help ourselves to carry out our choice of good successfully into action, to turn of our own will to what is good and right, unless we have the grace of God within us preventing us, that we may have this good will. The corruption of human nature is such that no man of his own unassisted strength can subdue it. Even though he may feel within him the power of distinguishing between good and evil, and the responsibility of the choice thus resting with him, yet the evil desires and corruptions of the flesh will be sure to overpower the better part of his nature, unless he turn for assistance to God's grace. Numerous texts in Scripture prove this truth. "No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him," John vi. 44. "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing," Rom. vii. 18. "It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure," Phil. ii. 13. Compare also the seventh and eighth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, where St. Paul states that man, being by nature "carnal, sold unto sin," even though able to admire what is good, is quite unable to perform it. Numberless other texts might be adduced to prove this inability of man, in his unregenerate and

natural state, to follow after good and avoid evil. Man's will, then, though actually unrestrained by God, and having a personal responsibility, is so prevented and fettered by the bondage of sin and corruption, that it is only God's grace working with the will of man which will enable him to work out his own salvation. This is certain, yet it is equally certain that this grace is the work of God's Holy Spirit, and the Spirit's influence is given to them that ask it. "If ye then," says our Lord, "being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" When speaking of these mysterious subjects—man's free will, and God's sovereign will—we must not do more than God requires from us. God is pleased to reveal two great truths—man's agency and Jehovah's sovereignty—and he calls upon us to receive these statements as separate truths; but he never calls upon us to reconcile them. It is man's duty to believe them; it is God's prerogative to harmonise them.

"Simon Peter, a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ."—2 Peter i. 1. Is the doctrine of the primacy of St. Peter warranted by Scripture?

When our Lord demanded of the disciples, "Whom say ye that I am?" (Matt. xvi. 15), Peter replied, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (ver. 16); but in this Peter did no more than make confession of a faith which was common to them all, John vi. 69. And when our Lord returned, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church" (Matt. xvi. 18), there was nothing in the promise personal or peculiar to Peter alone, as distinct from and preferred before the rest of the apostles, for they are all equally called "foundations," Eph. ii. 20. "The wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb," Rev. xxi. 14.

Our Lord did not confer any personal prerogative when he said to Peter, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," Matt. xvi. 19. So far as the "keys" spoken of denoted rule and authority, the power promised to be conferred on Peter is, by the force of the words (before the keys were given)—"Whatsoever ye shall bind," and "whatsoever ye shall loose" (Matt. xviii. 18)—actually and equally conferred on every one of the apostles.

In his thrice repeated charge to Peter, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep" (John xxi. 15–17), our Lord can only be understood as re-investing Peter with his apostolic commission, precisely as often as Peter had openly renounced it.

It is evident Peter himself did not understand our Lord, in this instance, as conferring on him any special authority. On any other view, he would be found wanting in duty to the flock which had been commended to his charge; for he never interfered with the province of St. Paul, who, when recounting the duties which devolved upon him (Paul), expressly mentions "the care of all the churches" (3 Cor. xi. 23)—a statement which plainly shows that Peter was not regarded as the universal pastor over the Christian world.

The Student's Page.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—XXV.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ETHIOPIAN EUNUCH.

"He went on his way rejoicing."—Acts viii. 39.

- I. The character of the Ethiopian eunuch seen in
 1. His piety, ver. 27.
 2. His love for God's Word, ver. 28.
- II. The circumstances attending his conversion.
 1. The Scripture contemplated, Isa. liii. 7, 8.
 2. His readiness to receive instruction, Acts viii. 34.
 3. His faith, ver. 37.
 4. His baptism, ver. 38.
- III. The fruit of his conversion—immediate joy, ver. 39.

This Christian joy a prominent characteristic of the primitive Church, Acts ii. 46.

The object of the Gospel, Luke ii. 10.

Sources of joy.

1. Present experience, Phil. iii. 3.
Sin forgiven, Ps. xxxii. 1, 2.
Adoption into God's family, Isa. lxi. 10; Rom. viii. 15.
God's fatherly care and favour, Ps. cxxvi. 2, 3; Hab. iii.
Christ's saving grace and sympathy, Rom. viii. 33—39.
The Holy Ghost's indwelling presence, 1 Cor. iii. 16.
2. Future prospects, Rom. v. 2; Luke x. 20; Rom. xii. 12.
Deliverance from fear of death, 1 Cor. xv. 55—57.
Safety in the judgment day, Rom. viii. 31—34.
Rest, Heb. iv. 9.
Participation in Christ's glory, John xvii. 24.
Full satisfaction in God's presence, Ps. xvii. 15.

IV. A source of strength, Neh. viii. 10; of zeal, 2 Cor. viii. 2; of patience, 1 Peter i. 6; of thanksgiving, Col. iii. 16.

HEROD.

HEROD gained possession of Jerusalem by the assistance of the Romans, and his rival, Antigonus, was a prisoner in the hands of the Roman general, Sosius. The latter carried the captive to Marc Antony, who, for a large sum of money, which he received from Herod, was induced to put him to death. Herod's great fear was that Antigonus might, some time or another, revive his pretensions, as being of the Asmonean family. Aristobulus, brother of his wife Mariamne, was murdered by his direction at eighteen years of age, because the people of Jerusalem had shown some affection for his person. When he had reigned seven years after the death of Antigonus, he put to death Hyrcanus, the grandfather of Mariamne. Hyrcanus was then eighty years of age; he had saved Herod's life when he was prosecuted by the Sanhedrim. In his youth, in the vigour of his life, and in all the revolutions of his fortune, he had shown a mild and peaceable disposition. Herod's beloved wife, the beautiful and virtuous Mariamne, was publicly executed; and her mother, Alexandra, soon after met the same fate

Alexander and Aristobulus, his two sons by Mariamne, when they were at man's estate, were married, and had children, were strangled in a prison by his order, as it would seem, upon groundless suspicion. Besides all this, there was the suspicious death of his eldest son Antipater. If Josephus' character of Herod be just, he deserved the worst death that could be inflicted. In his last sickness, a little before he died, he sent orders throughout Judaea, requiring the presence of the chief men of the nation at Jericho. On their arrival he shut them all up in the circus: and then commanded Salome his sister, and Alexas, her husband, for whom he had sent, that they should send in the soldiers upon them, as soon as he was dead, and put them all to the sword; "For this," said he, "will provide mourning for my funeral all over the land, and make the Jews in every family thereof lament at my death!" He expired in a few hours after he had given these cruel orders. But Salome and Alexas, who were not wicked enough to do what they had been made solemnly to promise, opened the circus, as soon as Herod was dead, and permitted every one to return to his own home. The history of this, his most wicked design, renders it easy to believe that he murdered the innocents.

EASTERN CUSTOMS.

"The third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, he made a feast unto all his servants."

BIRTHDAYS are not celebrated in Egypt as in England. On that anniversary people will not *purchase* anything, will not transact any business of importance, nor go to a distant place.

The king gave a feast unto his servants. Great men give entertainment to their domestics on the first day of ploughing, when they all come together in their master's house, and have great enjoyment. His pleasure consists chiefly in hearing himself praised. The guests refer to feasts of former days, when the host was young, when he was shaved for the first time, when he put on the ear-rings, or when he was married. They talk over the events of those days, and refer to the exploits of their master. He listens with delight, and lives his youthful days again. Should there be anything which his servants did worthy of being referred to, they too are reminded of it; and they feel themselves highly honoured by such attention.

JEWISH HOURS OF PRAYER.

THE hours for morning and evening prayer in the synagogue were those at which the morning and evening sacrifices were offered up in the Temple. Peter and John are said to have gone up into the Temple at the hour of prayer, which was the ninth hour of the day, Acts iii. 1. According to our computation, this was three o'clock in the afternoon. Those also prayed who were not at Jerusalem, or who, if there, had not leisure to go to the Temple; all feeling themselves called upon daily to say their prayers at the appointed times.

Our Saviour remarks of the Pharisees, that they loved to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of streets (Matt. vi. 5), being more anxious to be seen of men, than accepted of God.

Many pious Jews had upper rooms in their houses, where they were accustomed to retire at certain times,

either to pray or meditate upon the law. Cornelius prayed in such a one at the ninth hour of the day; the time of the evening sacrifice, when the angel appeared unto him, Acts x. 3-30. Peter went up upon the house-top to pray about the sixth hour, or half-past twelve (Acts x. 9); and the apostles were assembled together in prayer in an upper room on the day of Pentecost, Acts i. 13. Our Saviour was likewise in a large upper room when he celebrated his last passover, Mark xiv. 16. These places were usually set apart and consecrated for religious purposes.

ONE IN CHRIST.

"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."—John xvii. 21.

King, by rank, and name, and lineage,

Guarded by that armed array,

Strong to punish, strong to pardon

Thousands who thy rule obey:

Peasant, lowliest of the lowly,

Without influence, might, or gold,

Toiling hard to keep thy children

From the frost-bite, hunger, cold:

King and peasant, poor and mighty,

Highest as the lowliest born,

Brothers are ye by the tokens

Of the cross and crown of thorn.

Wise and gifted, learned, sagacious,

Knowing many a thing and great—

Wise in council, vast in learning,

All-convincing in debate:

Ignorant, untaught, degraded,

Hardly knowing right from wrong:

Wild, untamed, a city Arab,

'Mongst the worst of all that throng—

Poor, degraded, wise and learned,

Do you find the distance wide!

Ye are brothers by the token,

Jesus Christ for both has died.

There is One, whose name beloved,

Ye may call, nor call in vain,

Though your eyes are dim with weeping,

And your heart feels crushed with pain—

Though He stand, a radiant Spirit,

By the Eternal Father's throne,

Yet on earth, in human nature,

Hath He death and sorrow known.

And the links have not been broken,

Soul to soul shall equal be;

By the words of Christ our Saviour,

"Ye are one, beloved in me."

Literary Notices.

Vacations in Ireland. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD.
London: Longmans.

ANY one fond of visiting wild scenery, of escaping for a short time from the common track of tourists, may thank our author for his book. The value of his descriptions, and of the hints he gives to those who may follow his steps, is only equalled by his genial and pleasant style; each place, too, which he visits seems

to receive a new interest, as, in addition to his picturesque description, he brings forth quaint lore of the past, or useful information about the present.

We are first introduced to the wild life, and wilder scenery, of the west of Ireland at Miltown Malbay, in County Clare. It is, or rather was at the time our author visited it, a mere village, consisting of a few scattered hovels, and a few lodging-houses for summer visitors. The only conspicuous building in the village was the Atlantic Hotel, containing sixty bed-rooms, and various other large apartments, which some speculative inn-keeper had built, hoping that the natural beauties, or grandeur rather, of the scenery would attract tourists. On the present occasion there was a large meeting of the neighbouring gentry, squires and squires, for horse-racing, pic-nicing, balls, and other amusements. It was to be a week of revelry; and certainly, if such revelry goes on now at similar meetings, we would advise all sober-minded readers to stay away from them. We are happy, however, to state as a fact, that such drinking bouts are now nearly, if not quite at an end; but our author thus gives us a notion of what they used to be:—

I remember (he says) meeting a gentleman in Connemara, who told me that he had been present at a dinner-party, where the bottles were duly ranged under the sideboard; and to make escape the more difficult, not only was the door locked, but the guests were made to take off their boots and shoes, and as the bottles were emptied, they were shattered against the door, so that to reach it you must have passed over a heap of broken glass—a feat which only a very drunken man would have been willing to perform.—Page 21.

To any one who has a liking for very bold coast scenery, a ride from Miltown Malbay to the far-famed Moher cliffs will well repay the trouble. From the Stag's Head, the view is wonderfully grand. The entire coast line is one vast rock precipice, from 500 to 800 feet high, and against the cliffs the huge waves of the Atlantic dash incessantly. There is, however, one precaution to be used, whether in riding or walking along the cliffs of Clare, and that is to be sure that the wind is not easterly, or else the unwary visitor may be blown over the precipice.

To illustrate the extraordinary power of the waves on this coast, we give a short quotation from Dutton's "Survey of Clare":—

Some faint idea may be formed of the force with which the Atlantic waves are impelled by western storms, when it is known that cubes of limestone rock, ten or twelve feet in diameter, are thrown upon ledges of rock, several feet high, near Doolin; and at the same place may be seen a barrier of water-worn stones, some of them many tons in weight, cast up above twenty feet high, across a small bay, into which fishermen used to land from their boats, and where their former quay, surrounded by huts, remains many yards from the sea: this has occurred within the memory of many living at present.

Returning to Limerick, our author proceeds from thence to Ballinacourty, a wild parish on the shores of Dingle Bay. The latter part of the journey will delight those who are fond of a wild mountain drive; and in our favoured days there is no fear of being molested by "loose gentlemen," *alias* robbers and murderers, who used to infest these parts; while there is a fair chance of much fun with the Irish carman. These carmen, or rather car-boys (for almost every one is a boy in Ireland), seem a race peculiar to the Green Isle.

They are as diverse from the English cabman as day from night, or as whisky from muddy beer. Their love of talking brings out endless anecdotes and quaint repartees, of which we cite one of the most amusing:—

I remember an anecdote of one of those eloquent boys, who was driving a very fat and silent gentleman in an inside car. Coming to a hill, the driver descended and commenced a long horse-talk, urging the animal to get up the hill as quickly as possible. At length, however, from the combined influences of fatigue and a heavy draught, the horse came to a stand-still; upon which the driver proceeded to the door of the car, and, having opened it, closed it with a loud bang. "What is that for?" asked the heavy gentleman. "Whist, now," replied the driver; "shure the baste will think yees as got out;" and renewing his eloquence, the animal re-commenced his labours; though whether he did so, believing he had got rid of his heavy load or not, the anecdote does not say.—Page 63.

While staying at Ballinacourty, our author gives us a very graphic account of deep-sea fishing, and an expedition to shoot seals, in which he took part. We cannot say much for his success among the seals, but, in connection with his day's sport, he mentions many very interesting facts, showing the powerful development of the brain, as well as the strong attachments with which the seal is gifted. Perhaps the most affecting story of its domestic nature, and power of attachment, is the following, which is well authenticated:—

A young seal was domesticated in the house of a farmer near the sea-shore in Ireland. It grew apace; its habits were innocent and gentle; it played with the children, was familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family. In summer its delight was to bask in the sun; in winter, to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, to creep into a large oven—the common appendage to an Irish kitchen. A particular disease attacked the black cattle, many of which died. An old hag persuaded the credulous owner that the mortality among his cattle was owing to his retaining about his house an unclean beast—the harmless and amusing seal—and that it should be got rid of. The superstitious man caused the poor creature to be carried in a boat beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea.

The next morning the seal was found quietly sleeping in the oven. He had crept through an open window, and taken possession of his favourite retreat.

The cattle continued to die; the seal was again committed to the deep at a greater distance. On the second evening, as the servant was raking the kitchen fire, she heard a scratching at the door; she opened it, and in came the seal. It uttered a peculiar cry, expressive of delight, at finding itself once more at home; and stretching itself on the hearth, fell into a sound sleep. The old hag was again consulted. She said it would be unlucky to kill the animal, but advised that its eyes should be put out, and then thrown into the sea. The deluded wretch listened to the barbarous suggestion, and the innocent creature was deprived of its sight; and a third time, writhing in agony, was carried beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. On the eighth night after the harmless seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew a tremendous gale. In the pauses of the storm, a wailing noise was at times faintly heard at the door, which the servant concluded to be the Banshee (the harbinger of death in a family). The next morning, when the door was opened, the seal was found lying dead upon the threshold.—Page 70.

At the end of the Dingle peninsula is Dunmore Head, the most western point of Europe. To one standing on the awful edge of the cliff, the precipice sinks down sheer fully 700 feet, so that a stone dropped from the top would fall clear into the Atlantic. A terrible sport for weak brains!

But the Peninsula possesses other features of interest besides its stupendous coast scenery. There, within

hearing of the mighty sea-voice, Christianity erected her earliest temples in Ireland; and while elsewhere, while in our own England the people "walked in darkness," in this wild, rugged district was set up the worship of the true God; and, moreover, even up to the present time, we find reminiscences of the old Faith in the rude oratories still existing, built of wood and uncemented stone. Of these oratories, the most perfect example in Ireland is the so-called "Oratory of Gallarus," an easy ride from Ballinacourty. The following is a short account of this very ancient structure:—

The Oratory is 23 feet long, 8 feet 7 inches broad, and 16 feet high. The longitudinal walls, which are about 4 feet thick, run east and west, and form, with those at right angles to them, parabolic curves. Various conjectures have been hazarded respecting the manner in which the walls were thus made to converge to the apex. The general opinion seems to be that they were built over a heap of earth, which was removed when the structure was rendered self-supporting by wedging in key-stones at the apex. The entrance is at the west end, and consists of a door 5 feet 7 inches high, 2 feet 4 inches at the base, and 1 foot 9 inches at the top. The interior is lighted by a single window piercing the east wall. No ornament or carving of any kind appears on the stones; but the gables retain holes in which crosses were probably placed.—Page 104.

While on the subject of holy places, we may mention, that within sight of Dunmore Head, if the atmosphere be very clear, are some very interesting relics of an old idolatry, the Skellig Rocks. They were formerly places of Druidic worship, but are now dedicated to St. Michael, and form stations for pilgrims—though, it may be added, the great danger, and even loss of life, attendant upon the pilgrimage, has led gradually to its discontinuance. A short account of the rocks, as quoted from a letter of the Rev. Charles O'Connor, will very well bear perusal.

But our space will not permit us to linger too long in these scenes, full of interest though they are. We must pass by Killarney, and the Rocks and the Carra Lakes—though we do so with regret—and we will now accompany our pleasant guide in a visit to Connemara.

Few rambles in Ireland can surpass this in pleasant memories, if only the weather be favourable; for tourists must remember how greatly the Atlantic affects the meteorology of the West of Ireland. Rain pours in frequent torrents; and far too often the mountains are robed in clouds. If, however, the visitor joins the pursuits of the angler to his love of scenery, a wet day will not cause much regret; though bad for sight-seeing, it will be all the better for angling.

The railway from Dublin to Galway renders access to Connemara very easy, as in a few hours after leaving Dublin you arrive at the commencement of your tour. From Galway you proceed west by car; and for this part of the route a hint from our author on the subject of economy may not be unacceptable—viz., that if you are travelling with companions, a *private* car is quite as cheap, and very much more convenient, than the common public conveyance.

The approach to Connemara from Galway is rather flat and uninteresting to the lover of the picturesque, but very full of promise for the fisherman. Lake succeeds lake in almost endless succession; some cradled among the mountains to the north, others, on either side, constantly breaking the monotony of the road—

many of them tenanted by salmon, all swarming with the brown trout. But the great feature of the landscape is bog—bog to the right, bog to the left; bog before, bog behind; sometimes bog beneath. Looking across these treeless wastes, it is hard to realise the fact that not so very long ago the country was clothed in luxuriant forests, proofs of which are often brought to light in the boles of huge trees found in the bog. While we are upon this subject, we will refer our readers to a very interesting chapter (chap. xvi.) on the Bogs of Ireland. It will very well repay perusal, and very much useful information may be obtained from it. Not the least interesting are the observations on the manufacture of paraffine.

Besides the abundant promise of salmon and brown trout, and after a flush of rain the large white trout, which these lakes afford, we may inform the pike-fisher that he will find rare sport in taking his favourite fish, which both here and in many of the rivers of Mayo attain to an enormous size. They have been taken of thirty, forty, and even fifty pounds weight. At Meelick, near the upper waters of the Shannon, there was reported to be one of immense size, a giant among fishes, which no one had taken or could take. He never refused a bait, but invariably carried away the tackle of his would-be captor; so that at length it was solemnly asserted by a discomfited angler, that "if any one took that pike he might set up a fishing tackle shop with all the hooks and gimp adorning his jaws."

On these waters it is by no means necessary to use common baits for pike; in some states of the weather artificial flies are very taking. The following is a description of a pike fly, which will rather astonish the trout fisher:—

A large scarlet body, two big bright beads for eyes, wings of flaunting peacock's feathers, and at the tail two enormous hooks.

There are many more interesting stories and descriptions we could refer to, but our space forbids. In conclusion, we will give a description of an encounter with one of these monsters of the deep, lured by one of these monstrous flies:—

I was fishing one day from a small skiff in the lake on Lord Rosse's estate with a pike fly of enormous size, the day being very rough and the waters high, when just as I had worked the fly up close to the boat, and was making ready to cast it again, I beheld a vast pair of green-hued cavernous jaws issuing from the water near the boat, close to the fly; and with a rush that made the big salmon wheel scream, away went the great fish to the water depths, carrying out without a check fifty yards of line. Nor did he stop then, for, having no more line to give him, he actually commenced towing my little skiff, which was just large enough for one person; and so strong was the fish, that I was quite unable, for upwards of half an hour, to recover a yard of line; and when at length I succeeded in bringing him to a pause, he repeatedly manifested his disinclination to make my acquaintance by tremendous rushes, comparable only to those made by a large first run salmon or white trout, when they carry out all the line. It was well that this and my rod were very strong, otherwise the pike would soon have effected a divorce from the tempting fly; but, as it was, I had no apprehension of a rupture of the tackle as long as I could keep clear of weeds near the shore. This, however, was difficult; for when the pike took a fancy to make a rush, I was obliged to hold the rod in both hands, which were thus unable to control the boat by the use of the oars. It was only when my captive remained quiet that I was at all able to manage the boat,

an operation rendered additionally difficult by the high wind which was blowing. In this manner upwards of an hour passed, and I began to despair of getting my pike. My only chance was in landing in a locality free from weeds; but even then I knew that I could not kill the pike unassisted. At length I saw a labourer approaching the lake, and, by shouting, made him hear that I wanted a gaff. While he was absent procuring this, I succeeded in rowing the boat close to a favourable part of the shore, retaining the butt-end of the rod between my knees, and allowing the line to run out so as not to disturb the pike, which had gone to the bottom. On the arrival of the man with the gaff I leaped on shore, and now, having solid ground under me, and great faith in the strength of my tackle, I commenced a new series of operations, which terminated by the pike becoming my prize about two hours after I had hooked him. He weighed twenty-seven pounds, and was in admirable condition. Strange to say, he was very slightly hooked, at the bony edge of his upper jaw, and consequently suffered little inconvenience from the hook.—Page 349.

Half-Hours with our Sacred Poets. Edited, with Biographical Sketches, by ALEXANDER H. GRANT, M.A. With Illustrations. London: Hogg and Sons.

THE volume before us contains selections of sacred poetry by writers of different ages, from Richard Rolle, who died above 600 years ago, to Mr. Tennison, and others of our own day. Among the authors quoted, we find some who can hardly be called sacred poets; but they happen to have written religious pieces occasionally. With others the case is different, and we gladly admit that Watts and Wesley, Doddridge and Cowper, Milton, Pollok, and many more enumerated in this book, are sacred poets in the true sense of the word. The editor has also made a selection from our popular writers of hymns. In his list we find the names and memoirs of many of our old favourites, but not of all; and we encounter some of whom we know but little. Generally speaking, the choice made appears to be judicious, and the book will be of real use in acquainting the multitudes with the names, memorials, and, to some extent, the writings of not a few of our best writers of sacred poetry.

Answers to Correspondents.

B. W.—We must refer our correspondent to some intelligent chemist for an answer to his question.

A. M. S.—Address your inquiries to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Institution, Islington, and we have no doubt that every information will be afforded you.

MARY A.—Write to the Manager of the Bristol Orphan Asylum, and state the age of the boy, and your reasons for wishing him to be admitted to the institution.

W.—We may assume that a state of mind which leads a man unconsciously to the performance of right actions, must be a sound state, and therefore the right actions of such a man are acceptable to God.

M. B.—*Why were Pharaoh's taskmasters beaten?*—Exod. v. 14. To render them more strict with the children of Israel, and thus increase the labours and the afflictions of these oppressed people.

J. W. H.—You had better consult one of the ministers in your own neighbourhood—one whose religious opinions accord with your own, and who can judge how far you are qualified by piety, and by attainments, for the office you seek.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GRAND VIZIER OF THE "CLOCK HOUSE."

WHEN Edward turned down Crouch Lane (at one opening of which shady by-road the reader has already stood for a few minutes), and walked under the palings that fence the grounds of the Clock House, he was to any casual observer's eye as cheery, pleasant, well-dressed a young man as any connoisseur of humanity could wish to look upon. Thanks to Rupert's taste, and his own compliant temper, which allowed him to accept prudent counsel, he was no longer a roughly clad art-student, but a carefully attired gentleman, fit in every respect of outward appearance to be introduced to a lady's drawing-room.

But though he had neither misgivings nor cause for uneasiness on the score of his attire, he became very nervous, and his heart beat very fast, as he approached nearer and nearer the Clock House gateway, and reflected that in another ten minutes he would, in all probability, for the first time in his life be holding conversation with ladies, one of whom had for many months past been the mistress of his dreams, the object of a thousand wildly romantic imaginings, the cause of some dejection and much pure gladness. He did not remember how, just seventy-two hours before, he had expressed belief that he knew the natures of women, and would enjoy their society, if he could but gain a little practical experience of their subtle, gentle ways—could but have a little practice in the art of rendering them rightful homage; he did not recall how, in restless nights, and in sunny day-dreams, he had fancied one hour spent in the presence of the lovely girl who had ambled past him on her black pony, as he lay upon the grassy border of Crouch Lane, would be better than a long life of ordinary enjoyment; no recollections stole over him of minutes, when he had marvelled what would be the destiny of the beautiful child-woman, what happiness, what sorrow the future had in store for her; clean forgotten were the periods of doubt, and hope, and foolish jealousy of imaginary suitors, and swiftly-dying sorrow, when he had pictured the girl as set before him in the path of life, by the mysterious power which, under the control of the One Great Ruler, decides the fate of men, and offered to his grasp, if he could only learn how to win her: when he had thought of himself as having learnt the way, and having received sure proof he was drawing her nearer and nearer to his hand as well as his heart, was bedding himself deeper and deeper in her affections; when he had uttered cries of pain on beholding her the bride of one unlike himself, the wife of a man who did not, could not, love her as she ought to be loved, the mother of children who had no smiles or words of tenderness for him; when he had, in a horrible, ghastly, nightmare vision that haunted him for days afterwards, seen her slowly fade away, as the loveliest do often fade away, until the cold stillness of death gave awful calmness to

her face, fairer in its last rest than ever it had been in life. None of these recollections disturbed him. A vague, undefinable apprehension that he was entering a critical period of his life; a shadowy fear that his steps were carrying him to disaster; a shadowy hope that he was going whither immeasurable happiness would be conferred upon him; an anxious sense that his onward course was rash and full of danger; a clear and inspiring consciousness that it was too late to retreat, and that a power superior to his own personal volition had brought him to the ground which he trod with quick, uncertain, faltering steps: these were the thoughts and emotions which agitated him, as he paused in the shady lane before the Clock House gate-way, pulled the bell, started at the loudness and duration of the peal which followed the action, heard the rustling of lime-boughs overhead, took note of the speckless flagstones covering the short path between the high iron gate and antique door of the house, marked the height of the box-bushes on either side of the broad flagged way, observed the grey facings of the lofty red-brick mansion, saw bright airy windows through the foliage of delicate acacias, glanced at the cumbrous portico of the entrance-door, and thought that the bell would never have done ringing, that the servants took their leisure in answering the summons.

At length the ringing ceased: and just as it stopped, the massive hall-door at the far end of the flagged path, and one side of the high iron gate, through which he had been peering, were drawn back with a simultaneousness which left no room to doubt that some unseen mechanical contrivance connected the door and the iron gate.

Passing through the gate, the stranger advanced to the open door, and in less than half a minute was standing near a representative of the class so humorously caricatured by Rupert.

The man was neither a claret, nor crimson, nor blue, nor drab servitor. He didn't wear powder or knee breeches: his calves were not conspicuous, and he had upon his person neither an inch of lace nor a metal button. He was a stout, well-fed person, several years past the entrance to middle age, but showing no signs of decay. His dress was a loosely made suit of black cloth; he displayed an unstarched necktie (in old times it was called a "pudding-cloth necktie") of whitest linen, and spotless shirt-front; his hands were gloveless, and his feet were cased in large, well-worn Blucher shoes. Edward had a quick eye for the details of costume (notwithstanding the satisfaction he had long cherished in his discarded hat notwithstanding Rupert's assertion that he paid too little attention to modern dress), and he took a steady survey of the Blucher shoes—remarking that though the shoes themselves were old, their strings were quite new and unnecessarily—not to say, ostentatiously—large about the bows. Highly respectable, and endowed with a substantiality and composure, the combination of which quality may be described as "easy solidity," was the appearance of the elderly person. There was intelligence in his full and rather impudent face, and a touch of humour in his grey eyes. He might have been taken for the master of the house by any one who saw him standing at the open door, and had no personal knowledge of him or Mr. Newbolt. He might easily have been mistaken for an old-fashioned country rector, who had knuckled about in the world

before settling down on a fat living. A momentary suspicion crossed Edward's mind that the elderly man might not be a servant, although he had answered the bell-ring.

"I believe this is the Clock House," said Edward.

"The Clock House, Crouch Lane, Muswell Hill," assented the other.

"Mr. Newbolt's?"

"Hit are," responded the elderly person, with the slightest possible movement of respect.

"Is Mr. Newbolt at home?"

"Mr. John Harrison Newbolt, M.P., are not at 'ome," returned the elderly person with increased dignity.

Let it be here observed that the elderly person was very punctilious and nice on certain questions of grammar; that he was accustomed, in speaking of Mr. Newbolt to strangers, to give him the full benefit of his three names, and also of his senatorial initials; and that when he so gave forth the full volume of the imposing name and title, he attributed a royal plurality to the person described. The elderly person did this, on grammatical principle, holding that the three names and two titular letters required that the verb agreeing with them should be in the plural. The elderly person had often laid down this rule in the servants' hall—to Mr. Newbolt's servants, with whom his word on points of grammatical criticism was "law;" and also to other gentlemen of the "service," who, as they did not eat Mr. Newbolt's bread and take his wages, were less ready to bow before the grand vizier of the Clock House, less prompt to embrace the grand vizier's exception to the first concord.

Be notice also here given, that though the grand vizier was very critical on nice points of language, and had more than once written to literary journals deploring the corruptions and vulgarisms introduced into current English by careless newspaper writers, he was singularly lawless as regarded the use, abuse, and misuse of the letter H. This formal notice of an important and lamentable fact is here given, because the historian of "Not Dead Yet" does not engage, in his printed report of the grand vizier's sayings, to mark all the occasions on which the grand vizier used or omitted that letter, in defiance of the rules of his mother tongue, and to the pain of fastidious ears. Here and there the historian will remind readers of the grand vizier's eccentricity by mis-spelling a word; but for the most part they will be left to exercise private judgment in deciding the excess or deficiency of the elderly person's aspirates. In defence of the line of action which the historian herein proclaims his intention to take, the following considerations may be offered:—First. Any other course would subject the writer to needless trouble, and expose him to a charge of insisting too strongly on a slight matter. Secondly. Any other course would curtail the pleasure of readers by narrowing the field for the exercise of personal taste. Thirdly. As this book is printed in London, a complete catalogue of the grand vizier's offences against poor letter H might be construed as an elaborate and malicious insult by compositors, whose London birth is evidenced by certain peculiarities in their dialect, and might so wound and exasperate them that they would take vengeance on the writer by mis-printing his best passages.

"Mr. John Harrison Newbolt, M.P., are not at home," repeated the elderly person.

"Indeed! It is past half-past five. Mr. Newbolt expects me to dine with him."

"Hoh!" observed the elderly person, relaxing into an air of welcome. "To be sure, I dare say Mr. Smith?"

"Exactly, I am Mr. Smith," returned Edward, a little inclined to be angry, but soothed by the feeling that he was exchanging words with a comical and eccentric character.

"To be sure, we are expecting you. You're the young man who've done the pictures?"

"Right again," replied Edward, smiling as he added, "And you, I suppose, are Mr. Newbolt's butler?"

"That's what I am in the census returns! Hi'm entered as a butler; though, as you'll soon see, hi'm a goodish deal above a butler in some things, and a goodish deal under him in others. Regarded as a butler, I'm just nothing; regarded as the general manager of the 'Clock House,' I'm next door to everybody. My name is Philip Turvey. But come in, and let me take your hat. I don't usually open doors, or take hats, or speak to strangers; but it so happens that Mr. Newbolt has gone out with the carriage, and has taken Thomas with him, and I've sent Arthur on an errand. Still I'll do my best to make you feel at home. Our ladies won't be with you just yet; for one of 'em is speaking to the housekeeper, and the other is out riding, with a groom and two large dogs behind her. But pray come in. You'll like to see our *pictures*, and I can tell you all about 'em, prices and all. They are a fine lot; but whether we shall get our money back, with interest, when we're dead and finish hup with ha hart hauction, is more than I can tell. You see, we buy *picture*s purely as an investment. Sometimes Mr. Newbolt will go in for a little fancy business, what you may call sentimental business; but I never let him carry on that game for long. 'Mr. Newbolt,' I say, 'none of that; I hadmi're hart has much as any man breathing, but we buy *our picture*s purely as investment.' But follow me, Mr. Smith."

All this was said in a low, purring, strictly confidential undertone.

For a few seconds Edward, reasoning from a vague knowledge of the manners and habits of butlers, gleaned from novels instead of actual life, had deemed that Mr. Turvey was guilty of especial, particular, and intentional impertinence towards him, as a young and unknown artist, in that he neglected to address him with the title of "sir," made no sign of obeisance to his gentle rank, and spoke to him as equal and friend, rather than as Mr. Newbolt's visitor. But this speech about "*our picture*s" satisfied Edward that he had no occasion for a display of anger or disapprobation.

Following Mr. Turvey through the hall, or, rather, two halls, divided by a black oak screen and folding-doors, Edward had just time to note the grand effect and minor features of the entrance—the black and white marble slabs of its cool, wide floor; the rich carving of the oaken cornices, that ran round the top of the walls between the wainscot and the painted ceiling; the massive balustrade of the mansion's principal staircase, up which a team of four horses might have been driven; the old tables and chairs crossed by the

sun-light which ran through the house from garden to court; an enormous painting of a boar hunt, and half a score of family portraits—when he entered the long, lofty drawing-room, which was Mr. Newbolt's principal picture gallery. The room was a fine, airy, showy place; abounding in amber draperies and snowy-white hangings, plate-glass and gilding, mirrors and costly furniture, as well as works of high art. On the left of the young man as he entered were a line of windows, commanding a view of lawns and shrubberies, and overlooking the grand valley on the far side of which lay mighty London, scarcely visible in the thin blue mist that covered her; straight in front of him, at the opposite end of the long room, was an open door, which led to the conservatory, the winter-garden, and the forcing-houses.

"You can hardly see it to-day," said Mr. Turvey, turning his eyes towards London; "it isn't clear enough to see Paul's well. Ah, but there she is! there's the old blue dome; Heaven bless her! But never mind the Cathedral: here's the pictures; they are more in your way."

"There are enough of them. It will take me some time to go through them."

"The frames is of a superior horder, Mr. Smith: hall uniform, and hall from the same maker. He has done our frames for us ever since we took to picture-buying. I have paid that man a mint of yellow money in my time."

"Indeed, you pay him?" inquired Edward, thinking it was scarcely within the province of a butler's duties to pay for such articles.

Mr. Turvey saw what his young friend felt, and continuing to speak in the same low, cooing, confidential, but withal rather pompous undertone, went on to enlighten him as to his (the grand vizier's) position in the Clock House.

"Exactly—quite right—very queer butler's work!" observed Mr. Turvey. "I understand you. Remarkably out-o-the-way work! But you see, though I'm set down butler in the census, I'm no more a butler than you are, in as far as the real, essential principle and, so to speak, fundamental basis of a butler are concerned. A butler is a superior domestic officer in plain clothes, who buys what wine he likes into the 'ouse, lets his employer have what wine he (by *he*, I mean the butler) thinks fit, and keeps the cellar key in his own pocket. Everything depends on the right of purchasing wines, the right of allowing them to be drunk, and the holding possession of the key; which last are the greatest of the three pints. If a domestic officer in plain clothes don't keep the cellar key, he ain't a butler; he may call himself a butler, just as you might call yourself a 'Har Hay;' but he ain't a butler, he's only a 'man out of livery;' that's all he is! Well, so regarded, I ain't a butler, but a 'mere man out of livery.' Mr. Newbolt allus keeps the key of his own cellar; he allus buys his wine himself, and what's more, he drinks the best part of it himself."

"I see," assented Edward, beginning to feel a warm affection for Mr. Turvey, "and that's what made you say just now that in some respects you were less than a butler."

"No doubt about it. But then on other grounds I'm what scarce a butler in the kingdom can say he is. The whole of the Clock House is under me—the house and all its appertanances; green-houses, lawns, gardens, timber, stables, out-houses, and all persons whatsoever, and howsoever, and whensoever working therein. I frames the picters and pays for the frames; I keeps my hi on the servants, and sees they do their duty; I looks arter the ladies, and provides that they don't come to harm; and I may make so bold as to say that whatever I tell Mr. Newbolt to do he does, and it's precious few things he do which I haven't first told him to do."

"Indeed! he obeys your orders, like every one else?"

"He do obey my horders," returned Mr. Turvey, his right eye twinkling like a star, and his left becoming as expressionless as an acorn; "but then I know how to manage him. My plan is to fi-ness—to fi-ness, to *stratagenitise*! I keep a sharp look out a-head, dis-kiver what he wishes to do and means to do, and then, afore ever he has done it, I tells him to do it. You may say mine is a limited despotism, but I govern just like any other despot. The Emperor of Rusky can't do much more; the Sultan of Turkey would soon be sent to the right about, if he didn't do a good deal less; and as for the President of Meriky, in respect of individual power, he's no more to be compared to me, than a baby is fit to be compared with a bull-dog. But never mind that; you'd like to be casting your hi over the paintings and picter-frames."

"You have a liking for art, I suppose?" inquired Edward, who was by this time highly delighted with his companion, and wished to draw him to further confidences.

"I rather suppose I have a liking for hart; there's not many, though I say it, as can touch me on pints of taste, in some departments of hart. You see I was bred to it; the smell of files was the first smell I ever sniffed as a child; in a sort of way, I'm one of you."

"Indeed?"

"My father were an artist! You may recollect the name of Turvey?"

"Let me see—Turvey—was he an historical painter?" asked Edward, doing his best to recall the name.

"No, not a historical. He was a decorative painter!" answered the grand vizier, proudly. "Zachariah Turvey he was; my name is Philip Turvey. Zachariah and Philip are both on 'em Scripiter names. You remember him now?"

So pressed, Rupert Smith would have declared his familiar acquaintance with Zachariah Turvey's decorative productions; but honest Edward expressed his regret at not being able to recollect the artist's name.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Turvey, "you're a pleasure in store, then; you're a young man, and can't be expected to know everything. Just you go to-morrow to the hall of the Decorative Painters' Company in Little Trinity Lane, and look at my father's portrait, and ask the clerk to show you the specimens they've got in the museum of his style; you may mention my name, and say I sent you. They all know me there. My father died in the year '15, of sheer joy at hearing of the victory of Waterloo; genius is always excitable, and he died of excitement; when the news of the victory

reached him, he went out to spend the evening at the Decorative Painters' Club, and he was brought home feet foremost, and as dead as Queen Anne. The glorious intelligence did for him; nervous prostration came on at the club, although he had endeavoured to sustain himself with a pint and a half of brandy; and the acknowledged Father of Decorative Painters collapsed. But you can see his portrait in the hall; and I think you'll say you never saw a portrait of a human face with such a width between the hi's. There won't be a beast in Smithfield market next Monday morning with a greater width between hi and hi than my father had. He was for all the world like a prize bull to look at. He was a most extraordinary man."

"And they have specimens of his work at the Hall?"

"I believe you; and if I see you right, you'll be regularly carried away by them. What decorative painting is at the present date, my father made it! Bless you, 'graining' could not be said to exist before Zachariah Turvey appeared on the scene; and as for 'marbling,' the hart was in its infancy, was rolled up in swaddling clothes, till he took it by the hand, set it on its pegs, and made it walk the primeval sod, erect and free. His 'woods' are nothing short of wonderful; to look at 'em makes you wish you were a walnut beading, or a plank of polish maple. I declare to you I've looked at his 'marbles' till I have come all over stony. But it was in combinations that he excelled, rising like a star above the flat levels of mediocrity, and attaining the zenith of earthly renown. Before his day, no man had ever dreamt of uniting Purbeck and blood-stone in shop-fronts. Oh, one of our ladies, Mr. Smith!"

This sudden digression from Zachariah Turvey's artistic merits was caused by the entrance into the drawing-room of a lady.

Having given utterance to his exclamation of surprise, and announced the guest's name, Philip Turvey made a faint expression of respect to the lady, and slowly withdrew from the room.

As Philip Turvey withdrew, the lady limped over the drawing-room carpet towards Edward, holding out her hand.

The lady was of diminutive stature. She was a cripple. Moreover, she had a hunch on her back.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IDA NEWBOLT.

THE three counts of the only indictment which the lady's worst enemies were ever able to prefer against her having been put forth with all the emphasis of directness and brevity, it is time to modify the impression created by them on the minds of readers.

The lady was a cripple; the limp of her gait, as she moved quickly towards Edward, left no doubt of the fact to the young artist, whose lively appreciation of beauty, in whatever form it might present itself to his eye, was closely allied with a sensitiveness which caused him, in unguarded moments, to shrink from the spectacle of personal deformity with feelings not unlike those a coward experiences at the prospect of having to undergo a slight surgical operation. But her lameness did not shut her out from the pleasure of walking

about the house and surrounding gardens. Though she moved awkwardly, she could move quickly.

She was unquestionably a hunchback; but the malformation was so far concealed by her high dress and lace scarf, that it was by no means so grave a disfigurement as readers, doubtless, imagined it on the first announcement of the defect.

That she was of diminutive stature, and delicate in appearance, none could deny; but her external aspect was not without features which in some degree compensated for the injuries of perverse Nature. Her face had many attractions. It was not beautiful without a drawback; but in the gentleness of its dark eyes, the humour of its small mouth, the regular outline of its delicate features, and its prevailing expression of mental power, it had elements of feminine loveliness, which would have given her a high place as a beauty, if her figure had corresponded with her countenance. It was a very remarkable and fascinating face, at times pensive with a sad pensiveness, but quite as often flashing with gaiety of disposition; expressive of almost masculine strength of purpose and intellect, but at the same time singularly eloquent—even in her sternest moments, *singularly eloquent*—of womanly submissiveness. Of course it was not altogether free from that expression which it is often remarked "all deformed persons have"—that air of constraint and endurance, which is less attributable to bodily suffering (either present or past) than to the displacement of the muscles of the face by the grand error of shape influencing in some degree every part of the frame, and without any infliction of positive pain that requires muscles remote from the seat of malformation to accommodate themselves to Nature's clumsy workmanship. But it had no touch of irritability, or peevishness, or asperity. There was the look "which all deformed persons have," but it lacked the air of sharpness which sometimes enables observers to tell the shape of a man's back, when they have only seen his face.

Another charm the lady had. It was her voice. Some readers will, perhaps, for a moment think it cannot have been a very charming voice, when it is stated that it was, for a woman's organ, unusually deep and powerful. It was, however, a singularly fascinating voice—richly melodious, pathetically nervous, and very expressive of feminine softness, in all its intonations, notwithstanding its fulness and strength. Like her countenance, it combined, in a truly strange, striking, and agreeable manner, the opposite qualities of masculine force, and that delicacy which is inseparable from every cultivated man's ideal of womanly perfection.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Smith," said this fragile and small lady in a musical and hearty—the pen had almost written *jolly*—tone; "and I hope you will pardon us if we are a few minutes late for dinner. We are usually very punctual."

"Mr. Newbolt has not yet returned," observed Edward, when the lady had shaken him warmly by the hand. He said this not interrogatively, but in a voice which showed he was aware of the fact, and needed no explanation why the dinner would be half an hour after its appointed time. The words were of no great weight; but they are worthy of note, as the first words

he ever uttered to a lady. Some young men in his novel position would not have thus made a simple statement for the purpose of putting their hostess at her ease, but would have clumsily stammered out some formal statement of their pleasure at making her acquaintance—stammered it out for the sake of putting *themselves* at ease.

"You heard that from Philip—from Mr. Turvey?" rejoined the lady, smiling archly, and laying a playful accent on the *Mister*.

"Yes," Edward answered, seeing the significance of the smile and emphasis, "we have had a good deal of chat."

"I dare say you have. He is very amusing, and he is a most excellent man. I should not know what to do at the head of this large house without him. Has he given you any new views on art?"

"He has advised me to go to Little Trinity Lane, and study his father's works that are preserved in the Hall of the Decorative Painters' Company."

"Feel yourself flattered, then; for if he had not liked your appearance, and formed a high opinion of you, he would not so soon have taken you into his confidence. Some people have to wait a long time before Mr. Turvey tells them about Trinity Hall and the father of decorative painters—the *recognised* father: that's his word!"

"That's the word!" assented Edward, laughing, and thinking that he should not object to have the lady laugh at him, even as she laughed at her servant. There was a quality in her voice which assured him that her humour was thoroughly amiable—that it was not in her nature to give pain or do injury to any living thing.

"Then since you have already had a lecture on art," continued the lady, raising upon her shoulders the black lace scarf which contrasted strongly with her white muslin robe, "I won't take you through the pictures now. You can study them at your leisure another day; for our friends, when they have once come to Muswell Hill, are accustomed to come again. I will take you through the conservatory, and the gardens—that is to say, under the walls of the shady side of the garden—if you don't object to a lame guide."

It was manifest that these last words were uttered in all simplicity, and out of a genuine wish not to impose the burden of her infirmity in any way upon another. They had no taint of morbid egotism.

"Indeed, it will give me great pleasure to accompany you," said Edward, warmly. "How could you fancy it might be otherwise?"

"Some people," answered the lady, "are terribly fidgeted by having a lame person hopping and limping before them. It is so with myself. I cannot bear to limp by the side of another limper; and you, as an artist, might naturally be presumed to be sensitive about bodily deformity. Come, then; since you allow me to lead you,"

Without giving him time or opportunity to reply on a subject whose reply would necessarily have caused embarrassment to both of them, the lady conducted him through the conservatories and along the shady side of the garden wall, chatting briskly on the way, and point-

ing out the flowers which were most worthy of attention.

Edward was surprised at the magnitude of the buildings and the extent of the grounds; the garden on the Crouch Lane side was protected by a high wall of southern aspect—a rare wall for peaches, nectarines, and apricots, even as the soil beneath it was well suited to those fruits; where the walls ended, park-palings began—palings which encircled about thirty-five acres of ornamental ground, abounding with fine timber, and descending with bold sweeps to the valley that lies between Muswell Hill and London. Less extensive grounds have often been styled "parks" by ambitious proprietors; but John Harrison Newbolt, Esq., M.P., whose humour it was to ape republican simplicity in the midst of his luxurious affluence, always laughed down those who applied the high-sounding title to his little inclosure, and derided the bare notion that "a mere city broker" could have a "park."

"You see, the house was formerly much smaller. When Mr. Harrison first came to it, no more of it was in existence than the centre part; but he built out the wings—perhaps you have not detected the additions, they are so well managed—and so the place came to its present owner. The stables are there; lower down is the lodge, with the opening of the drive up to this front. You entered from Crouch Lane; but it is seldom that visitors now-a-days ring at the Lane gate, which at one time was the only entrance to the Clock House."

"It is a delightful place. I never was in a more lovely spot."

"Never! nay, nay, I like to hear the dear old house praised. 'Love me, love my house' is my motto; but I don't want adulation for my home. I could point you out two or three places in this immediate neighbourhood which are certainly not less picturesque."

"But I have not seen them," rejoined Edward, "and indeed I mean what I say—*never*! My praise will lose its force when I tell you that to stand and walk about in a garden like this is quite a new experience for me. I have never before been in the well-kept grounds of a rich man's house. Of course, I have been to Kew, Chiswick, and half a dozen other superb semi-public grounds. I speak of private gardens, when I say this is the first time I have been in one. You seem astonished at the fact—it's simple enough."

"I'm astonished at your telling me so," answered the lady, with roguish mocking merriment in her dark eyes; "it is simple enough."

"Have I done a foolish thing in saying it?—it's the mere truth," said Edward, blushing with surprise, rather than discomfort, at his companion's raillery.

"I like you very much for saying it," answered the lady, warmly, and with a richness in her full voice that gave her hearer intense delight. "But do you always make it a rule to tell the whole truth about everything?"

"I don't know that I have a rule about it," replied Edward, quietly, "but I always try to do it."

"Mr. Smith," rejoined the lady, with another great and sudden increase of earnestness—with a flashing, piercing glance through his eyes to the inmost temple of his soul,—“we shall be good friends, and like each other well, though you have never before idled about a

pleasure garden at a woman's heels. But there is the carriage. Let us go back to the house, for dinner will be ready in a minute."

As she spoke these last words, an open carriage passed through the lodge gate, and drove quickly up to the house. Mr. Newbolt was in the carriage; and when he had quickly stepped from it to the threshold of his house, he waved his hand to the pair, exclaiming, "I'll be with you directly. I'm awfully hungry. Order the dinner, Ida."

Whereupon Edward and Ida walked under the shade of the garden wall back to the conservatory, and through it into the long drawing-room once more.

"Of course she is Mrs. Newbolt," thought Edward, "though she is so much younger than Mr. Newbolt. I can quite understand how he came to marry her, although she is deformed; for her face is beautiful, her eyes magnificent, and clearly she is very clever. I am sure, too, she is a very good woman; her voice could not belong to any one but a good woman; and it would do something towards killing the evil of whatever wicked person it addressed. As to her age, I suppose she's something under forty."

Be it stated that Ida Newbolt was still in her thirtieth year.

Deformity, which had given her face no expression of sharpness, had endowed it with the look of an age greater than her years.

(To be continued.)

PROVIDENCE IN HISTORY AND LIFE.

THE theory of an overruling Divine Providence has ever been a fertile subject of discussion in philosophy and in religion. It is to be regretted that there has not been more of philosophy in the religious argument, and more of religion in the philosophical argument. The theologian has generally asserted the doctrine of a particular providence in the events of human life; the philosopher has admitted, somewhat coldly, the doctrine of a superintending providence in the large outlines of general history. The distinction thus drawn between a general and a particular providence exists, perhaps, only in terms, and is an accommodation to our limited notions. For a general providence, embracing all details, becomes a particular providence; and a particular providence, extending to all details, becomes a general providence. To state the point of difficulty in the simplest terms, men will discern the hand of God in great events, but will be slow, often from reverential feeling, to distinguish it in small events. But the terms *great* and *small*, which we use in relation to ourselves, we dare not use in reference to the Creator. The hand of God is discovered both in magni-

tude and minuteness. The telescope discloses a world in a star, and the microscope discloses a world in an atom. If the first reveals to us overwhelming conceptions of magnitude and infinity, the latter reveals to us miracles of beauty and design in the veined leaf, and in the purple and the gold of the insect's plumage. The same law holds good in relation to human life. God's providence is seen in history, as when the stars in their courses fight against a Sisera; it is seen in life, as when the Saviour tells that a sparrow's fall is noted, and that the hairs of our head are all numbered. The world is no orphan bereft of the fatherhood of God. The world's infinite maze is not without an order and determinate plan. It is the property of an Infinite Being to be infinitely concerned with his creation. We may humbly argue that what He has deigned to create, He will deign to govern and superintend. A Christian will reasonably recognise in his own case the dealings of Divine providence. A Christian nation may also discern the Divine hand in human history, shaping its destinies, and guiding its career.

The difficulties that are advanced on the subject of providence equally belong to the subject of prayer. The tendency of modern science is to reduce all apparent physical irregularities within the rigid domains of law. We are told that God acts by general laws, and that there is no special providence to adapt them to particular cases. It might be answered, as a modern writer strongly puts it, that when God instituted the laws of Nature, and at the same time promised to answer prayer, he knew as much about the laws of Nature as the philosopher. Such objections to a special providence indicate an inadequate idea of the Divine nature and character. The ethical teaching of the miracles of our Lord is, that we are not delivered bound to dead impersonal laws; that behind the dead laws there is the living personal God, who has impressed, and can at will suspend them. It may also be answered that the Eternal so arranged his laws as to fulfil every contingency, and to accomplish all his purposes. The Lawgiver is greater than the law. In His infinite wisdom and love, the Creator may permit no apparent aberration from those general laws which He has impressed upon the moral and the material world alike. But far away in the laboratory of causation, in the remote causes removed far from the proximate causes, the supernatural result may

be worked out through natural means. Much profitable speculation may be indulged upon the high theme, how the ordinary laws of God's government are to be recognised in the extraordinary interventions of His providence. That the fact is so, is what Christians will admit as the evidence of the documents of Christianity; but it may well kindle faith and hope to find that this is also indicated by induction of facts and inferences of argument.

Nationality and individuality are converse. The nation is the individual seen through the magnifying lens; the individual is the nation seen through the diminishing lens. To use the familiar illustration of Plato, it is the same thing repeated, first in large letters, and then in little letters. Most men will see in their own lives much to remind them of the saying of Sir Thomas Browne, the Norwich philosopher, that he should best describe his life as a continuous miracle. To the devout student of history, there appear many wonderful facts, which he best understands when he instinctively refers them to the workings of Providence. Look at that great discovery which, more than any other, has converted mediæval into modern history—printing. We may truly say that the age demanded its discovery, and that the discovery was best fitted for the age. The curious fact has now become known that distant and barbarous ages trembled on the verge of the discovery, which was, nevertheless, postponed until, as we may reverently term it, "the fulness of time." We may surely think that there was something providential in the chain of reasoning which led Newton to establish the theory of gravitation, and in the series of observations which led Jenner to the discovery that has saved multitudes from disfigurement and death. Surely in our own age there is something providential in the discoveries that have chained the very lightnings to the service of man, and, in a certain sense, abolished the conditions of time and space; in such additions to our knowledge as the healing oil that alleviates consumption, and the potent anodyne that induces a happy insensibility.

On the great landmarks of history there are pillars set up for grateful commemoration. Let us look at ancient history first. The Persian king twice formed the design of extending his empire westward. Twice he was repulsed by the energy of the Greeks, and forced to retire ignominiously. Had not God's providence so ordained, the soft indolence of Asia would have been substituted for the vigour of Europe, and the world have lost for ever the poetry, the art, the wisdom of Greece. Again the same race tried the same bold scheme: the fleets and armies of Carthage sought to subdue Italy; Hannibal set his strength against the strength of Rome, as Napoleon struggled against England; but, as had happened

before in Greece, the invader was repelled, and Rome remained, to bring the nations into subjection, and prepare the way for the Gospel. Once again the Moslem hordes that had hewed out for themselves an Asian empire were prepared to precipitate themselves upon Europe. Their martial strength was great, but it was rendered ten times greater by the fiery vigour of enthusiasm. Only one thing could avert the plague from Europe; that the religious enthusiasm of the West should be set in array against the religious enthusiasm of the East. Then Peter the Hermit originated the movement that in turn awoke the slumbering intellectual and spiritual life of Europe. A cold infidel like Hume may sneer at the Crusades. Very different was the opinion of Bacon, who recognised a Divine head, and who, of all philosophers, best knew how to render to reason the things that are reason's, and to faith the things that are faith's. Under the hot noon-day sun of Spain, a tired traveller, with his child, pause to take refuge within the convent door; the prior happens to be passing; and struck by the appearance of the stranger, and, when he converses with him, by the simple majesty of his thoughts, brought him into that powerful notice which enabled Columbus to dower Castile and Aragon with a new world. Or take the case of Luther at Erfurt. See him as a solitary student, busy amid the dust and books of a great library; with a student's avidity, he turns over volume after volume. Among them he for the first time meets with a copy of the Bible entire, and thereby the most powerful will and intellect of the sixteenth century was moved in the direction of the dawning Reformation. The defeat of the Spanish armada, and the deliverance of our country from the great peril that then beset her, has been, even by the most worldly historians, decorously ascribed to Providence. The readers of Mr. Motley's last book will learn, as it has not been learned before, how great was that peril, and how mighty that deliverance. The people were utterly incautious, and entirely unprepared for invasion. It may well be questioned whether any extent of national valour could then have saved us. But the winds and the waters fought on our side; a righteous cause was in jeopardy; the prayer of faith was multitudinous and urgent; God hearkened, and was faithful to his promise. It has been a question acutely discussed by the most cultured intellects of the day, how far the limits of exact science may be applied to history. From all examination of all phenomena, we may arrive, according to Baconian induction, at general laws. We certainly believe that such laws are discoverable, though not in the sense advocated by Mr. Buckle. Contrary to him, we firmly believe in the moral laws that pervade history.

The rewards and punishments of an individual

life are not visible in this world, because there is a future existence where they are adjusted with perfect precision. But a nation does not possess an immortality: the time comes when the corporate aggregate ceases for ever; therefore God's laws of truth and justice should be vindicated in this life in the case of communities. Such a law is indicated in the Biblical assertion that righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people. The facts of history abundantly prove how national sin works ruin and retribution. The guilty nation in this world meets its proper doom, as surely as did the cities of the plain. The story of the decline and fall of each proud empire repeats the same refrain of lamentation, mourning, and woes. Sin works corruption, and corruption issues in death.

A very important distinction should therefore be drawn between God's providence in history and in life. We know that, whatever may be the anomalies of earthly condition, they will be rectified in a future state, with a perfect accuracy to which the refinement of human equity can bear only a remote resemblance. The ultimate verdicts of human tribunals, after all, are not final, but may be reversed at the last. It is unnecessary, according to the scheme of Divine justice, that the wicked man should be checked in his outward prosperity, or poetic justice be administered to the poor oppressed. In God's providential government of the world this is, indeed, often the case, but not necessarily so, as all apparent inequalities will be adjusted at the supreme arbitration of the Great Assize. But a nation will not have a separate existence in a future state in the same way as the individual will possess a separate existence; and therefore we may expect that God's law will in general history receive a completeness of vindication, which, in the present order of things, is not always discoverable in individual history. The lesson of history is, that for a nation to follow in the steps of God's law, to be truthful, pure, merciful, righteous, is to secure national happiness and prosperity, and that national sin is always accompanied by national deterioration.

Let us give one very striking illustration of the manner in which this great historical law of eternal morality holds good, even against the conclusions of wise men, and the outward evidences of the senses. No political step has been more applauded than Henry IV.'s abjuration of the Protestant religion on attaining the crown of France. By this step peace was restored to a distracted realm, the festering wounds of the nation were bound up. Huguenot and Catholic forgot their religious differences in their common nationality. Historians and philosophers have praised the king who did not allow religious fanaticism to dominate over his love for his people. Thus matters may appear to a

superficial view; but a deeper view will show the wisdom of a simple faithful adherence to the cause of God and conscience, although the most powerful temptations, and the wisest calculations, may tempt state policy in a different direction. The fortunate results of the abjuration may be stated thus: Henry reigned prosperously seventeen years; seven of his line reigned over France; the civil troubles were appeased. But Henry's years were those of guilt and unhappiness, and at their close the dagger of Ravallac was at his throat. His descendants, indeed, ruled over France, but a tragic history attaches to each of them, as though each were dogged by an evil fate. Civil strife, it is true, ceased for a time, but only to break out again in wild, blind vengeance at the Revolution, heated seven times hotter than before. If Henry had remained true to the convictions of his conscience and the teachings of his faith, he might have imperilled, but he could hardly have lost his crown; through a brief baptism of blood once past, regeneration might have arrived for France, even as it had for England; and the unhappy land might have been spared the total subversion of order, liberty, and religion, from the effects of which she is still suffering, and must suffer. Surely, in history the finger of God's providence is apparent, and the righteousness of his laws vindicated.

We turn once more from providence in history, to providence in life. We believe that an experienced Christian man, in the sunset of his days, will not be slow in recognising the law of God's dealings with him. That law may be thus stated: *that the events of providence are subordinated to the purposes of grace.* The events of life are a discipline to educate man for a happy immortality. While a man is passing through events, he is slow to discern their meaning, and will not lightly, in vain words, connect them with the designs of God. But the time comes, when, so to speak, he has gained an eminence, and can look back upon the past, as upon a land mapped out. He sees the way by which God has led him all these years through the wilderness, till he has come to the margin of the dark eternal river, and discerns beyond it the good land and the large. He discerns that amid all the changes and chances of life, God is guiding him through this world, and fitting him for a better. It is the knowledge of this that gives unity to what is manifold, and imparts simplicity to what is complex. Holding this clue, he knows that in good time he will pass from the mazes of the labyrinth, to the clear broad spaces, and the unclouded day.

NOTICE. — In our next number we shall publish the first of a series of articles entitled "UNITARIANISM NOT THE TRUTH." By the author of "JOHN SULLIVAN."

Memorials of Illustrious Men.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE—(concluded).

Up to this period, as we have but too clearly seen, Christian principles and motives held no place in the heart of the young senator. When Parliament was prorogued in 1784, he went down to York, and was "the joy of the races." He tells us his twenty-fifth birthday was spent at the top wave and highest flow of those frivolous amusements which had swallowed up so large a portion of his youth. But the time was now come when the most unexpected circumstances led to results quite unlooked for, and gave the turn to the current of his whole future existence. A friend whom he invited to accompany him during a tour on the Continent, to his surprise, declined the offer, and Isaac Milner was asked in his stead. This was the *chance* (as it seemed) that gave the direction to all which followed. In his private memoranda, he thus narrated the all-important event:—

It would indicate a strange insensibility to the ways of a gracious Providence, if I were to suffer the circumstance of my having Dr. Milner for my fellow-traveller to pass without observation. Wishing for an intelligent and agreeable companion, I requested my friend, Dr. Burgh, of York, to accompany me. . . . Had he been my associate, I should never have benefited by him in the most important of all concerns; indeed, I am persuaded that neither of us would ever have touched on the subject of religion, except in the most superficial and cursory way.

On his declining to accept my proposal, I next invited Dr. M. to accompany me, chiefly prompted by his acknowledged talents and acquirements, and by my experience of his cheerfulness, good nature, and powers of social entertainment. I am bound to confess that I was not influenced to select him by any idea of his having religion more at heart than the bulk of our Cambridge society; and in fact, though his religious opinions were the same as his brother's, yet they were then far from having that influence over his heart and manners which they subsequently possessed. Had I known at first what his opinions were, it would have decided me against making him the offer; so true it is that a gracious Hand leads us in ways we know not, and blesses us not only without, but even against, our own plans and inclinations.

The fellow-travellers appeared at the outset to be entirely congenial in their sentiments. Milner, although perfectly correct in conduct, was not more attentive than others to religion. He appeared in all respects like an ordinary man of the world, mixing, like them, in all companies, and joining as readily as the rest in the prevalent Sunday parties, though himself a clergyman.

The first time (says his friend) I discovered he had any deeper principles was at the public table at Scarborough. The conversation turned on Mr. Stillingsfleet, rector of Rotham; and I spoke of him as a good man, but one who carried things too far. "Not a bit too far," said Milner; and to this opinion he adhered when we renewed the conversation in the evening on the sands. This declaration greatly surprised me, and it was agreed that we should, at some future time, talk the matter over.

During the winter months, the party settled in a house at Nice, which was "separated from the Mediterranean only by a grove of orange-trees," where they luxuriated in the lovely climate, and associated with a large circle of the highest ranks of their own countrymen, who, like themselves, had sought the reviving influence of Italy, and gave themselves up to all the usual entertainments of the *beau monde* under such circumstances. Here

religious discussion was frequently renewed between the two companions. But it was merely speculative; for there was little or nothing of the power of evangelical religion manifested at that time in the life of Dean Milner, and consequently his reasonings had but little weight, and made no impression on his gay and sprightly friend.

Just before leaving this retreat, in the winter of 1784-5, Wilberforce took up accidentally Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion," which belonged to one of his fellow-travellers; and casting his eye hastily over its pages, asked Milner's opinion of it. "It is one of the best books ever written," was the reply; "let us take it with us, and read it on our journey." He readily consented, and they read it carefully together, with this much effect: that he determined at some future time to examine the Scriptures for himself, and see if things were stated there in the same manner. Their journey was attended with considerable danger. Once, upon the hills of Burgundy, as they climbed a frozen road, the weight of their carriage overpowered the horses, and it was just running over a frightful precipice, when Milner, who was walking behind, perceived the danger, and, by a sudden effort of his great strength of muscle, arrested its descent. But neither the providence nor the Word of God had as yet made any abiding impression upon the heart of the young worldling. Many succeeding months were spent in the excitement of politics, and "in a constant round of company and amusement."

The end of June (1785) saw the two companions once more on their way to Italy, to rejoin the ladies whom they had left there. Their conversation now became more serious in tone than formerly. They commenced reading together the Greek Testament, and examined its doctrines in company. September found them journeying on the banks of the Rhine, still carrying on their studies.

By degrees (says Mr. Wilberforce) I imbibed Milner's sentiments, though I must confess, with shame, they long remained merely as opinions assented to by my understanding, but not influencing my heart. My interest in them certainly increased, and at length I began to be impressed with a sense of their importance. Milner, though full of levity on all other subjects, never spoke on this but with the utmost seriousness, and all he said tended to increase my attention to religion.

So interesting did these conversations soon become to him that his fellow-travellers complained of the infrequency of his visits to their carriage. In this state of feeling he arrived at Spa, and spent almost six weeks observing that motley assemblage from all parts of Europe. But his conscience was ill at ease, and he began to shrink from many habits in which until now he had freely shared. Of this we see indications in his journals:—

Mrs. C. cannot believe that I can think it wrong to go to the play. Surprised at hearing that halting on the Sunday was my wish, and not my mother's.

He adds that "often, while in the full enjoyment of all that this world could bestow," his conscience told him that, in the true sense of the word, he was not a Christian.

I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy; but the thought would steal across me—what madness is all this; to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery, and that when eternal happiness was within my grasp! For I had received into my understanding the great truths of

the Gospel, and believed that its offers were free and universal, and that God had promised to give his Holy Spirit to them that asked for it. At length such thoughts as these completely occupied my mind, for I began to pray earnestly.

Again we find him saying :—

As soon as I reflected sincerely on these subjects, the deep guilt and black ingratitude of my past life forced itself upon me in the strongest colours, and I condemned myself for having wasted my precious time, and opportunities, and talents.

Filled with such new and pungent convictions he returned home, another man in his inner breast, yet manifesting outwardly so little of the struggle passing there that it was not, remarked one of his companions, "until many months after our return that I learned what had been taking place in his mind."

When he arrived at home he went immediately to Wimbledon; and as Parliament did not meet till the following February, he was much alone, and had leisure for meditation and communion with himself. The more he reflected, the deeper became his new impressions.

It was not so much (he said) the fear of punishment by which I was affected, as a sense of my great sinfulness in having so long neglected the unspeakable mercies of my God and Saviour; and such was the effect which this thought produced, that for months I was in a state of the deepest depression from strong convictions of my guilt. Indeed, nothing which I have ever read in the accounts of others exceeded what I then felt.

When this mental struggle was at its height, he commenced a private journal, with the view of becoming "humble and watchful." In this secret record there are freely marked all the variations of his feelings, and the trials and difficulties he experienced. Some extracts from it will show strikingly the spirit of practical earnestness which he evinced :—

Nov. 27.—Had some very strong feelings. May God turn them to account, and in any way bring me to himself! I have been thinking I have been doing well by living alone, and reading generally on religious subjects. I must awake to my dangerous state, and never be at rest till I have made my peace with God. My heart is so hard, my blindness so great, that I cannot get a due hatred of sin, though I see I am all corrupt and blinded in the perception of spiritual things.

28th.—I hope as long as I live to be the better for the meditation of this evening; it was on the sinfulness of my own heart, and its blindness and weakness. True, Lord, I am wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked. What infinite love that Christ should die to save such a sinner, and how necessary it is he should save us altogether, that we may appear before God with nothing of our own! God grant I may not deceive myself in thinking I feel the beginnings of Gospel comfort.

One of the first practical results of that great change he was now undergoing was his determination to adopt Joshua's resolve, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The diary soon records the setting up of a family altar in his household, thus :—

Began this night constant family prayer, and resolved to have it every morning and evening, and to read a chapter when time.

It was not to be expected that he should take such a step as this without strong and conflicting emotions, and accordingly, he mentions, with self-reproach, that on the first occasion when his ser-

vants assembled for this novel purpose he "felt ashamed."

Oh, what should I have done in persecuting times! Pride is my greatest stumbling-block: and there is danger in it two ways; lest it should make me desist from a Christian life through fear of the world, my friends, &c.; or if I persevere, lest it should make me vain of so doing.

The question now began to press upon him, how should he face the world's dread laugh; how declare to his gay companions, to his former associates, the altered character of his feelings, the new-born desires of his heart?

Nothing so convinces me of the dreadful state of my own mind (he writes) as the possibility—which, if I did not know it from experience, I should believe impossible—of my being ashamed of Christ—ashamed of the Creator of all things. One who has received infinite pardon and mercy ashamed of the Dispenser of it, and that in a country where his name is professed!

Impelled by a sense of duty as well as by the constraining influence of holy love, he now began to speak to his friends of the change which had passed upon him. His own way, he hoped, would become more clear when his principles were understood, and the frank avowal of his altered views was due to those with whom he had lived hitherto in levity and thoughtlessness. Some treated his communication with the feeling that it was merely a temporary depression, from which he would speedily rally; others, knowing that his past life had not been a vicious one, imagined he had now become a fanatic, and anticipated with regret their expected loss of his social accomplishments and political assistance.

His heart prompted him to unfold all his feelings to his much-admired friend, Mr. Pitt, and in a letter which he addressed to him he stated plainly and fully the grounds on which he acted, and the bearing of the new principles he had adopted upon his public conduct. He told him that, although he should retain a strong personal affection for him, and had every reason to believe he should, in general, be able to support him, yet that he could no more be so strong a party man as he had formerly been.

On the 2nd of December (he says) I got Pitt's answer—much affected by it. It was full of kindness; nothing I had told him he said, could affect our friendship; that he wished me always to act as I thought right. "Let me come to Wimbledon to-morrow to discuss the topics of your letter with you," he wrote. He thought that I was out of spirits, and that company and conversation would be the best way of dissipating my impressions.

Mr. Pitt visited his friend accordingly, and found him not unprepared for the discussion.

I had prayed (he says) to God, I hope with some sincerity, not to lead me into disputing for my own exaltation, but for his glory. Conversing with Pitt nearly two hours, and opened myself completely to him. I admitted that as far as I could conform to the world with a perfect regard to my duty to God, myself, and my fellow-creatures, I am bound to do it. He tried to reason me out of my convictions, but soon found himself unable to combat their correctness if Christianity were true. The fact is, he was so absorbed in politics, that he had never given himself time for due reflection on religion.

Mr. Wilberforce now devoted himself much to the study of the Holy Scriptures; and writing to his sister, who had been made acquainted with his change of sentiments, he urged upon her the same imperative duty.

What my heart most impels me now to say to you (he writes to her), is, Search the Scriptures, and with all that earnestness and constancy which that Book claims in which are "the words of eternal life." Never read it without praying to God that he will open your eyes to understand it; for the power of comprehending it comes from Him, and Him only. "Seek and ye shall find," says our Saviour; "Take heed how ye hear:" which implies that unless we seek, and diligently too, we shall not find; and unless we take heed, we shall be deceived in hearing. There is no opinion so fatal as that which is commonly received in these days—that a person is in a safe state with respect to a future world, if he acts tolerably up to his knowledge and convictions, though he may not have taken much pains about acquiring this knowledge or fixing these convictions.

What he pressed on her, he diligently practised. He now spent several hours daily in earnest study of the sacred writings; took lodgings in the Adelphi, that he might be within reach of pastoral instructions which simply inculcated its truths; and began to seek the friendship of those who feared God, particularly of his kinsman, Mr. John Thornton and the Rev. J. Newton, by whom he was greatly encouraged and strengthened in the ways of righteousness. The counsel given him by the former, in a letter written at this time, is full of instruction; he says:—

As in nature so in grace, what comes very quickly forward, rarely abides long. I am aware of your difficulties, which call for great prudence and caution. Those that believe must not make haste, but be content to go God's pace, and watch the leadings of his providence, as of the pillar and the cloud formerly. You cannot be too wary in forming connections. The fewer new friends, perhaps, the better.

There was one who heard with concern and alarm the report which was now universally spread, that Mr. Wilberforce had turned Methodist. The letter in which he explained to his mother his real sentiments breathed affection, moderation, and firmness.

All I contend for (he says) is that we should really make this book (the Bible) the criterion of our opinions and actions, and not read it, and then think we do so of course. But if we do this we must reckon on not finding ourselves able to comply with all those customs of the world in which many who call themselves Christians are too apt to indulge without reflection.

He assured her that he was not going to withdraw from the world and retire into seclusion.

No, my dear mother; in my circumstances this would merit no better name than desertion; it is my constant prayer that God will enable me to serve him more steadily, and my fellow-creatures more assiduously; and I trust that my prayers will be granted through the intercession of that Saviour, by whom we have access with confidence into this grace wherein we stand, and who has promised that he will lead on his people from strength to strength, and gradually form them to a more complete resemblance of their Divine original.

His mother happily lived to be of one mind with her son.

Far from being excited by enthusiasm, there was an earnest, sober reality about his conduct and expression which gave evidence of a genuine and reasonable faith. It was to a gradual advance rather than to sudden emotions that he always looked.

Watch and pray (he wrote to his sister); read the Word of God, imploring that true wisdom that will enable you to comprehend and fix it in your heart, that it may gradually produce its effect under the operation of the Holy Ghost, in renewing the mind and purifying the conduct. This it will do more and more the longer we live under its influ-

ence. And it is to the honour of religion that those who, when they first began to run the Christian course, were in extremes . . . enthusiastical, perhaps, or rigidly severe . . . will often, by degrees, lose their several imperfections, which though by the world laid unfairly to the account of their religion, were yet undoubtedly so many disparagements to it . . . like some of our Westmoreland evenings, which, though in the course of the day the skies have been obscured by clouds and vapours, yet towards its close the sun beams forth with unsullied lustre, and descends below the horizon in the full display of all his glories. Shall I pursue the metaphor just to suggest that this is the earnest of a joyful rising, which will not disappoint us?

Again, he says, with much truth as well as beauty:—

The great thing we have to do is to be perpetually reminding ourselves that we are but strangers and pilgrims, having no abiding city, but looking for a city which hath foundations; and by the power of habit, which God has been graciously pleased to bestow upon us, our work will every day become easier, if we accustom ourselves to cast our care on him, and labour in a persuasion of his co-operation. The true Christian will desire to have constant communion with his Saviour. The Eastern nations had their talismans, which were to advertise them of every danger and guard them from every mischief. Be the love of Christ our talisman.

The following exquisite description of a Sabbath in the country was written to the same beloved relative, to whom he gladly communicated the joys and sorrows of his heart, at this time of peculiar interest:—

Can my dear sister wonder that I call on her to participate in the pleasure I am tasting? I know how you sympathise in the happiness of those you love, and I could not therefore forgive myself if I were to keep my raptures to myself, and not invite you to partake of my enjoyment. The day has been delightful. I was out before six, and made the fields my oratory, the sun shining as bright and as warm as at Midsummer. I think my own devotions become more fervent when offered in this way, amidst the general chorus with which all nature seems on such a morning to be swelling the song of praise and thanksgiving; and, except the time that has been spent at church and at dinner—and neither in the sanctuary nor at table, I trust, had I a heart unwarmed with gratitude to the Giver of all good things—I have been all day basking in the sun. On any other day I should not have been so happy; a sense that I was neglecting the duties of my situation might have interrupted the course of my enjoyments; for in such a situation as mine every moment may be made useful to the happiness of my fellow-creatures. But the Sunday is a season of rest, in which we may be allowed to unbend the mind, and give a complete indulgence to those emotions of gratitude and admiration which a contemplation of the works, and a consideration of the goodness of God, cannot fail to excite in a mind of the smallest sensibility. And surely this Sunday (Easter Sunday), of all others, is that which calls forth these feelings in a supreme degree; a frame of united love and triumph well becomes it, and holy confidence and unrestrained affection. May every Sabbath be to us a renewal of those feelings of which the small tastes we have in this life should make us look forward to that eternal rest which awaits the people of God; when the whole will be a never-ending enjoyment of those feelings of love and joy, of gratitude and admiration, which are, even in the limited degree in which we here experience them, the truest sources of comfort; when these, I say, will dictate perpetual songs of thanksgiving without fear and without satiety. My eyes are bad; but I could not resist the impulse I felt to tell you how happy I have been.

From this time his journal exhibits him as a man in earnest conflict with sin and a sinful heart, watchful over himself on every occasion of stumbling; a diligent student of the Word of God, and a constant suppliant for needful grace and wisdom. As might be expected, in accordance with the Divine promises, the sky soon brightened over him into a clear and steady sunshine.

By degrees (he said, in the calm retrospect of a peaceful age)—by degrees, the promises and offers of the Gospel produced in me something of a settled peace of conscience. I devoted myself, for whatever might be the term of my future life, to the service of my God and Saviour; and with many infirmities and deficiencies, through his help, I continue until this day.

While thus personally aiming at a high standard of Christian character, he did not confine his attention to his own well-being and that of his immediate circle, but looked earnestly for opportunities of doing good to all whom he could influence. With his friends he frequently conversed on religious subjects; and it is very pleasing to see in his journals and letters indications of his zealous and loving spirit. Thus, when writing to Lord Muncester, and referring to the sudden death of an acquaintance, he says—

Oh, my dear M—— I how can we go on as if present things were to last for ever, when so often reminded by accidents like those that the fashion of this world passes away! . . . You are not insensible to these things, but you think of them rather like a follower of Socrates than a disciple of Jesus. You see how frankly I deal with you; in truth, I can no otherwise so well show the interest I take in your happiness. These thoughts are uppermost in my heart, and they will come forth when I do not repress my natural emotions. Oh that they had a more prevailing influence over my disposition and conduct, then might I hope to afford men occupation "to glorify our Father which is in heaven;" and I should manifest the superiority of the principle which actuated me, by the more than ordinary spirit and activity by which my parliamentary, my domestic, and all my other duties were marked and characterised.

Looking now with new eyes on the manifold and deep corruptions of society around him, his mind was filled with anxiety; and there grew up in his heart a fervent desire to do what was possible to him towards exciting a public effort at the reformation of morals. For this purpose he used every exertion to procure active co-operation, travelling from county to county, visiting the castles of the nobility and the palaces of the bishops, and urging the subject upon the attention of lords and prelates. All this was certainly most novel and surprising conduct on the part of a young man of twenty-eight years, and, had he not done all in a spirit of gentle and unostentatious earnestness, it might have been liable to the imputation of enthusiastic presumption.

He met with considerable encouragement and approval, but occasionally was checked and even rebuked. One nobleman, at whose house he visited, said to him: "So you wish, young man, to be a reformer of men's morals. Look, then, and see *there* what is the end of such reformers," pointing, as he spoke, to a picture of the Crucifixion. There could hardly have been found a more striking argument to excite the young Christian's heart to warmer zeal.

As the result of these efforts, Mr. Wilberforce succeeded in originating the Society for the Reformation of Manners, which was soon in "active and useful operation." But he was destined to do still more for the work which he had so much at heart by the influence of his own high-toned character and by his writings. "This young gentleman's character," said Mrs. H. More, "is one of the most extraordinary I ever knew for talents, virtue, and piety; it is difficult not to grow wiser and better every time one converses with him." His prominence in the legislature, the noble object

to which he consecrated his political life—the abolition of the slave-trade—his varied accomplishments, and the universally acknowledged purity of his motives, opened the way for a favourable recognition of the principles of his religion, and formed the channels through which the great principles of evangelical truth flowed into many circles, from which either ignorance or hostility would otherwise have excluded them.

And now, having traced him through the earlier stages of his eventful career, we must take our leave of him, rejoicing that such a man should have been raised up in the ranks of our own gentry to do a great and glorious work, and never forgetting it was the fear of God and the Divine blessing which crowned him with honour and success. Well has it been said, his life is its own eulogy. His noblest monument is the freedom of the negro in the British colonies; or, rather, it is the example which he has left of the power of evangelical truth and of the practical energy of evangelical love—an example in which both the loftiest potentate and the humblest peasant may find instruction and blessing.

Department for Young People.

THE RIVAL SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER I.

"At it, lads! Go it again! Hurrah!" "The cowards!" "Forrest's for ever! Hurrah!" "Three cheers for Steel's boys. Hip, hip, hip! Hurrah! Try it again, Forrest's!"

"So we will!" and there came a volley of handfuls of loose gravel and sea-weed, and, worse than all, stones; and a wild rush was made by the lads of Dr. Forrest's school at Mr. Steel's boys. Two or three of the latter fought bravely; but as there were few big ones amongst them, they had not much chance against Dr. Forrest's school, in which were several well-grown sturdy youths, already wearing tail-coats and stand-up collars. So Mr. Steel's boys turned and fled. Shouts and laughter went after them. "The cowards! Paltry cowards! Calling us cheats, and running away when we fight them! Three cheers for Forrest's! Hip, hip, hip! Hurrah!"

"You are de naughtiest boys dat ever, ever I tid see. Oh, vat shall I do vid dem?" almost yelled the little French master. Back came Mr. Steel's boys, with a fresh burst of cheers, and showers of anything they could seize; and so the battle began again. The boys did not notice that not far from them was a tired little girl, who was resting on a bit of rock, for she had been wandering a long time on the shore. A stone fell by her side: she rose to go; then came another; and then one struck her on the head. She cried, and fell down. Monsieur Reynaud saw, and ran to her. "Poor little child! *pauvre petite!* My dear, my dear, look up." But the little girl was too much hurt to look up. "You *méchants*—bad boys, bad *garçons*; come here—here—I tell to you."

A tall lad named Norman, one of the ringleaders of the fight, caught sight of the Frenchman and the child, and flew to them. "Hollo, Monsieur! what have we here?"

"One of you *villains*—*méchants*—boys has done dis to de poor *petite*."

"Oh, is she fainting? You George Woods—here; get some water—quick, quick. Take my cap, get it in that. I've seen my mother faint; just like this. Stop that row, lads—stop it, I say." He darted in among them again, gave one a rap on the side of his head, another a punch that sent him over, and tripped a third, all the while calling, "Stop it, boys—parley; a truce, a truce!"

At last his words were heard and caught up. "A truce—parley, parley! What's up now? what is it?"

At this moment a monitor came from Mr. Steel's house, that was near at hand, ringing the school bell.

"We'll have it out another day," called Mr. Steel's boys, as they reluctantly ran in.

"Now's the time. Shan't get a chance another day," cried Dr. Forrest's.

"A truce! I say," thundered Norman's great voice again. "Come, lads, and see what we've done."

Panting and red-faced, they began to cluster round him like bees. "What's up? what is it?"

"Come along," he said, as he led the way to the bit of rock where lay the wounded little girl.

Monsieur was tenderly bathing her face with the salt water that George Woods had brought in Norman's cap. "De *pauvre* shild," he said; "so *pauvre* she is; so hurt she is. De frock on her body is all de rags—*pauvre* shild. De *méchants* boys! Vat sall I do vid dem? oh, vat sall I do vid dem?"

Just then the little girl sighed, and soon she opened her dark, sad eyes; and after looking a moment at the kind face of the Frenchman, closed them wearily.

"You sall go at home, you sall go at your *maman*, my dear," he said.

"Where does she live?" said Norman.

"I do not know," said Monsieur.

"Ask her, Monsieur. We'll take her. Let us, Monsieur, please."

"Ah, but vere sall it be?" asked Monsieur.

"I know, I know," called one of the boys.

"She's the little lame girl, who lives in Green Lane; her name's Polly. I know; because one day some boys took her kitten, and her brother was with them, and they drowned it; and she went after them, and cried so."

"*Oui, oui*, she is de little lame girl; her foots is too sort de one for de oder, *pauvre* shild! *pauvre petite*! Pol-lie, Pol-lie, can you come at your *maman* now? vill you come at your *maman*?"

"Come to your mother, little woman, I'll carry you;" and bareheaded Norman lifted the pale, ragged child from Monsieur's knee, and bore her away, George Woods at his side with the wet cap on a stick, and all the boys following.

"Norman's a soft to carry a girl," said one.

"No, he isn't—he's a brick," was the answer; "he could knock you into the middle of next week in no time, and I'll tell him to do it if you call him names. Isn't Norman a brick?" he asked of the boys.

"Ay, ay. Hurrah for Norman!" they cried.

"Hush, lads," he said; "don't shout now; wait till this child is at her home."

Soon they came to Green Lane, and one of the people they met told them at which cottage Mrs.

Jones, Polly's mother, lived. They knocked at the door, and a clean, but poor-looking woman opened it. Her face grew frightened when she saw Polly in Norman's arms. "What is it? what is it?" she cried. So they told her, and Norman and Monsieur went into the cottage, and laid the little girl on the bed. The others remained outside.

"My poor lamb," said the mother, "my poor little lamb in trouble again. She's a most unfortunate child, sir," she said to Norman, "always in some trouble, and what with her lameness and all, I've much ado to rear her." Polly had not said a word all this time, but she smiled sweetly when she saw her mother. Monsieur sent one of the boys to procure for her something from the druggist's shop at the corner; and after she had taken a little of it, she soon became better. Meanwhile the boys outside were talking.

"It was Burns who threw that stone."

"It wasn't; you cannot tell who threw it—you were too far off to see. I say it was Thomson."

"Then you say wrong, for it was not Thomson," answered Thomson himself. "I fought with tangle the whole time; here's the piece, isn't it a whopper?"

Tangle was the name the boys had given to one kind of sea-weed that was often washed up in large quantities on the beach. Norman now came from the cottage.

"No more row, lads," he said; "we've had enough for one day, and who's to answer for it I don't know. Here's Monsieur; we must be off."

"How is she?" asked the boys.

"She vill soon be quite better," replied Monsieur.

"She can speak now," said Norman, "and her mother says that she will send for a doctor to see her, because the child has been ailing lately, and she's afraid this will do her harm." Norman looked very grave, and the boys looked grave too.

"Walk into your ranks!" commanded Monsieur, and the boys obeyed.

CHAPTER II.

THE following morning was a solemn one. Dr. Forrest sat at his desk, and all the boys were drawn up in their classes before him. Monsieur Reynaud stood by him, and the other masters behind.

"Monsieur Reynaud, be so good as to give me a full account of the proceedings of yesterday afternoon." Monsieur Reynaud bowed, then began:—

"Sare, Dr. Forrest,—It vas de holiday for de young gentilmans, and vo did go to make de promenade. I did say, Ve vill go by de sea, for it is ver interestin to see de vaves tossin to de sky, ver, and to see de little boats humpin and bumpin oop and down vid de vaves, sare."

"Yes," said Dr. Forrest.

"De spectacle vas grand. And de young boys of Meester Steel vere on the beesh, and *mon ami*, Monsieur Hussac, was dere too, and vo did talk and talk; it vas of de procession in Stutgardt, ven dey had dere de elephants and all de oder horses of the king."

"Well," said Dr. Forrest.

"Ven all, *tout d'un moment*, dere rose de cries, de shrieks, de hur-r-a-ahs, the noises from de boys; and de stones, and de sand, and the grabble did fly on ten thousand places! Noting, noting could I do. Dey ver *méchants*, villains, bad boys." Here

Monsieur's eyes glared fiercely at the rows of lads before him. He caught smiles on some of the naughty boys' faces. "Vat sall I do vid dem?" he said; "vat sall I do vid dem?"

"Please, monsieur, continue your account."

"It vas de oder school, Meester Steel's school, dat vas fightin, and dese young boys vas fightin too. *Mon ami*, Monsieur Hussac, did not stop to do anytink, anytink, but he ran home at Meester Steel's."

"What after that, Monsieur Reynaud?"

"I vas *enragé* at de boys, and I did talk and talk at dem; but no matter, not a bit did dey hear me; and den de sand and de grabble come so fast, so fast on me, dat I ran, ran, too; and dere vas a bit of rock stickin out of de sand, and as I vas come near to it, a cry comes, and my heart is ver sad, ver, to see a *pauvre* shild dat had been hurt by de *méchants* boys."

"And then, monsieur?"

"And den, sare, Meester Norman did *parler* to de boys, and he did take the *pauvre petite* at her *maman*. Meester Norman is *bon*, he is gentelman, he is ver good."

"Is that all, monsieur?"

"*Oui*, dat is all, sare, except only dat I sall be ver happy to speak at you ven de young boys are gone away for one moment."

"Very well, monsieur. Norman, stand out. What account can you give of this work? What raised the quarrel with Mr. Steel's school?"

"The rowing match, sir. There is a dispute between us about the winning of the last race; the one, sir, between Mr. Steel's boys of the third form, and ours."

"How is that?"

"Mr. Steel's third form, sir, say that ours did not start fair—that they were off before the signal."

"Well?"

"And so, sir, they accused us of it; and you see, sir, we couldn't stand that, and we said we'd fight it out."

"Well?"

"And so, sir, we set to."

"Why did you not obey Monsieur Reynaud's call to come off?"

Norman hesitated a moment, then said, "I think, sir, that but few of the boys heard him—there was so much shouting; and even if they did, they were mad upon having the fight out."

"What put an end to it?"

"Monsieur Hussac had run home to Mr. Steel's, and he came back with a monitor, who rang the bell, and the boys had to go in."

"But Monsieur Reynaud has said that you spoke to our boys."

"Yes, sir; when I found what we had done to the little girl, I ran to try to stop it all; but I don't think I could have done it, had not Mr. Steel's bell been rung, and called off the boys."

"Norman, were you not one of the leaders in the fight?"

Norman's face grew red; but he answered truthfully, "Yes, sir."

"You were, I find, first in mischief, and first in striving to do good after; and you found that it is easier to rouse passion than to calm it, and to excite a tumult than to quell it, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And more, you found that a child could be

wounded through reckless and thoughtless conduct, but not soon cured. I am told you were kind to the poor girl; you did well at the end; had you done well from the beginning, it is likely that this sad and disgraceful work would not have happened. Fall into your place."

Then Dr. Forrest spoke to the whole school of what had happened. He said the boys had been guilty of disobedience to their masters, of breaking the rules of the school, and of recklessly hurting a child. He spoke to them a long time, and at the close of his address told the boys to bring to him, in four days, impositions: the first class one of five hundred lines; and each class below, fifty lines less, according to its standing. And this was their punishment.

At the close of the morning lessons, Dr. Forrest was asked by Monsieur Reynaud whether he might be permitted, when out with the boys, always to have one of the English masters with him, as he thought "de boys did not ver mooch understand him." Dr. Forrest agreed to this, and Monsieur was contented.

After tea, and before the time for evening study, Norman requested leave to run down to Green Lane to ask after Polly. Dr. Forrest said that he might go, and that Mrs. Forrest would go with him, as she, too, wanted to see the child. They went, and took with them some fruit that Mrs. Forrest thought would be a treat for Polly; and, indeed, it was; poor sick Polly was much pleased with the nice strawberries. Norman chatted with the little girl, whilst Mrs. Forrest talked to her mother. On the way home, Mrs. Forrest told Norman that Polly's father was a good-for-nothing fellow who spent his wages at the public-house, instead of bringing them home to buy clothes and food for his wife and children; and that sometimes he took even the money that his wife earned by washing, and got drunk with it; and that he was very unkind when he was drunk, and sometimes beat his wife, and Polly, and Tom dreadfully. And Norman said—"Do you think Polly is much better?"

"I do not think she will ever be really better," said Mrs. Forrest.

"Oh, do you think that hurt has made her ill?"

"No, Norman; I believe she was really ill before that."

"Ah, it has made her worse though, I am sure it has; and it is all through me."

"Norman, I do not wish you to think lightly of the naughty work that was done yesterday; but at the same time, my dear boy, I do not think the blow she received was a very serious one, but rather that she was very weak, and so felt it more."

"It is my fault," said Norman; "I should not have set the boys on."

Norman often went after that to see the sick child, and sometimes Mrs. Forrest, and sometimes Monsieur Reynaud went with him. Polly grew better for a week or two, and then fell ill again; and, at last, her friends could see that she was becoming worse, and that she could not live many more weeks.

CHAPTER III.

One day Dr. Forrest called on Mr. Steel, to talk with him about the dispute between the schools. Finding that there was much dissatisfaction on both sides with regard to the last race, the masters

agreed that the third forms should try it over again in a month, on the condition that no breach of peace and good feeling should meantime occur between the two schools. Nor did one take place; the boys kept their tempers, and all went well.

The match was fixed for Saturday afternoon, but the boys of both schools begged the whole day from lessons. At six o'clock on that morning there were no sluggards in bed, and the lads, as they awoke and sprang to the windows to see the weather, cried, "What a jolly day!" "The very thing!" "Couldn't have been better!"

As the afternoon came on, the crews sauntered about the shore, sucking raw eggs to make them long-winded; whilst some of those boys who were not going to row went to the harbour and brought the two racing boats round to the beach. By three o'clock many of the boys' friends had come to the match. In one spot might be seen a nice old gentleman polishing his spectacles; in another, a lady fixing the focus of her small telescope; whilst Monsieur Reynaud was hopping to and fro, as lively as a cricket, often rubbing his hands, and saying, "Bon, bon; ver nice day; ver good day."

And now came the boats' crews in their rowing shirts. The two steerers were little fellows, not more than ten years old, but well trained for what they had to do. Cheers greeted them on every side. "Here goes for Forrest's!" cried a very smart youth, as he threw his white hat into the air; and by some mishap, down came the white hat upon the face of the old gentleman, who was just then trying to look through his newly-cleaned spectacles at a cloud passing across the sun.

"Sharp lads!" he said, suddenly turning round as the boy hurried off.

Out towards the open sea, three-quarters of a mile away, there was a rock that could be seen only at low water, and was now hidden, because the tide was up. But a vessel had been wrecked upon it a short time before, and men were trying to remove parts of it by means of pontoons. One of these was fastened to a piece of the wreck, and round it the boys had to row, from the starting point and back again. The crews entered their boats, and rowed gently to the starting point; soon they were opposite, resting on their oars, every back bent, every nerve strained for the first stroke. Mr. Steel's boys had the inside, and that was the best. The gun fired; they were off. And there stood poor Monsieur Reynaud, in patent leather boots, ankle deep in salt water, on a piece of white brown paper that had held sandwiches, and that he had thought was a stone. For he was so anxious for Dr. Forrest's boys to win that he clapped his hands to encourage them long after they were out of hearing, and did not think of his new boots till he felt his little feet wet, when he cried, "I will have de tie-too; I will not be able to go to shursh to-morrow vid de tie-too!" And now the boats have rounded the pontoon, Mr. Steel's leading by about half a length. Is it going to win the race? No; Dr. Forrest's boys know what they are about, and are saving their strength for the last pull, when Mr. Steel's boys will be nearly tired out. On, on, on they come; and now how they bend to their oars! What a tug! They are abreast; Dr. Forrest's are gaining—more—more; the gun fires, and they have won! And Mr. Steel's boys own that it has been a fair race.

One evening, about a week after the match, on her sofa-bed by the cottage window in Green Lane, lay little Polly.

"How lovely it is, mother!"

"Yes, child."

"But, mother, it's far lovelier in heaven—pearly gates, mother, and shining streets, and bright angels."

"Yes, child."

"And, mother, there's nothing to trouble about there. Oh, I wish you and father had got there, then father wouldn't be drunk again; would he mother?"

"No, Polly; there's no drunken people in heaven."

"Oh, I wish, I wish father would come too; but Jesus can bring him, can't he, mother?"

"Yes, dear child; ask him."

"I do, I do, every day, lots of times every day, and I know he'll do it, because he's so good."

"Mother," she said again after a little while.

"nobody ever gets hurt in heaven; do they?"

"No, Polly; there's no pain there."

"That stone pained me, mother; oh, so bad."

"Yes, lamb, I know it; but you've no pain now."

"No."

"Mother."

"Well?"

"I would so like to see Master Norman again: one day, mother, I saw him crying; there were tears in his eyes; but there'll be no crying in heaven; will there, mother?"

"No, lamb; poor Master Norman's sorry for thee, child; he thinks it was all along of him that that row between the boys began, and he can't get it out of his head that it's all along of the hurt thee got that thee's lying here now. I told him that the doctor said thee'd been bad a long while afore that."

At that moment, "Well, Polly, how are you to-night?" sounded in her ear.

"I'm better," she said; "I've not got any pain, and I'm only tired."

"I wish you were well again, Polly; see the bonny flowers I have brought for you; and here's some good stuff that Mrs. Forrest has sent to you, a bit of jelly, Polly—you like that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, smiling sweetly, "and I like the roses, too."

Norman stood looking at her as she smelt her flowers. Soon she laid them down on the coverlid. "Master Norman," she said, as her large dark eyes looked into his face.

"Well, Polly."

"I am not going to get well again."

"Oh, Polly!"

"Yes, Master Norman; Jesus is going to send one of his angels to take me away. I know he is. He told me so."

"What do you mean, Polly?"

"Why, last night I was dreaming that he said so to me."

"Do you often dream about him, Polly?"

"Oh, yes; and I shall see him soon, really, himself; and then I shall be glad. I am very glad, Master Norman, that I am going. You will be coming some day too."

"Oh! but I am so bad," said Norman; "I'm not fit to go."

"But Jesus can make you fit if you ask him; he died for you, you know; I've asked him to

bring you some day, and I will be watching for you to come in at the pearly gate. You'll come, won't you?"

"I'll try," said Norman, in a choking voice.

"And, Master Norman, it's a decline that has made me bad—the doctor says so."

"But that stone did you harm; I shall never forgive myself."

"Dear Master Norman, the stone only hurt me for a little bit; it's not that I've got so ill with."

Norman only shook his head, and smiled sadly at the earnest little face before him.

Then Polly's mother tempted her to eat some of the jelly, and Monsieur Reynaud came in to see if Norman was there. Monsieur was very sorry to see the little thin face looking so ill.

"*Pauvre shield!*" he said; "she is like de angels, she is ver good, she has de patience."

"No, sir," said Polly; "I am often very naughty; but Jesus loves me, though I am naughty."

"*Pauvre petite! c'est un ange,*" said Monsieur.

Norman rose to go: in saying "good bye," he stooped and kissed both the wan hands that held his roses. A pleased colour spread over the child's face.

"Thank you, Master Norman," she said.

He looked at her.

"Remember," she said, "when I go there I shall be watching, watching for you till you come."

Norman could not say another word, but hastened from the cottage.

Polly slept very quietly and easily that night, and towards morning the angel came to her in her dreams, and she awoke in heaven.

And Norman does not forget her, nor the lessons her death taught him. He does not forget the school row, and its sad consequences. And often when he feels sudden anger rising up within him, there comes before his eyes the pale face of the little girl whose death his self-accusing heart always told him he had caused. And then he struggles to overcome his passion, and little by little he is succeeding. Every night, before he goes to bed, he prays for strength to rule his temper, and prays the Lord Jesus, whom she loved, to make him, too, fit for his kingdom.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.—AN ODE.

I.

UNDER the reddening forest eaves,

I listen to the falling leaves

That fall around me, sad and slow;

As when a dying man's last hour is near,

Weaker and weaker still his pulses grow;

And as the mourners kneel and weep,

Solemnly they silence keep—

Such silence as is here.

II.

Here as I sit like sailor who has striven,

To win above the sea some vantage ground at last,

The wild waves of the world seem backward driven,

And all their toilsome cares at length are past.

At length a peaceful haven I can gain,

Where is no joy, nor pain,

Nor smile, nor frown,

Nor even any sound,

Save of leaves fluttering down,

To rest among their fellows on the ground.

To rest! oh, rest, how sweet!

Those voices seem to greet

Us pilgrims here below,

Who only hear the far-off strains that flow,

The happy song of rest,

Floating adown from mansions of the blest.

III.

Low are the winds, and calm the skies;

And with each breath that heaves and dies

The leaves fall thicker through the wood,

With many a dreamy interlude,

And whispered speech that ends in sighs.

Softly they fall upon the breast

Of mother Earth; they softly lie,

So still, so sad, so strange, so near;

And gazing on the heavenly blue

Above the tree-tops smiling through,

With sweeter trust, with calmer fear,

I hear the lonely cry

That tells me I must die;

For life is sick and weary—death is rest;

The sweet, sad music of a deeper sleep,

A deeper stillness falling on the sense,

A deeper sound that shuts the brain, no more;

We hear low voices weeping on the shore

Faintly a little while, then dark and dense

Life sinks into the waveless deep;

But, as in dreams,

It only seems;

The shadow doth the substance keep

Beyond the gate where mourners watch and weep.

IV.

The brighter lights the deeper shadows cast;

And night of death—so dark, so drear, so vast—

Is but a shadow thrown

From more substantial things that lie

Between the light and mortal eye—

So near to sense! and yet unknown—

For death is not—life cannot die,

But flits through darkness into other forms,

Or back to Him who gave,

Blown to the central calm by outer storms—

He lives in all, and life is in the grave.

V.

I feel like autumn leaf,

Withering by inward process of decay;

Destined in adverse blasts to fade away,

Tainted by sin, and torn by many a grief,

And parched by many a burning fear,

And drenched by many a scalding tear,

With sunlit joys between. But life is brief;

A little while to all of us 'tis given

To dwell on earth as though we were not here;

Our feet on earth, our hearts in yonder heaven,

With Him who died our souls to save,

And took its terrors from the grave.

VI.

Oh, may He grant that I

Shall be prepared to die

Whene'er his voice may call!

Then shall my spirit rest

Upon my Saviour's breast,

As leaves upon Earth's bosom softly fall,

Until my mortal part, that lies

Corrupt in dust, shall rise

Deathless and pure, and free from pain and strife—

A beauteous leaf upon the tree of life.

Biblical Expositions, IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. L.—*"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure."*—2 Cor. xii. 7. What was St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh?"

To this it is impossible to give a certain answer. Conjectures are all that are left to us, and these have been hazarded in numerous various forms from the days of the early fathers of the Christian Church until now. The question, indeed, for its full discussion would require much more space than we can possibly afford, so that we must content ourselves with as brief an account as possible of the various theories which have been advanced upon this interesting point connected with the personal history of the great Apostle. Although we feel that the views taken are at best conjectural on a subject designedly left obscure in Scripture, yet there is no subject mentioned there on which we may not reverently employ our faculties.

The Greek word translated "thorn" in our English version may also mean "stake" or "pale," in which case the metaphor would be that of a person being crucified or impaled. Whichever we take, however—thorn or stake—the meaning of the verse is clearly that there was some affliction continually at work harassing the Apostle, and thus preserving him from undue exaltation from his spiritual advantages. The same affliction is also probably alluded to in Gal. iv. 13, 14. What, then, was it?

Blasphemous thoughts and rebellious repinings against God, suggested by Satan, have been advanced as another interpretation. But this explanation, which is the merest conjecture, is too general to suit the expression, which seems to point to some definite, distinct trial. Hypochondriacal melancholy has also been suggested.

Another set of interpreters consider that some specially aggravating opponent to the Apostle's good work is hinted at—possibly the head of the Judaizing party, which set itself up against St. Paul's influence. It has been thought also to apply merely to the persecutions and sufferings which he underwent in the cause of Christ. But this again is surely too general.

Perhaps the most likely conjecture is that which is favoured now by most commentators—viz., that "the thorn in the flesh" alludes to some painful bodily malady or infirmity, which, being well known to all the Apostle's friends and hearers, did not require any special mention by name. Probably it was something which made his presence and appearance unimpressive, 2 Cor. x. 10. But what was this infirmity? Every kind of disease has been in turn speculated upon. Jerome and Tertullian assert that the Apostle was subject to violent affections of the head. Other fathers mention various other diseases. Pleurisy, stone, epilepsy, a stammering utterance (*vide* 2 Cor. x. 10), and some disease of the eyes, have all been discussed. Of these, the last mentioned is that which has received most consideration, as agreeing best, on the whole, with the very few and obscure hints which we have in the

New Testament of some affliction which made St. Paul's "bodily presence weak." The following passages (which we have not space to discuss) are thought to favour this hypothesis:—Acts xiii. 9; xxiii. 1; Gal. iv. 14, 15; vi. 11.

The "thorn in the flesh" is further called "a messenger of Satan," which in no way goes against the view that it was some painful bodily infirmity. Compare the passage 1 Cor. v. 5, which is clearly used of some severe bodily visitation.

Let us all lay to heart the practical lesson to be drawn from the existence of this "thorn" in the body of so faithful a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ as was St. Paul. When we are in the enjoyment of wealth, and youth, and worldly prosperity, we need something to remind us that we are poor, weak, erring mortals. Let us lay to heart the answer our Lord gave to St. Paul:—"For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

J. L.—*Is the leprosy that is mentioned in Scripture now in existence? Was it contagious? How may it be said to be a type of sin?*

Much discussion and research have been expended upon the disease of leprosy. Whether or not it exists at the present day in the same form as among the ancient Jews, is rather a medical question, which we are not able to answer. The best authorities, on the whole, consider it not to have been contagious. This is also confirmed by what we read in Scripture, for we know that the priests had continually to touch and examine lepers. Naaman and Gehazi, both lepers, held intercourse with others; and, a leper, if entirely covered with leprosy (Lev. xiii. 12, 13), was pronounced clean. *Vide* Dean Alford's "Greek Testament" on Matt. viii. 2. The stringent regulations, then, with reference to purification, which we find in Lev. xiii. and xiv., are not to be regarded as sanitary precautions; but, like so many other ordinances under the Jewish law, they were typical. Disease and pain were regarded as the result and punishment of sin, and our Lord himself confirmed this view. (Compare our Lord's healing of the paralytic, Matt. ix. 2.) Leprosy, then, as the form of disease most loathsome to the external senses, was aptly taken as a type of sin. This symbolism of sin by leprosy is excellently drawn out and explained by Dean Trench, in his book on the "Miracles," in connection with the miracle of the healing of the leper, Matt. viii. 2; Mark i. 40; Luke v. 12. He graphically terms a leper "a dreadful parable of death;" and leprosy, "the outward and visible sign of innermost spiritual corruption—the sacrament of death." If any of our readers have this admirable work within their reach, they cannot do better than consult it.

POEMS DECLINED.

"Luke xxii. 61, 62."

"There shall be no Night there."—M. R.

"A Harvest Thanksgiving."—S. O. (Cambridge.)

"Slight Sorrows speak, Great Griefs are Dumb."—INTS.

"Psalm lxi. 2."—M. A. W.

"The Harbingers."—J. D. H.

"Scripture Self-proved."—J. D.

"Lines on Finding a Rose Leaf in February."

The Progress of the Truth.

IN order to form a right estimate of the progress of the truth, we must take into account the advance of error. That error should extend itself is only natural. The human heart has an affinity for it; men "love darkness rather than light." Truth cannot change with the fashions of the day, but error is abundantly pliant. It adapts itself to any order of mind, it fits in to every state of society. We need not then be surprised to find that the great error is making way rapidly amongst us. Comparatively few persons are aware of the real progress of Romanism in this country, and allusions to the subject are commonly met by indifference or disdain. It is a sign of the times that the *Christian Observer* thinks it necessary to offer a kind of apology to its readers for calling attention to the immoral teachings of the Jesuits. But the facts which we are about to relate on good authority ought to inspire other feelings than those of indifference. A few weeks ago, a Roman Catholic chapel was opened at Gorton, near Manchester. This chapel is the first instalment of a large monastery projected by "the Franciscan Recollet Fathers." In the opening sermon, the preacher alluded to the liberal manner in which the poor people of the neighbourhood had contributed to the building in a time of famine. "Everywhere," he said, "the people were eager to assist." "It was not so long since the Franciscans came into this neighbourhood possessing nothing whatever." The actual time, it appears, was a little more than twelve months. In the course of the subsequent proceedings, a Dr. Turner, calling himself "Bishop of Salford," stated that, in his diocese, probably thirty (Roman Catholic) churches had been erected during the last twelve years. This had been done "at immense cost," and it was a "proof of the progress which religion was making in this part of Lancashire." If we accept this statement as correct—and the policy of Romanists is usually to conceal the extent of their operations rather than to exaggerate them—it exhibits in a striking light the spread of Popery in a district which is remarkable for the number of its schools and other means of intellectual culture. That the movement is not confined to that neighbourhood will be evident, from a consideration of the following figures. According to Roman Catholic authorities, there are in Great Britain 1,968 priests, 1,019 chapels, 50 monasteries, 162 convents, 12 colleges, 428 schools receiving Government aid, in which there are 51,528 scholars, besides children and adults in Reformatory and Industrial schools, and 19 commissioned Romish army chaplains. It is said that there are at present one thousand more Romish priests in Great Britain than there were eight years ago. In Ireland, there are 3,058 priests, 2,339 chapels and stations, 117 monasteries, and 248 convents, the proportion in Ireland of Romanists to Protestants being about three and a half to one.

In the midst of the rumours of war which reach us from Denmark, we have satisfactory accounts of the progress of the Gospel of peace. There has been a general revival of religion in the country. The pastors are working with a degree of activity and success to which

they had previously been strangers. Last year the Sealand Home Missionary Society, established by peasants, was re-organised, and it now supports thirteen *colporteurs*, all peasants, who go from house to house, conversing with the inmates, and selling copies of the Scriptures and tracts. The society holds numerous public meetings during the year, either in the churches or in the open air, which are well attended. There are other societies actively at work, including a Bible Society and a Tract Society.

THE first general Scandinavian Missionary Conference has been held at Malmö, in Sweden. There was a large attendance. Dr. Kalkar described the object of the conference, which was to unite the three peoples of the north in the work of missions. He suggested that they should occupy together the field of labour, and that they should establish together a missionary college and a missionary journal. A discussion ensued, and considerable difference of opinion exhibited itself. Generally, the Danes and the people of southern Sweden were favourable to the proposal, but some other Swedish speakers and Norwegians objected to a mixed direction. All agreed, however, that a general conference was desirable, and it was arranged that the meeting of 1864 should take place at Copenhagen. When the conference was at an end, some Danish visitors went to the house of Dr. Bergmann, at Vinslöf, and one of them describes with great pleasure the earnest Christian life exhibited in that neighbourhood. Every month a public meeting is held there, for the discussing of religious topics, any person having the right to speak or to ask questions; and at one of these meetings he was present. A large number of country people of both sexes attended the meeting, some coming from long distances; and the visitor expresses his surprise at the confidence and profound knowledge of the subject exhibited by these peasant orators.

DR. ANDERSON, Secretary to the American Board of Foreign Missions, has recently made a missionary tour, in the course of which he visited the Sandwich Islands. He gives the following interesting account of Honolulu:—

"The population of Honolulu and its suburbs is ten or twelve thousand, and its garden-like, city-like appearance surprised me. Missionaries are living who well remember when there was only one wooden house in the place, the rest being grassed or thatched huts, and there were only footpaths instead of streets, with not a tree or shrub in the town proper—not to speak of the naked, barbarous inhabitants. Now there is the reverse of all this. The gardens are the result of water brought down the Nuuanu Valley, which, with its overhanging, cloud-capped mountains, is itself a prominent feature in the landscape. The most conspicuous edifice in Honolulu is the large stone church, with massive walls, and a tower and town-clock where the first native congregation and church worship. The edifice was found to be too large, and a part of it has been shut off by a partition. But it will now seat nearly 3,000 Hawaiians, and I saw it filled on Sunday, the 28th of June—the two native congregations uniting—at the ordination of a son of one of the missionaries, the Rev. Henry H. Parker, as pastor of the first church. This was the church gathered by Mr. Bingham, where the king and his court used to attend. Mr. Clark succeeded Mr. Bingham; but his enfeebled health, and the extent of the charge—the communicants numbering over 2,000—induced him to resign in favour of his younger brother, whose pulpit talents and command of the native language rendered him universally acceptable to the people. The congregation pledged to him a salary

of a thousand dollars, to be raised by themselves; invited a council; were present by their committee at the examination of the candidate, which was of course in the native language; and the church officers saw that everything was in order during the ordination. The vast audience, its becoming dress and appearance, the manifest interest, the solemn attention, the singing—everything, indeed, looked to me like an established and true Christianity. The right hand of fellowship was given by the Rev. Mr. Kuaka, a graduate of the Native College at Lahaina, and the respected native pastor of a church on Oahu. The next Sunday after this, the one preceding my departure from the Islands, I met substantially the same congregation in the same church, and gave my farewell address, to which a response was made by Judge Li, the native judge of the Supreme Court, speaking from the pulpit for half an hour, with dignity and fluency, without a note before him."

In the Bible Society's "Monthly Reporter" we have some information respecting China. The country is now open to Christian teachers, but no effort worthy of England has yet been made to enter upon that vast field of labour. What little has been done, however, has not been unattended with blessing; the difficulties are very great. "Religious ideas and religious books," says Mr. Muirhead, "are so utterly foreign to a Chinese mind, and to the pursuits of a Chinese scholar, that when brought before them, they are looked upon as incomprehensible." But the promise of God, "My word shall not return unto me void," has been fulfilled in China, as elsewhere, and that not only in the case of scholars, but among persons less instructed. "Notwithstanding the peculiar difficulties of the Chinese language, even to the natives, it is remarkable to observe the progress made by half-educated inquirers in the knowledge of the Bible, when their attention is excited in regard to it. The chief fault at work among the Chinese is their extreme indifference to religion, and on that being broken up, a flood of light is poured on their minds with regard to the sacred page." A few native *colporteurs* have been employed in distributing copies of the Scriptures, and in conversing with the people; but they do not appear to work satisfactorily without constant supervision. English missionaries are much wanted in China.

A GIPSY finds a comfortable habitation in a wagon: an Arab needs no other abode than his tent; to the backwoodsman a log hut is a sufficient dwelling; and the domestic virtues may flourish under any of these conditions, for if men have freedom and elbow-room, they readily adapt themselves to circumstances. But in the midst of our civilisation—in our great cities and villages—there are many poor persons among whom the family affections languish or die out, from sheer want of space and air. In the crowded and dirty tenements which too often afford the only shelter for a constantly increasing population, little or no home privacy or home comfort is possible, and even the ordinary decencies of life can with difficulty be preserved. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that Christian teachers find their efforts seriously hindered, or that they should earnestly desire to see an improvement in the dwellings of the poor. But a strange supineness generally exists in reference to this matter, and the building of houses is at best but slow work. As long as the present state of things continues, the institutions called "Working Men's Clubs" are calculated to be very useful. It is no

small gain to provide a substitute for the public-house—to afford poor men the opportunity of enjoying each other's society without temptation to excess. It may be objected that poor men will thus be drawn away from their families; but the fact is, that men of these classes do not often spend their evenings in their comfortable homes. The club will draw them, not from their families, but from the streets and the gin palaces; and the better influences under which they will there be brought are not calculated to give them a distaste for home life, but rather to induce a desire to improve the condition of their families. Then there are, of course, large numbers of unmarried men and youths to whom the club offers great advantages. One of these institutions has a history which is worth telling. It is called "The Westminster Working Men's Club and Reading Room," and is situated in Duck Lane, in the midst of a nest of wretched courts and alleys, which still exist under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, and almost within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament. The building was opened in December, 1860, and has been twice enlarged since that time, an upper floor having been built, and an adjoining house taken in. The institution comprises a Social Club-room for coffee, smoking, &c.; a Penny Bank; a Friends of Labour Loan Society; a Temperance Society, with sick-fund for members; a Barrow Club; a Cricket Club; reading, writing, and ciphering classes, a Bible class, a singing class, draughts and chess, lectures, and a free registry. All these advantages are offered to members for a subscription of one halfpenny per week. No intoxicating liquors are sold, but coffee, biscuits, and ginger beer may be had at cost price: a cup of coffee costing a halfpenny. The Barrow Club, numbering about eighteen members, is a society of costermongers, who have hitherto been in the habit of paying a large sum for the hire of their barrows. From the club, however, barrows may be obtained for 1s. per week, and the barrow becomes the property of the subscriber after fifty weeks' subscription. The total number of members of the Duck Lane Club is about 400, principally costermongers, hawkers, and other street dealers, and crossing-sweepers. The affairs of the club, and of the various self-helping societies connected with it, are managed entirely by the men themselves, the advice of the treasurer being sought only on special occasions. We are told that the most perfect order has been preserved, that there has not been one defaulter since the club was opened, nor a single error in the accounts, and that the greatest intelligence and integrity of character have been developed. This is the more remarkable as no inquiry is made into the antecedents of members: all who offer themselves are accepted and welcomed. A single individual—a lady, who now acts as treasurer—has been the means of establishing this useful institution, and of bringing it into its present efficient state. The success of the club is doubtless due to its being conducted on Christian principles. A prayer-meeting is held every Wednesday, a Bible-class on Thursday, and on Sunday games and newspapers are prohibited, Bibles and religious works are placed on the tables, and Divine service is held in the evening. We have here a remarkable example of what may be done, with God's blessing, by a single earnest worker,

Readings for Spare Moments.

FAITH.

MR. CECIL gives us a beautiful account of the manner in which he taught his little daughter what is meant by faith. She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. He said—

"My dear, you have some pretty beads there."

"Yes, papa."

"And you seem vastly pleased with them."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, now, throw them behind the fire."

The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at him, as though she ought to have a reason for such a sacrifice.

"Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do anything which I did not think would be good for you."

She looked at her father a few moments longer, and then, summoning up all her fortitude, her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire.

"Well," said he, "there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more about them now."

Some days after he bought her a box full of larger beads and toys of the same kind. When he returned home, he opened the treasure and set it before her. She burst into tears of ecstasy.

"These, my child," said he, "are yours, because you believed me when I told you it would be better to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Now that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember as long as you live what FAITH is. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me, that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God. Believe everything he says in his Word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him that he means your good."

AS WE LIVE SO WE DIE.

THAT way the tree inclineth while it groweth, that way it pitcheth when it falleth, and there it lies, whether it be towards the north or south. As we are in life, for the most part we are in death; so we lie down to eternity, whether it be towards heaven or hell. Being once fallen, there is no removing; for as in war, an error is death, so in death, an error is damnation. Therefore live as thou intendest to die, and die as thou intendest to live. O Lord, let the bent of my soul be always towards thee, that so I may fall to thee, and ever rest with thee.

A CHARGE.

A LAD asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just began to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might; but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy, in the field. I said—

"You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"But how did you get over these stones which lie between us and the house?"

"Oh, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall, and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George. And I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand that beautiful text, 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift good people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand it now?"

"Oh, yes, sir; and I shall never forget it while I live."

LITTLE THINGS.

Two men were at work together one day in a ship-yard. They were hewing a log of timber to put into a ship. It was a small log, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips, they saw a worm—a little worm about half an inch long.

"This log is wormy," said one; "shall we put it in?"

"I do not know. Yes, I think it may go in. It will never be seen, of course."

"Yes; but there may be other worms in it, and these may increase, and injure the ship."

"No, I think not. To be sure, it is not worth much; yet I do not wish to lose it. But come, never mind the worm; we have seen but one; put it in."

The log was accordingly put in. The ship was finished, and, as she was launched off into the waters, all ready for the seas, she looked beautiful as the swan when the breeze ruffles his white-feathered bosom, as he sits on the waters. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found to be all eaten away by worms. But the captain thought he would try and get her home. He had a great, costly load of goods in the ship—such as silks, crapes, and the like—and a great many people. On their way home a storm gathered. The ship for a while climbed up the high waves, and then plunged down, rolling finely; but then she sprang a leak. They had two pumps, and the men worked at them day and night; but the water came in faster than they could pump it out. She filled with water, and then went down under the dark blue waters of the ocean, with all the goods and all the people on board. Every one perished. Oh, how many wives, mothers, and children mourned over husbands, and sons, and fathers, for whose return they were waiting, and who never returned. And all, all this probably because that little log of timber with the worm in it was put in when the ship was built. How much property, and how many lives may be destroyed by a little worm? and how much evil may a man do when he does a small wrong, as that man did who put the worm-eaten timber in the ship?

A BILLION.

WHAT a very great sum is a billion! It is a million of millions. A million seems large enough; but a million of millions! how long do you suppose it would take you to count it? A mill which makes one hundred pins in a minute, if kept to work night and day, would only make fifty-two millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand pins a year; and at that rate the mill must work twenty thousand years without stopping a single moment, in order to turn out a billion of pins. What a vast sum, then, is a billion; it is beyond our reach to conceive of it. And yet, when a billion of years shall have passed, eternity will seem to have just begun. How important, then, is the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?"

* * We find it necessary to remind our correspondents that we cannot hold ourselves responsible for the safe custody of MSS. sent to us for perusal, and that we cannot, in any case, bind ourselves to return rejected MSS.

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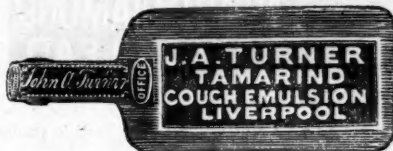
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